Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 15, 1962 / 25¢

ORDER AND CHANGE IN A WARLESS WORLD

By Walter Millis

SEPTEMBER UNDERGRADUATE: HOPE vs. EXASPERATION

By Samuel B. Gould

PORTRAIT OF P.S. 2

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AN ENGLISH TEACHER ANSWERS MARIO PEI

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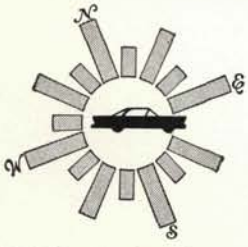

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The House of Britannica Takes Another Step Forward

by Maurice Mitchell

PRESIDENT/ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, INC.

In 1768, "a society of gentlemen in Scotland" undertook the publication of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Since then, Britannica has become much more than a set of books. It is a concept, a set of standards for all informational publishing that is without parallel in the contemporary world. Britannica as a set of books has been, on occasion, criticized; Britannica as a standard of excellence, almost never.

An institution such as Britannica does not maintain its self-imposed standards by standing still; if it does not move forward, it must surely retrogress. The pace at which Britannica has moved forward in the past several decades has quickened rapidly. The House of Britannica has added many wings as new knowledge and new ways to disseminate it have developed. These additions include an encyclopaedia for young people—*Britannica Junior;* the *Britannica Book of the Year;* the 54-volume set of the *Great Books of the Western World,* and its own annual—*The Great Ideas Today.* Another major addition is Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc., in which Britannica's standards have been applied to the broadening field of visual education. Britannica's geographical horizons have also spread. The firm has published a Spanish-language encyclopaedia and is preparing one in Portuguese. At the same time, Britannica has become not only the major encyclopaedia of the English-speaking nations but also of nearly every other country in the world.

Britannica is now launching a program of general book publishing for both adults and young people, and of textbooks and important teaching materials. This program, to be executed through The Encyclopaedia Britannica Press, represents a logical step forward in Britannica's long history of development. The Press carries with it Britannica's standards. It also carries with it the obligation to maintain them.

The Goals of The Encyclopaedia Britannica Press

by John R. Everett

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT/ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, INC.
DIRECTOR/THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA PRESS

At the moment of its birth, The Encyclopaedia Britannica Press inherits not only the name and reputation of its distinguished parent but also considerable assets in the form of works already published or in advanced stages of preparation.

The most important of these works lie in the field of programmed learning. One group has been published or prepared for publication under the general name of Temac by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc., through its Britannica Center for the Study of Learning, located at Palo Alto, Calif. Also developed by the film company is a complete group of teaching materials in modern mathematics for the first six elementary grades, the Wirtz-Sawyer-Botel series. The Encyclopaedia Britannica Press will continue to expand these programs as well as investigate even newer techniques to improve the quality and effectiveness of teaching materials at all levels. It will also produce more traditional textbooks and sourcebooks, especially those that can be used with its

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programmed courses or with the visual educational productions of Encyclopaedia Britannica Films.

The Press has also inherited two major series of books for young people: the Britannica Bookshelf – Great Lives for Young Americans, and the Encyclopaedia Britannica True-to-Life books. Both of these informative and highly readable series will be continued, and additional series of similar factual books for younger readers are in the development stage. Among these will be major specialized reference works, a largely neglected area for works of high quality.

The Press also will publish specialized reference works of interest to adults, emphasizing those fields which even Encyclopaedia Britannica, despite its size, cannot cover to the extent that satisfies the needs of sizeable audiences.

Most important for the general reader, The Press will publish a significant number of factual books of interest to the intelligent adult audience, which The Press is confident is both large and increasing in size. These books will be published only after they have met the high standards of excellence which have become the hallmark of Encyclopaedia Britannica tradition. No matter how topical, no matter how controversial, no matter how current, readers can be assured that books from The Encyclopaedia Britannica Press will be well written and properly witnessed with solid documentation.

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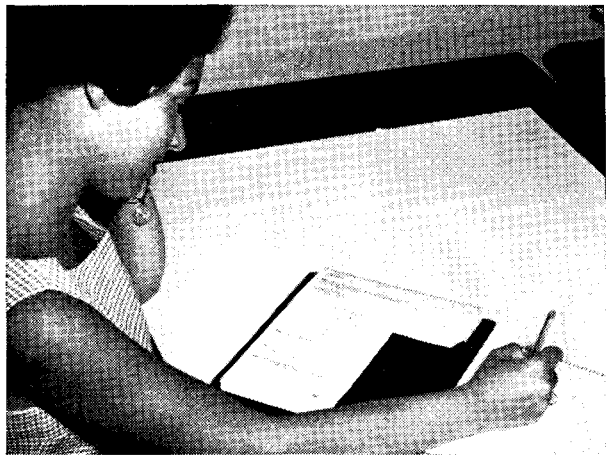
A major inheritance of the nascent Press is a distributional organization which few publishers, whatever their age or size, can match. It embraces Western Europe, Latin America and large parts of Africa and Asia, as well as the United States, the United Kingdom, and the Commonwealth nations. This fact guarantees the authors of books published by The Press not only a maximum world audience but also a maximum chance for adequate financial returns on their labor.

The editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica have always sought out as contributors persons who are both authors and authorities. The editors of The Press will follow in this tradition. They will also continue to perform the meticulously careful job of editing that both Britannica authors and readers have come to expect. Only in this fashion can The Press maintain the standards which it has been bequeathed.



The Encyclopaedia Britannica Press will continue the publication of works in the field of programmed learning *begun by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc., with its* Temac group of materials shown in use here.

The "new math" as represented by the Wirtz-Sawyer-Botel elementary mathematics series is an important element in The Press' educational books program.

Well-received juvenile series such as the new TRUE-TO-LIFE Books and The Britannica Bookshelf—Great Lives for Young Americans—as well as adult non-fiction titles, will comprise The Press' trade book list.

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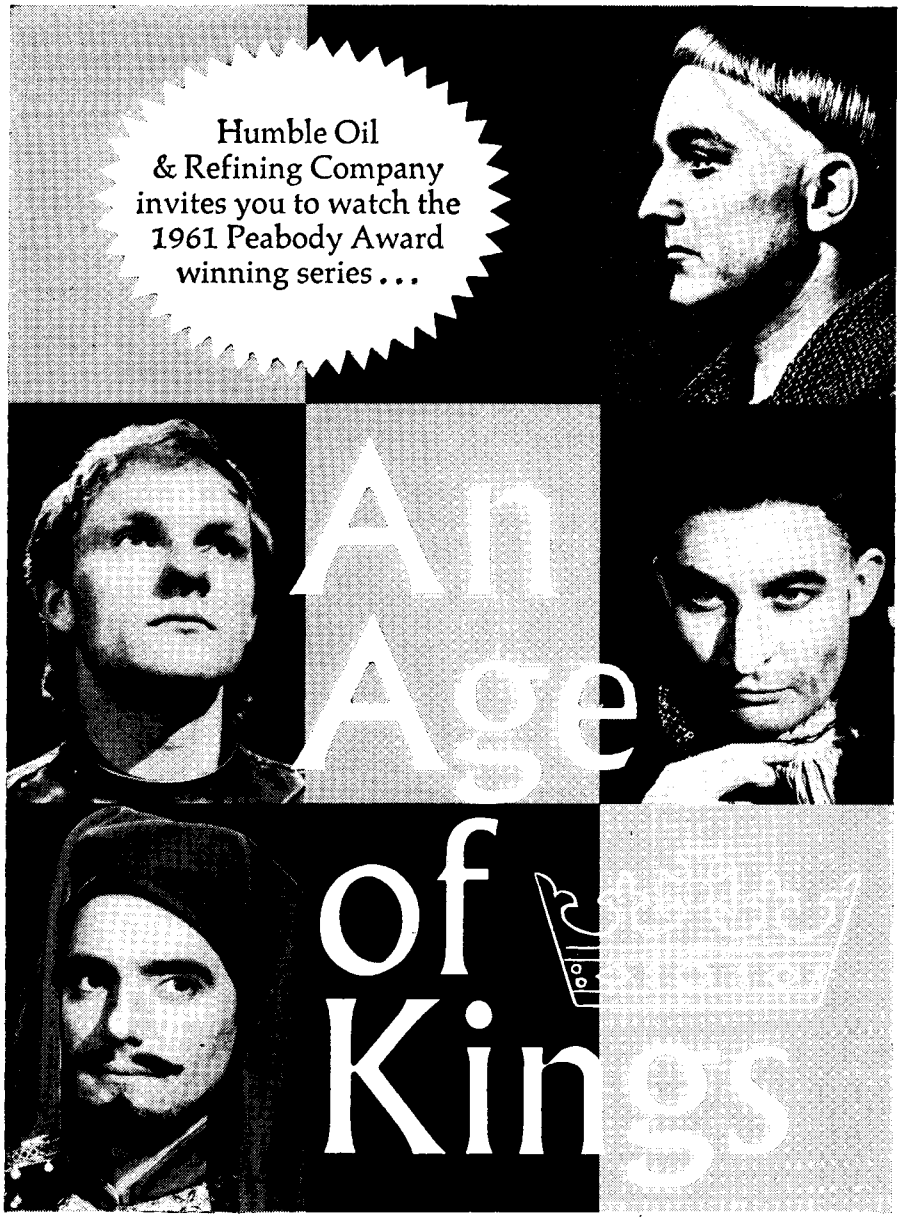

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School Days

Edited by Martin Levin

THE VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECOM

THE February Revolution of 1917 broke out when I was an undergraduate of the Novgorod High School. Strictly speaking, the February Revolution did not break out; one might say it was broken in. The October (Bolshevik) Revolution did break out but that was seven months later. Two revolutions within seven months was a bit too much on the side of abundance but in February we were happy.

Freedom at last! The lackadaisical people of the somnolent city of Novgorod did not yet know what Freedom was but they rejoiced nevertheless. Before the revolution Freedom was a meaningful ideal; after the revolution it became a meaningless fact. Life does not change in a day, or in a year.

And so, when that long-awaited Freedom came we either did not recognize it or did not know what to do with it. We were like small children suddenly left alone in a very big house: at first wild with untamed glee then tamed with wild fear.

There was still a war on—no one in Russia could foresee then that it was the last lap of the war—and that put somewhat of a damper on our actions if not our vocal chords. Our first move was to organize ourselves into leagues, societies, unions, parties, committees, factions, and councils called *soviets*, as if to make up for time lost. The epidemic spread throughout the country, and in our quiet little town there sprang up twenty-six organizations and societies including an Association of Illegitimate Children of Railroad Employees.

Each organization called mass meetings to honor the Freedom, and at each mass meeting masses of orators spoke. The short period between the two revolutions became known as the Era of Oratory. The Prime Minister of the Provisional Government received the soubriquet of Prime Orator, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces that of Orator-in-Chief. Cynics said that Russia did not lose her liberty to the Bolsheviks; she merely talked herself out of it.

There was a story told in those days about a detachment of Russian soldiers under a German attack. The Russians would retreat for a hundred paces, then throw up their arms as if signaling surrender. The Germans would approach them, but the Russians, instead of surrendering, would retreat again and would again throw up their arms. That was repeated several times, and the Germans, poor souls, became quite bewildered. They did not know that their Russian enemies were simply conducting a meeting and voting on the question of whether to resist the attack, to counterattack, or to surrender.

The most important organization in our city (as well as elsewhere in Russia) was the Council, or Soviet, of Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies. It consisted of an apprentice barber, two employees of the municipal baths, two pharmacists, an elderly Socialist who represented the downtrodden class of domestics, a grocery clerk, two corporals and a private who represented the military, and a comrade from Petrograd sent to represent the local peasantry.

It was natural for the high school students—as hard-toiling and repressed a class as any—to decide to form their own Soviet. A meeting was held by the chosen deputies of the two Novgorod boys' high schools and the only girls high school, the equality of the sexes and women's right to suffrage having been recognized by everyone.

It was a crowded and noisy meeting. There was, naturally, a great deal of oratory. I spoke as a representative of the undergraduates. It was a beautiful speech, especially its ending.

"Down with the petrified tradition," I cried. "Down with the old way of life! Let the youth of Russia spearhead the building of a new and better society! Forward to Victory! Long live the Revolution! Long live the student body of Novgorod's high schools!"

After the speeches, debates were opened on the subject of an appropriate name for our Soviet.

The February Revolution had inaugurated a trend toward comprehensive abbreviations of long and complex names. We Russians always envied the Americans their legendary efficiency, and our beginning was made in relationship to names. We achieved that efficiency by using either the first syllables or the first letters of each individual part of the compound name. This time-saving system was destined to influence not only Russia but the rest of the world. The Ministry of the Interior became, to use an English equivalent, the *Mininter*, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—the *Miniforaf*. Some people went so far as to greet

(*Continued on page* 12)

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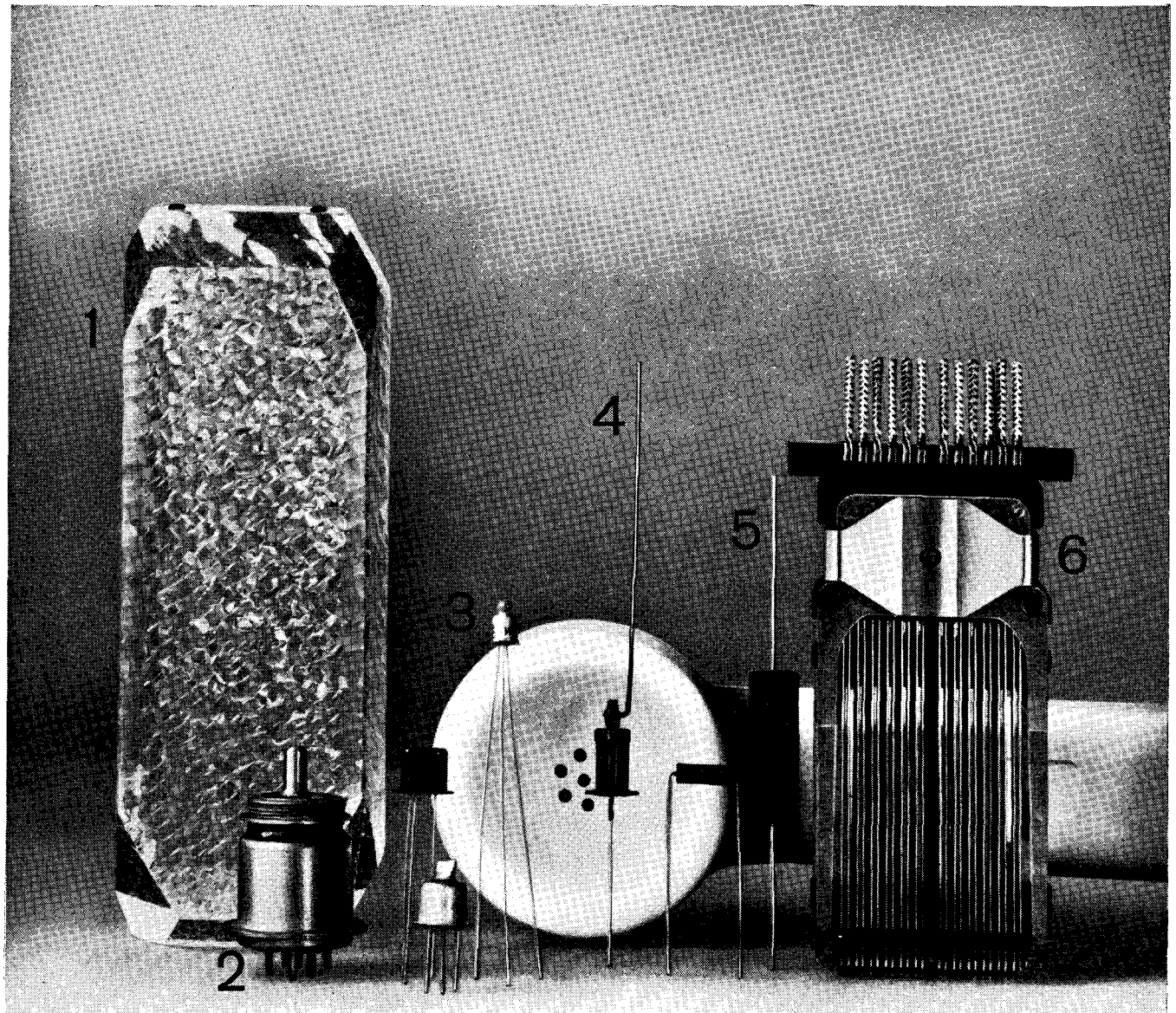

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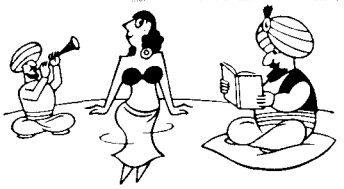

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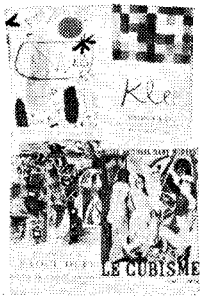

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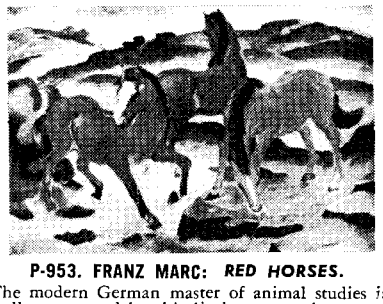

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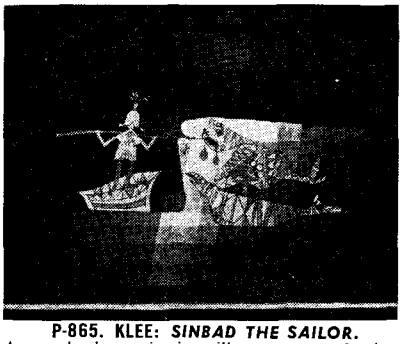

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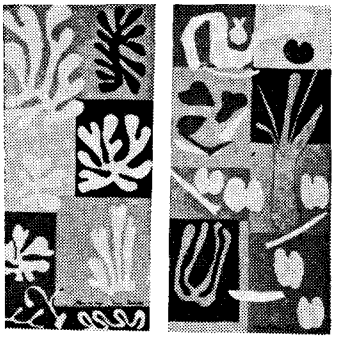

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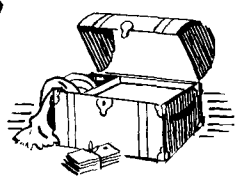

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each other with a jolly *Goom* that stood for "Good Morning," or *Gooey* if they met in the evening.

After prolonged and heated discussions, it was decided to name our organization "The All-Novgorod Council (Soviet) of High School Students—*Allnovsovhischoostud.*

The assembly elected an Executive Committee (*Execom*) consisting of a Chairman, four Vice-Chairmen (two girls and two boys), and a Secretary. I was elected one of the Vice-Chairmen. I was also elected Chairman of the Committee on School Reforms, member of the Committee for Liaison With the Soviet of Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies, and Vice-Chairman of the Committee on Chess.

I felt very important. Part of my country's destiny was thrust upon my shoulders in my capacity of Vice-Chairman of the *Execom* of the *Allnovsovhischoostud.* Unfortunately, schools closed early that year, and a protracted summer vacation interfered with my role in shaping the future of Russia. Progress was never served well by summer vacations. When schools reopened, a new storm broke out carrying away many of our lives and dreams, *Allnovsovhischoostud* with them.

—M. K. Argus.

• • •

THE CANARY CHIRPS

The native dialect of Somera, in the Canary Islands, is not spoken, it is whistled.—News item.

Somera is a whistle stop
Where, while there's whistling by the cop,
There's also whistling by the tourist
Who speaks the language, is a purist,

And babies whistle when they speak,
Although it's but a tiny squeak,
And whistles bring both dog and cat,
And girls can't tell when whistled at,

And old men whistle in the sun
While snoring and when sleep is done,
And only skeptics, surely, doubt
That kettles steaming at the spout

Make speeches, in this whistling land,
Which all the natives understand,
For instance, once the lingo's learnt,
"Turn off the fire—my bottom's burnt."

—Richard Armour.

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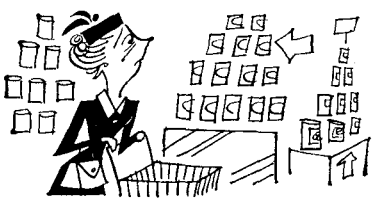
TRADE Winds

FUR BEGAN TO FLY as soon as William Longwood's new paperback, "The Poisons in Your Food," reached distribution channels. Originally published in hard cover by Simon and Schuster, the book tells about the chemicals introduced into food through modern processing methods. Many of these chemicals are untested, and some may be poisonous. In reviewing the book, the *Atlantic Monthly* commented: "Since slow poisoning by a variety of chemicals is hard to diagnose and no one product is likely to cause sudden death, everybody but the consumer can now feel safe and happy."

Will supermarkets, which are becoming a major outlet for paperbacks, carry "The Poisons in Your Food"? Certainly the reaction of the magazine and book buyer for the Northern Division of Food Fair Stores would indicate plenty of room for doubt. After learning about the book, he sent a memo on July 13, 1962, to the wholesalers who fill his racks for him: "If you are carrying the following title in our stores, 'The Poisons in Your Food,' by William Longwood, please remove it from our stores immediately. If you delivered



this title to our stores on an initial distribution, please notify me by return mail." There are some ominous implications in this simple, straightforward prose; for when any major distribution channel is blocked arbitrarily, the public eventually becomes subject to slow intellectual strangulation.

BOOK SQUELCHING and book burning are practices as old as Methuselah. It's refreshing to learn, however, that book reviewer Dolph Honicker of the *Nashville Tennessean* is taking a strong stand against his neighbors in the South who feel that by burning printer's ink they can destroy an author's nonmaterial ideas. Writing about James Baldwin's new novel, Honicker says:

"It should be interesting to follow the literary course of 'Another Country' through the Southland. Surely once the Citizen's Councils and snake-handling sects sniff out its juicier sections it will be burned in Meridan, banned in Montgomery, and—who knows—anyone caught reading it in Birmingham could face incarceration at the hands of Bull Connor.

"Only the other day, a church group in Tennessee buried 'To Kill a Mockingbird'—along with other equally obscene works—in a deep, deep hole to symbolize the awakened purity of the flock."

THE DISTRESSING THING about book burning is that a book can't fight back. It's a wholly one-sided affair. Controversy is always a welcome thing; it stimulates and challenges the mind, and often brings constructive progress. But book burning is cowardly controversy.

The healthy controversy between C. P. Snow and England's star critic F. R. Leavis has produced brilliant fireworks which both illuminate and instruct. The Roman candles of two sparkling and equal minds can provoke and stimulate others to inquire and learn.

In a recent issue of *Commentary*, Lionel Trilling explores this Olympian battle with clarity and wit. The whole affair started, as you recall, with Dr. Leavis's passionate attack on C. P. Snow, who had delivered a lecture on the split between the "two cultures" of science and literature.

Most interesting is the fact that, as Trilling points out, the battle is simply a rerun of a debate which took place eighty years ago between Matthew Arnold and T. H. Huxley. They were arguing then about the lack of communication between scientists and literary men, and the fight continues today.

THE BEST THNG about humor is that it transcends any controversy, and often clears the air of recrimination. Jules Feiffer, an unhampered wit, cartoonist, and commentator, recently explored, in a cartoon sequence in the *Village Voice*, the idea of writing songs to go with the titles of new books. Some of the staggering possibilities for ballad writers he came up with are: "Franny and Zooey Were Sweethearts," "I Lost My Heart at the Tropic of Cancer," and "Calories Don't Count—But You Do."

Other suggestions which have come our way are: "Let Me Be Your Queen, King Rat," "I Fell in Love with You When I Learned You Were a Rothschild," and "What's the Pitch, Catch-22?"

Although James Jones's "From Here to Eternity" could stand as a title in its own right, the song from which it is taken is the subject of a riddle that columnist Herb Caen sends along: "What has twelve feet, feathers, and goes 'Ba-Ba-Ba'?" The answer, of course, is six Indians singing the Whiffenpoof song.

Bennett Cerf missed that one in his new book "Riddle-de-Dee," a long series of 458 groaners. As the jacket says, some of them are vintage chestnuts, some are horrendous, and some are positively awe-inspiring. They range from: "Q. Name two ancient sports. A. Antony and Cleopatra," to "Q. How did Henry VIII differ from other suitors? A. He married his wives first and axed them afterward."

BUT SOME OF TRADE WIND's correspondents are out to beat Mr. Cerf at his own game. Bob Baker, of Harvard University Press, claims that he's feeling much better now that he's got thi off his chest:

A man went to his doctor to have his reflexes tested. Just as he was ready for the tapping of the rubber hammer, he saw spots before his eyes.

"It was a case," writes Mr. Baker, "of dotting his eyes while crossing his knees."

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENDENT recalls that he used to pass a sea scout camp near a beach where the porpoises were so friendly they swam into shore at dinner time.

"The habit became so consistent," writes Mr. Geidel, "that the chef used to announce dinner by yelling: 'Dinner! For all in tents—and porpoises.'"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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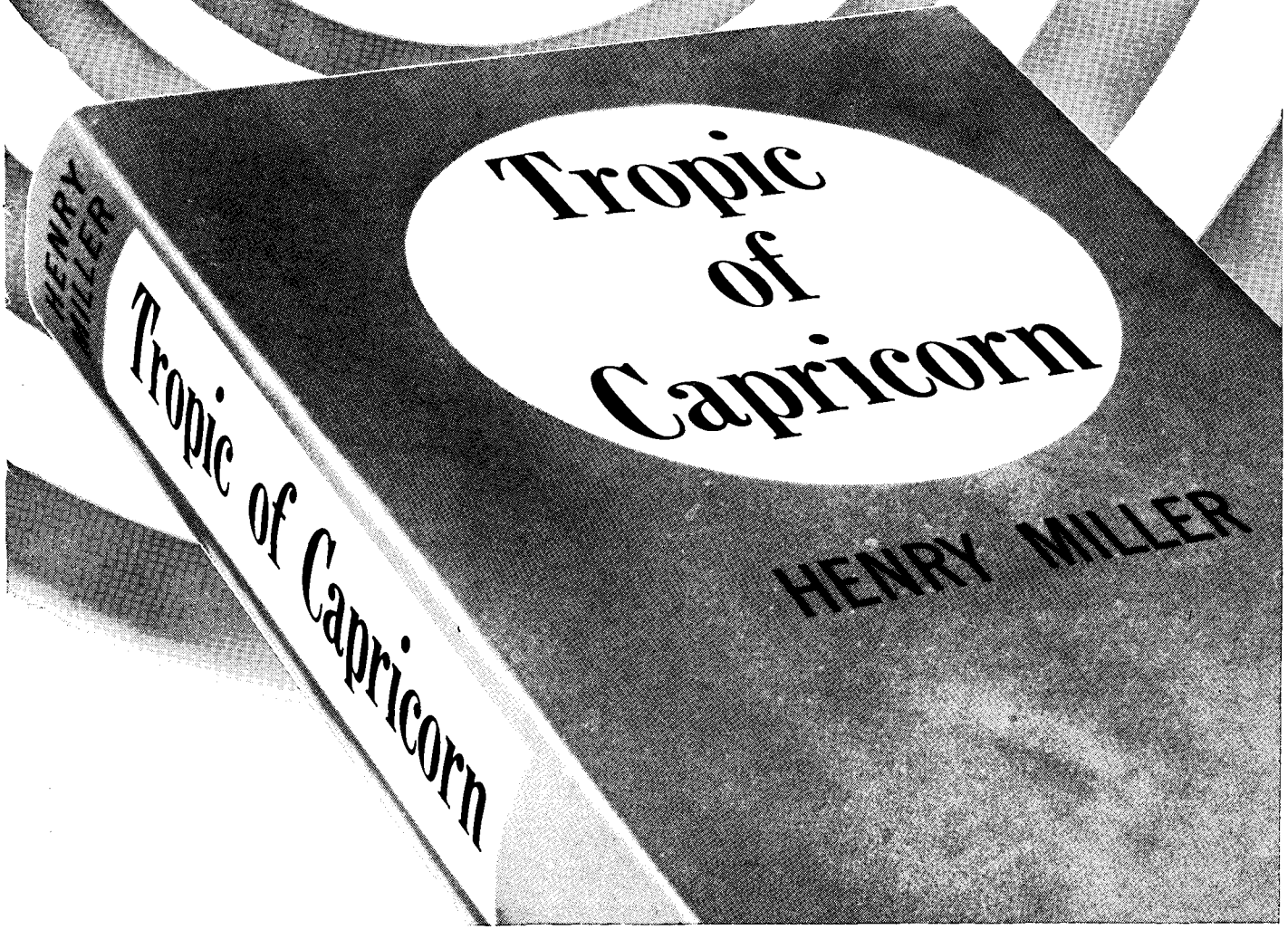

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—JESSIE KITCHING, *Publishers' Weekly*

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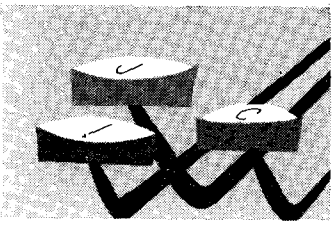
Manner of Speaking



PREJUDICES AND DAMNATIONS: America is a youth-centered nation. The future has always been our mystique, and since the young will be around, by and large, for more of the future than we dotards can expect to see, we are forever ready to put our hope in the young and to cut down the trees that the light may fall upon the saplings.

Not only do Americans honor youth out of all fit proportion, but it has become every citizen's duty to stay young no matter what his age. Who praises Gramps for having acquired experience, perspective, and wisdom? The eulogist at his funeral, maybe; but while Gramps still lives, our highest praise is that he can still ride a bike or toss a baseball with the kids. Who praises Gramma for her maturity and understanding? The minister, maybe, in the course of his Mother's Day sermon. But in all the rest of the year her first glory is that she has kept her youthful figure.

The true, functioning priesthood of America is that arcane and holy order of scholars and magicians whose abbey is Madison Avenue and whose duty it is to create for us the image in which we shall live. Who does more than Saint Media to order our lives, set our goals, and technicolor our dreams? Who more than Saint Persuasion, whose ritual is Motivational Research, knows the truth of our souls? And to what have these blessed commanded us if not to eternal youth? Mother's one glory has been laid upon her as the duty to avoid sags, bumps, spreads, and wrinkles; father's to think young, live modern, and stay on the go.

We shall manage to love them, perhaps, when they lose character and begin to let age mark them, but we can love them only with a touch of shame; we cannot honor them, for they have failed themselves and us, and they have failed in their duty as Americans.

There is much to be said, in fact, in favor of legal euthanasia for any citizen over forty who loses his figure, cannot keep up with at least moderately fast doubles, and who cannot, after dancing all night, put in a hard-driving day at the office. Why should we withhold from him the kindness we dispatch to stray dogs by putting them away painlessly? As things are, any citizen over forty who loses his job is more than half dead at the employment office. Putting him out of the way is only one further step—and less than a half-step at that—to letting the young have it all. Once folly has become the national passion why quibble about degrees of folly?

The fact is that every nation that has made youth its idol has marched to folly and ended in disaster. When muscle, stamina, agility, and all the athletic a-mentalities become the religion of a people, the following sacrament is always to go to war. Russia, Hitler's Germany, Franco's Spain, Mussolini's Italy, Tojo's Japan, and now Red China have all made a religion of their youth groups—and of war. The only real point of all that muscle, after all, is to flex it. And certainly it follows that the more muscle a nation commits itself to flexing, the less mind it will care to entertain. Youth is muscle and age is thought. Why let thought get in the way of our canonization of the young? Better to do away with the aged and the aging and let us get to our follies without interference from carping intellect.

As for the young oafs of our national dream—and of every youth-bound national dream—they are not only willing to have it so; they take it for granted that it will be so. Parents have been serving them since birth; why change things now? Besides, the parents are, by now, well trained to obey. Maybe you haven't noticed it in your neighborhood, probably because all the other parents have been as well trained as you are; but speaking for my own family, I can report of our last year in Rome that we had not been in residence more than two months before the word all over the quarter in which we had our apartment was: "Isn't it wonderful how American parents obey their children!"

The Ciardi kids are, of course, special and should be—or in any case will be—obeyed. But what is there to prize in the rest of their dreary, pampered, overinflated, and underpowered generation? They have no values but their silly group. They were born and live in a mental uniform. They live in a patois far to one side of the mother tongue of mankind. The word "sir" has all but disappeared from the vocabulary of citizens under ninety. To ask of these young clods the discipline of study is to insult their arrogance. They have no legs to walk on, and if they do go on a pilgrimage around the

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block, they cannot make it without holding a battery-powered radio to their ears. Nor can they so much as fall asleep without at least two radios and one TV set blaring in their rooms.

And *this* is the gold-plated generation to which we pass the all-but-gutted torch! Never fear their holding it high. They will mount it on top of a sports car and manage to fire it yet in some highway pile-up.

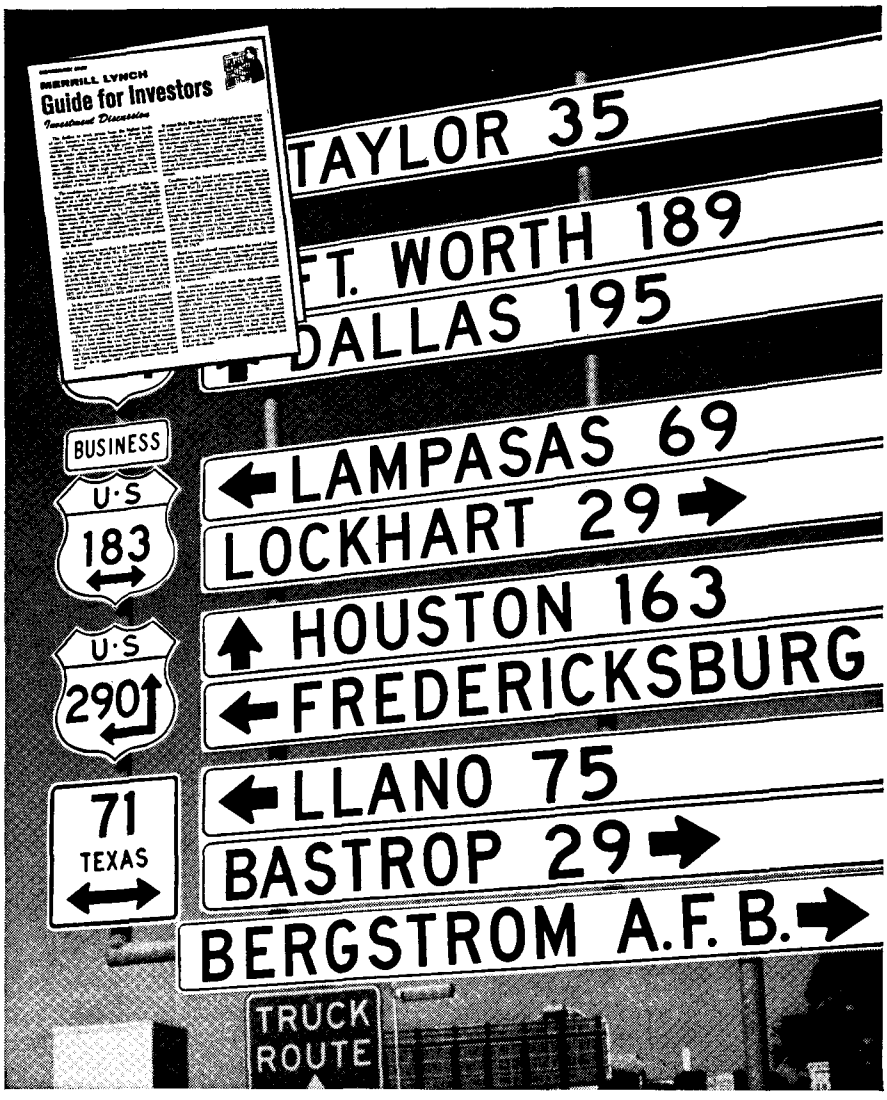
We have gone so far in our permissiveness that the idea of accepting the guidance of their elders seems an affront to these young. Several times after lectures I have run into college students who were flatly indignant at faculty regulations. "What right," one such oaf asked me last year at Duke, "has the college to make me take a language course." He actually suggested picketing the administration building.

I told him he was a sick and puny product of progressive education, permissive parents, and his own coddled ignorance, and that the university would probably do well to kick him out. It simply had never occurred to him that in applying for admission he had submitted himself to the standards set by the faculty and that it was not his job to remake those standards but to meet them as set. What I see as symptomatic in him was his assured assumption that his own ignorance was sufficient to define the educational standards of a great university. Nowhere in him could I find any recognition that his elders might know more than he or that they might be worth taking half-seriously, if only in sufferance.

The back of my hand to him—and the front of my doubt to his measly generation. The one hope I see is that there really are no young anymore. Youth is venture, and the clods of this generation are taking no chances—not an emotional chance, not an intellectual chance, not even a financial chance. They are too afraid of going broke to go for broke. Freshmen nowadays look and act like junior bank clerks. And the job-hunting seniors look and act like would-be master sergeants, their lives aimed at nothing better than thirty secure years followed by a pension. They come in to see the personnel manager, but they don't want to know about the job. What they ask about first is retirement pay. There isn't a flicker of a gambler's gleam in their eyes. They are in fact older than their parents.

This last fact probably explains our national confusion. It really is age we venerate after all, but we have to go to this dismal and smug generation to find it. We gave it up ourselves when we put all our psychic energy into staying young forever.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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ORDER AND CHANGE IN A WARLESS WORLD

By Walter Millis

TO IMAGINE a warless world is to imagine a special kind of world order—a system of "law and order" which must nevertheless allow for the disorder, conflict, and change essential to the development of human institutions. An idea must be formed of how such change, which throughout history has been so often and so deeply associated with war, can come about with a minimum of physical violence.

That change through conflict will continue to come about, regardless, is scarcely arguable. The complicated struggles among individuals, groups, classes, communities, or nations for wealth, position, and power is inherent in human nature. No system of world law and order can eliminate these power struggles; it would be primarily a means of regulating or structuring them.

The relative "justice" of such regulation is highly important from the standpoint of support for the system, but it seems essentially secondary—a by-product, as it were—to the "order" which the system would impose. There have, of course, been highly unjust orders which have survived over long periods and others comparatively just which have suffered early collapse. The essential of any order, just or unjust, is that it force the competitive struggles among those subject to it into other than lethal or violent channels.

In any system of law and order one finds three elements, which are the mechanisms through which it achieves its purpose: (1) a sovereign "monopoly" of legal force to forbid resort to violence; (2) a system of general rules (law) defining in generalized terms the rights, duties, and, therefore, the power positions of all involved; (3) a judicial system to apply the general rules in specific conflicts and to provide in its decisions a generally accepted alternative to trial by combat or violence.

No system of this kind, of course, is ever perfectly successful. An irreducible minimum of violent crime, usually a certain amount of rioting and group violence, remains under the most developed systems of law and order. Nor has any such system ever completely inhibited change; even the most static and somnolent of social orders has never been "frozen" into a coma. It is true that a developed system of law and order has the effect, at any given time, of defining—crystallizing—the power relations of the individuals, groups, and classes subject to it, and that this crystallized legal structure of power may survive after the actual power relationships in the community have changed. But when the actual power structure tends to get out of line with the legal definition, it is, sooner or later, the legal definition which is altered, not the newly emerging structure of power.

WHEN the discrepancy between the fact and the form grows too great, such changes may be violent, reflected in great wars on the international stage or bloody revolutions within. But war and violent revolution are by no means the only or the necessary means of adjusting the system of law and order to changes in the underlying power structure. The modern world has recorded immense adjustments of this kind largely, if not wholly, effected by nonviolent means.

Nor is it true that these can occur only in those systems which, as in the Western democracies, include formal provision for popular participation in institutional change. Toynbee, in the opening article in this series, cites the abdication of the Tokugawa Shogunate in Japan—at the time anything but a democratic society—and the accompanying political and social revolution, all accomplished with very little violence. Since the death of Stalin, if not before, considerable shifts have plainly been occurring in the power structure both of the Soviet Union itself and among the constituent states of the Communist empire. But the Communist system of law and order (which is no less a system of law and order because it seems to us an unjust one) has accommodated itself to these changes in general without war or revolution. The one violent revolution of importance—that in Hungary—was suppressed by the Soviet police power, thus leaving Communist law and order outwardly intact. But the ruthlessness with which "order" was reimposed in Hungary does not mean that the system is perpetually unchangeable. The Hungarian revolt will still make its contribution toward those changes—hopefully nonviolent, but changes in any event—which shifts in the underlying Communist power structure are certain to bring about.

Even the existing international order, "anarchic" as it is commonly assumed to be, has since 1945 adjusted itself to very great changes in the basic

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Toward a Warless World

In May of this year, *Saturday Review* inaugurated, with an article by Arnold Toynbee, a symposium on the possibilities a warless world would present to human society. The symposium is to consist of articles by some twenty authorities in social, economic, scientific, cultural, and spiritual fields. All contributors are to begin by assuming that national armaments have been reduced to the level necessary to keep internal order and that an effective system, or world order, has been established to settle disputes and keep the peace.

Dr. Toynbee, in his article, demonstrated with examples from history that it is impossible to "freeze human life," that struggles, power shifts, and, in general, change, are inevitable, even in a warless world. In the second article in the series, Walter Millis, special consultant and projects director at the Center for Democratic Institutions and an *SR* Editor-at-Large, examines the problem of how change is to take place without war under a world system of law and order.

power relations of peoples, states, classes, and groups with, on the whole, a rather surprising minimum of war or other violence. Discussions of a new world order usually overlook the fact that we already possess a more highly developed system of international law and order than ever before in history. It is a system not yet reduced to statutory form or fully embodied in treaty undertakings; and its institutional expressions, such as the U.N., are still quite rudimentary. It is a system, nevertheless. It is incapable, certainly, of "freezing" the political and social institutions of mankind into any perpetual mold; yet it is currently proving itself adequate to insure that for most peoples, most of the time, the infinitely complex struggle for power is carried on by essentially nonviolent means.

Perhaps two-thirds of the population of the globe live today under no more than four or five great, stabilized, and mutually more or less invulnerable centers of power, of law and of order: the United States, the Western European democracies, the Soviet Union, China, and perhaps India. They appear rather effectively to have excluded violence and bloodshed from their domestic affairs as instruments of practical politics. Each has effectively developed the essentials of rule by law: a police force quite capable of forbidding anything more than merely casual resort to violence; a system of general rules to govern the internal power struggles, and at least some kind of adjudicatory and regulatory system to apply the rules and to offer an alternative to trial by violence which, however imperfect or unjust, can be accepted as preferable.

These great systems of law and order differ widely in their efficiency, their subtlety, and their sophistication as social organizations. It is difficult, for instance, to find much parallel between the deliberations of the Supreme Court of the United States and the intrigues within the Soviet power elite in the Kremlin, except that both serve the same broad purpose. Each offers an acceptable (or at any rate accepted) alternative to armed violence and rebellion in the settlement of basic power issues. Different as they are, each of these great systems appears to have established its ability to keep order, with yet enough flexibility to permit necessary change to take place without extremes of violence.

THIS at any rate, appears to be the common opinion. No one, for example, can seriously suppose that the United States will remain fixed in the particular mold of political, social, and economic relationships which it has attained in 1962. We all look for great changes of one kind or another in the American power structure; but it takes a John Birchite mentality to imagine that violent revolution either will or can accompany them. Much the same is true of the great Communist states. The shifting and uncertain power relations between Moscow and Peking are well advertised in the Western press; but no serious student has been rash enough to predict that they will end in a Sino-Soviet war. It is not the likelihood of armed rebellion in China or the USSR that impresses most, but its apparent impossibility in the foreseeable future.

Thus two-thirds of the population of the globe already live under reasonably stable systems of law and order, so stable that no one predicts violent revolution or collapse for any of them (unless as a result of another world war), yet not so rigid as to be incapable of necessary change and development. By whatever paths of blood and misery the world has attained this result, it has attained it; one must recognize its novelty—for it is a phenomenon almost as unprecedented in history as are the nuclear arsenals themselves—as well as its obvious importance to the general problem of world law and order.

Unfortunately, much of the remaining third of the global population is less well organized. Southern Asia, Africa, and much of Latin America are being swept by the "revolution of expectations," inordinately complicated by nationalism, by racial and class conflict, by differences between the small educated elite groups, with their urban followers, and the peasant masses, as well as by the tendency of the great, stable power centers to exploit these difficulties for the advancement of their own power and influence. Speaking very generally, over much of this area the basic power structures (both domestic and international) are in a fluid state; it is the problem of the new leaderships not so much to "seize power" as to discover the new bases on which a viable power structure may be erected. What rules (law) are available, whether derived from decisions in the U.N., from the principles of interna-

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tional law, or from domestic constitutional and institutional arrangements, are clearly out of line with the highly complicated actual power relationships.

Over much of this area no general rule of law and order, even a repressive one like that which the Soviet Union has successfully established over its many different peoples and different conflicts of interest, seems possible. And it would appear that a good deal of violence—whether in the savage form that occurred in the Congo or in Algeria, or simply the military coup d'états that have, with relatively little bloodshed, interrupted the processes of "democracy" in so many parts of the world—is inevitable. No system of law and order can hope to avert all violence, or dispense justice with a hand so even that men, groups, and communities will never seek to "take the law in their own hands." But it is still surprising that so little, not so much, violence and bloodshed has attended the enormous shifts in group, class, and national power relationships which have taken place since 1945.

SUCH is the situation in which we find ourselves today. We have developed a system of world law and order unprecedented in human experience. It contains no global monopoly of legal force adequate to forbid violent solutions to the problems of nations, classes, communities, and groups, although for the time being the great weapons-systems seem to be providing an effective substitute. Change is certainly proceeding as rapidly as most could wish; yet within an order sufficient to permit the vast majority of the world's peoples to live currently at peace and keep such violence as does continue to occur within tolerable bounds. It is an order efficient to permit even more—to permit the growth of what Robert C. Angell has felicitously called the "interstitial tissue" of global organization: "Actually, an elaborate web of relationships is being woven among the peoples of the world. . . . There is live and growing tissue around us, interstitial tissue, if you will, which is spreading and becoming stronger every year." What would be the effect on this general situation of the assumed excision from it of the organized war system?

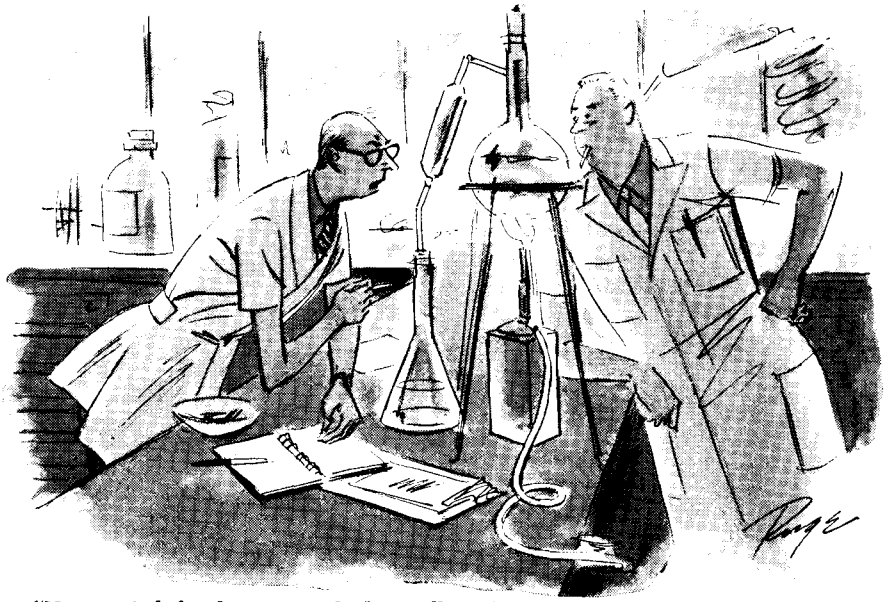
This is really the central question. All that we have been asked to assume in this series is an initial abolition of organized war, with the introduction of whatever (only vaguely specified) institutional arrangements may be necessary to maintain the abolition. How, so far as securing necessary social and political change is concerned, would the resultant warless system differ from the existing one? The easy answer is to say that it would differ very little; but there is an obstacle to the easy answer. This lies in the still obscure but clearly intimate relationship which has existed through most of history between domestic violence and revolution and international violence and war. The two have probably been intermingled in most of the major changes in human systems of law, order, and power-organization. Great wars have led to great revolutions; great revolutions have led to great wars. Perhaps the causal relationship was not in fact so simple as this would suggest; but the observation at least inspires an inquiry as to whether, if there are no more great wars, there can be any more great revolutions; or, conversely, if there are to be further great revolutions, will not great wars inevitably be revived?

Our presently existing world order seems to be both sufficiently flexible and sufficiently stable to meet the necessities of change without intolerable concomitants of violence. But so did the Atlantic world appear to its inhabitants on the eve of the French Revolution; so did the Western and the Russian imperial world appear on the eve of World War I. Both the Soviet Union and China today appear to represent stable systems of law and order. But the appearance may prove to be illusory. As power relationships continue to shift within the rigid frameworks of these great societies, it may be that nothing short of violent and bloody rebellion will suffice to break up the old power structures and institute the new.

Revolutionary violence in France after 1789 not only reorganized the domestic power structure; it fractured the international power structure of the time and led to the first total wars of modern history. Given an initially warless world, a similar violent breakdown of the Russian or Chinese power structures might have similar effects. No presently imaginable system of policed disarmament could deal finally or completely with such a situation. It is hard to picture an international police force endowed with either the physical force or, more importantly, the authority to intervene in a chaotic Russia in order to "restore order." It is easy to imagine the pressures upon the contiguous national police forces to intervene in one way or another in order to preserve their national interests; and to see that these pressures could lead to "escalation," rearmament, and war by processes which the international police would find difficult to control. All that one can say to this is that perfection is unattainable in this world; no system of politics will infallibly meet all the problems that may arise before it. But a politics which starts from a universal and policed disarmament, has a far better chance of meeting this sort of situation than has one which starts with the system of organized war.

There is the opposite case, often illustrated by the Russian Revolution of 1918, in which it is held that great international wars are necessary to break up encrusted and anachronistic power structures inhibiting human development. That wars have had this effect can hardly be doubted, but that major

(*Continued on page* 31)



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The Foibles of Good Men

By GRANVILLE HICKS

THE HIGH reputation of J. F. Powers rests on two collections of short stories: "Prince of Darkness," published in 1947, and "The Presence of Grace," published in 1956. When the latter appeared, Frank O'Connor, whose judgments are not to be taken lightly, said in *Saturday Review*: "Powers is among the greatest of living story tellers." Praise has been general, and certain of his stories have been reprinted again and again in anthologies, for instance "The Valiant Woman." Everyone has spoken of his wit, the precision of his style, the freshness of his subject-matter, and the subtlety with which his stories are constructed. From so brilliant a *tour de force* as "The Death of a Favorite," in which a cat serves as narrator, to so quietly effective a piece of narration as "Dawn" he has repeatedly shown his mastery of the short story.

When a man has proved himself so adept in the shorter form, one naturally approaches his first novel with a certain trepidation, and **"Morte d'Urban"** (Doubleday, $4.50) is not so reassuring as one could have hoped. The novel, I'm afraid, is not Powers's *métier*; at any rate, this particular novel is clumsy in comparison with the best of the short stories. It is episodic, and the parts, many of which have appeared in a variety of magazines, are better than the whole. On the other hand, aside from this question of structural control, the qualities for which his earlier work has been admired are splendidly present.

The novel is the story of a Catholic priest, Father Urban, a member of the Order of St. Clement, of which J. F. Powers, he tells us, is the founder, as William Faulkner was the sole proprietor of Yoknapatawpha County. Father Urban, when we meet him, is "fifty-four, tall and handsome but a trifle loose in the jowls and red of eye." He is a live wire: he "stumped the country, preaching retreats and parish missions, and did the work of a dozen men. And still he found the time and energy to make friends, as enjoined by Scripture, with the mammon of iniquity." He has reason to believe, as he most firmly does believe, that he is the principal ornament of his Order, and yet the Father Provincial abruptly assigns him to a small, isolated foundation in Minnesota.

Unhappy and ill at ease as he is to begin with at St. Clement's Hill, Father Urban soon finds outlets for his energy. Billy Cosgrove, a rich man whom he has cultivated in the course of befriending the mammon of iniquity, makes gifts to the institution, and eventually is persuaded to establish a golf course, which helps considerably to attract retreatants. Mrs. Thwaites, donor of St. Clement's Hill, challenges Urban's talents. A nearby parish obviously needs his kind of vision. So he seems to be riding high again; but then he gets his comeuppance, or, rather, he achieves his heart's desire, election as Father Provincial, when, for a complicated variety of reasons, it is too late for him to enjoy it.

The characterization of Father Urban is wonderfully subtle. At first he is an unattractive figure, a gross go-getter, a caricature of what a priest should be. But gradually we come to look on him with greater tolerance and even with unwilling admiration. He is practical, persistent, resourceful, and the priests who oppose him are often not more spiritual but simply less energetic. We are hurt when he is humiliated by his rich acquaintance, Billy, as mean-minded a petty tyrant as has ever appeared in fiction. And we wince when he is told the truth by Mrs. Thwaites's daughter, whose intentions towards him are strictly dishonorable. "You're an operator," she says, "an operator in your heart, and I don't think you have a friend in the world." Father Urban is not immediately stricken with contrition; on the contrary, he has a vision of what he might have been if he had chosen a different profession; but the career in which he appeared to be doing so well is, to all intents and purposes, finished.

In this novel, as in many of his best-known short stories, Powers writes about the Catholic Church with an air of great authority. He writes as an insider, though certainly not *for* insiders. The Order of St. Clement may be his invention, but it is as real as Yoknapatawpha County. Having created a little world of his own, with its particular beliefs and customs, he can write a comedy of manners. There are no dramatic incidents and no large issues, but we do have a quiet, steady revelation of character, a revelation superb in its subtlety and depth. Not only Father Urban, not only the egregious Billy Cosgrove, but dull Father Wilf and gentle Father Jack and a good many others are exhibited in all their complexity.

Four years ago Critique, a quarterly given over to studies of modern fiction, devoted an issue to J. F. Powers and Flannery O'Connor. Although both are practicing Catholics, and that is why their names were coupled by the editors, they are in most ways strikingly different. Powers writes about the Church, and Miss O'Connor doesn't. He is essentially a comic writer, and she essentially a tragic one. If, as Sister M. Bernetta Quinn argues in *Critique*, the influence of Catholicism is apparent in both, it takes highly dissimilar forms.

Look, for instance, at Miss O'Connor's novella, "The Lame Shall Enter First," published in the summer issue of *The Sewanee Review*. This is a murderous portrait of a liberal, agnostic do-gooder who tries to help a delinquent boy. The boy, grandson of a Fundamentalist preacher, is evil in a dozen ways; but he knows that he is evil, and thus he is closer to the truth than his would-be benefactor can ever be, as Miss O'Connor demonstrates wth ruthless force. But how, one asks, does Catholicism enter into this? Simply because it is her faith that enables Miss O'Connor to look so steadily at the tragic mistakes of a man who recognizes no power greater than himself.

Powers, on the other hand, takes a less grim view of life and of mankind. His faith permits him to look with tolerance on the foibles of good men and to recognize the virtues of bad ones. As John P. Sisk says in *Critique*, "In the world of Powers's fiction people can be genuinely likable and lovable; goodness can be movingly revealed to them; they can recognize evil both in and apart from themselves; they can change for the better." Miss O'Connor is the more powerful writer, and such a story as "The Lame Shall Enter First" is a blood-chilling experience. Powers's vision, however, has much to commend it, and he has learned how to make of it a kind of fiction unique in our times. If "Morte d'Urban" is not a first-rate novel, it has portions that show him at his best.

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Alternatives to Extinction

"Preventing World War III: Some Proposals," edited by Quincy Wright, William M. Evan, and Morton Deutsch *(Simon & Schuster. 436 pp. $6.95), presents in a symposium procedures for avoiding international holocaust. Franklin A. Lindsay, president of Itek Corporation, was assistant to Bernard Baruch, the U.S. representative to the first United Nations negotiations on control of atomic arms. He also worked with the Marshall Plan.*

By FRANKLIN A. LINDSAY

ANY BOOK of proposals to prevent another world war would be valuable if it contained but one important and constructive idea. This work does better than that although it has many deficiencies. Of the twenty-eight contributors to the symposium, all are academicians; more than half are philosophers, psychologists, psychiatrists, and social and political scientists. Not one, however, is a historian—yet the subject of these essays is the prevention of war. The editors apparently concluded that the history of several thousand years of armed conflict can make no contribution toward avoiding the next one.

Also missing from the list of contributors are men who have had direct military and foreign-office experience in coping with the problems of war and peace—possibly on the ground that this book should be dedicated to a fresh look. However, the editors' distrust of the motives of the men who are today responsible to their governments for maintaining the peace is immediately revealed in the Preface, in which it is stated that, whereas the military is an old and respected profession, there is no comparable profession concerned with the maintenance of peace. Nevertheless, though some may disagree with the policies and methods pursued by the professional foreign-service and military officers of the Western democracies, there can be no question that they, as a group, are dedicated to the maintenance of peace as their mission in life.

Many of the contributors are aware of the overwhelming difficulties of setting up a workable arms reduction system based on formulas for balancing one type of hardware against another. Similarly they recognize the snags in negotiating a practicable system of inspection. We are offered several good analyses of the psychological nature of conflicts among men and nations, as well as insights into the problems that will be faced in gradually building a world society based on commonly accepted rules and laws; but by and large the authors do less well when they begin to outline procedures.

An outstanding exception is T. C. Schelling's proposal for stand-by inspection forces located throughout the world, which, in a time of great crisis, could be instantaneously available. He envisages situations in which a nation may urgently want to prove to a potential enemy that it is *not* engaged in a hostile activity such as preparing a surprise attack, or that a single nuclear rocket-launching was a ghastly mistake and not a signal for massive retaliation. Under such circumstances an immediately accessible inspectorate whose word would be accepted by the other side might prevent a nuclear holocaust. This is a limited but constructive course with some chance of acceptance.

G. I. Pokrovsky, the single Soviet contributor, advocates an extension of the international scientific cooperation of the International Geophysical Year to other projects, such as an international weather-forecasting service using artificial satellites. He magnanimously suggests, however, that the entire project be financed by the "super profits" earned by the capitalist arms manufacturers.

Several of the authors point out the hazards inherent in the escalation of tension and the attendant possibility of war as nations react to actual or imagined threatening acts by potential enemies, thereby provoking further maneuvers by the adversary. They also point out the real dangers of the double standard by which we judge ourselves and our enemies. Morton Deutsch in particular provides a good description of the psychological forces contributing to and perpetuating hostility between nations. Most of the writers, moreover, place equal blame on the Western democracies and the Communist governments for creating this atmosphere of mutual distrust. They do not, however, give adequate recognition to the very strong unilateral efforts made by the West during the last thirty years to reduce tensions, nor to the almost complete lack of reciprocity on the part of the Soviets.

C. West Churchman, in an article pleading for deeper inquiries into the underlying human problems of war, observes that the trouble with many plans for world peace is that they don't confront anybody with anything. They simply say that *if* men could be persuaded to do thus-and-so, then such-and-such desirable events would occur.

Lewis Bohn, for example, proposes the use of the lie detector, truth serums, and hypnosis to ferret from a nation's leaders the knowledge of any evasions of arms control agreements. Similarly, Ralph Gerard advocates the use of lie detectors "if national leaders will submit to them." But what hope can we have that the Soviet Union would submit to such treatment if it will not accept the minimum of physical inspection?

Seymour Melman proposes a system of popular inspection of arms control agreements in which the citizens of each country would report directly to an internationl authority any activities that look suspiciously like evasion. But if this degree of direct popular support were possible, world government would already be in sight.

Robert Gomer advocates the transfer of arms for the major powers to a "mutually acceptable" neutral nation, which would thereby become more powerful than either the U.S. or USSR, and which would be expected to act impartially as an armed arbiter between the two antagonists.

THE exchange, by the U.S. and USSR, of 10,000 of each other's college students as mutual hostages against surprise attack is suggested by Morton Deutsch. The internationalization of national armed forces and espionage services under the control of an international command is proposed by Herbert Kelman. But the crucial problem of establishing the political dominion of these forces is passed over with the statement that the number of seats in the central command is to be determined by "some formula."

Those who espouse complete unilateral disarmament, as do Erich Fromm, Bertrand Russell, and David Daiches, must, if they are intellectually honest, be ready to follow their policies through to the complete and bitter end. They must be prepared for the possible destruction of freedom in the West and the establishment of repressive terror comparable to that experienced in parts of Europe during the Second World War—expecting only that after many years or even generations of suffering,

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the real values of Western civilization will prevail in a new society. Fromm, Russell, and Daiches do recognize these implications of their policies and say they are willing to accept them. But they tend to overrate greatly the probability that the Soviets will follow our example and voluntarily destroy their arms.

In his article Bertrand Russell claims that U.S. soldiers are trained in what to do *when*, not *if*, war comes and that young men are "encouraged to expect, if not desire" nuclear war. Lord Russell should check his facts about the United States more carefully before making such charges.

Arne Naess of Norway recognizes the military indefensibility of small countries today and argues persuasively for a defense based on passive resistance thoroughly prepared in advance. His program can have real usefulness as a deterrent to aggression in Norway and in countries substantially larger.

All in all, the book falls far short of the problem. William Evan, one of the editors, concludes that the preservation of peace is too important to be left solely to the generals and the statesmen. One might also conclude that the preservation of peace is too important to be placed in the hands of the intellectuals, unless they are equipped to make the hard and serious effort needed to understand the terrible realities and complexities of the problems involved in preventing World War III.

The Hidden Signs of War

"Pearl Harbor: Warning and Decision," by Roberta Wohlstetter *(Stanford University Press. 446 pp. $7.50), places the blame for the success of the Japanese surprise attack on human error and organizational weakness. Military historian Forrest C. Pogue is writing a biography of General George C. Marshall.*

By FORREST C. POGUE

THE CHARGE that officials in Washington "conspired" in 1941 to withhold from commanders in the Pacific warnings of a forthcoming Japanese attack is dealt a crippling blow by Mrs. Wohlstetter's detailed and objective examination of the evidence on the subject. Human error and organizational weakness, rather than sinister design, must bear the blame.

Basing her account primarily on the thirty-nine-volume record of the Congressional hearings on the Pearl Harbor attack, and on interviews with a number of "pick and shovel" military officials of the 1940-41 period, the author spells out exactly what the military leaders in Washington and in the Pacific knew about Japanese intentions, and what they did about it. Her painstaking analysis will aid even the casual reader to understand the workings of prewar intelligence operations.

While Navy headquarters in Hawaii had more information on the enemy than Army headquarters and did not always share it, the Army knew that a state of extreme tension existed between the United States and Japan that should have indicated the need for a full alert. In Washington, Army Intelligence officers often missed the true picture in the Pacific, and Mrs. Wohlstetter suggests that at times "G-2 was less informed and less equipped to estimate the situation than a good news agency. . . ." The Office of Naval Intelligence, while better staffed and more highly esteemed than its Army counterpart, was held in check by a rule barring it from preparing estimates of enemy intentions.

Nearly sixty pages of the book are devoted to MAGIC, the name applied to the process by which United States experts decoded Japanese secret diplomatic messages. In the clearest exposition of the subject yet to appear in print, the author shows that the need for extreme secrecy in the use of MAGIC often made it impossible for proper evaluations to be made of the material. Even top officials had to read the messages while a courier waited to return the papers to the safe.

On one of the great controversies of the Pearl Harbor hearings—the reception of an "execute winds message," indicating that relations between Japan and her potential enemies were reaching the breaking point—evidence is lacking to prove that an authentic "execute" message was ever intercepted. The author shows that the wording of intercepted messages did not actually indicate that war would be declared on the United States, and even less that an attack would be made on Pearl Harbor.

Lacking the knowledge available to postwar observers, the men charged with assessing the meaning of intercepted messages and other Intelligence material could easily mistake the nature of warnings that now seem definitely to point to war. Officers straining to hear the clear signal of Japan's intentions were often distracted by the noise of contradictory statements. Phrases in instructions which we now know referred to Pearl Harbor were plausibly interpreted to indicate several alternative actions.

The President and his chief military advisers shared with the Pacific com-

(*Continued on page* 40)

—*Wide World.*

Pearl Harbor—"the Army knew that a state of extreme tension existed."

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Masked Shrikes and Angry Penguins

HAS anyone noted the recent epidemic of elaborate hoaxes here and abroad? The bird watchers of Britain, for instance, are currently emitting shrill cries of dismay over the news that hoaxers have been at work in their midst for decades. Ever since the turn of the century British bird fanciers have been thrilled, if a touch dazed, by the frequency with which birds normally rare in Britain have been shot down in the foothills near Hastings, Sussex. The hunters' busy guns have regularly felled such off-beat species as the Dartford warbler, the slender-billed currew, the gray-rumped sandpiper, and the masked shrike. Offered for sale, these *rarae aves* have been snapped up by museums and private collectors at prices often exceeding fifty pounds.

It now develops, however, that there has been mischief afoot. Several weeks ago a group of noted ornithologists charged flatly that all these years someone has been "salting" the Hastings foothills with birds shot elsewhere in the world and shipped to Sussex packed in ice. No names are mentioned in the birdmen's report, but the finger points to a Hastings taxidermist, now deceased, whose fowling piece had a peculiar and profitable affinity for the rare birds. The charges of jiggery-pokery are still being argued, but the case has already put Britain's millions of bird watchers in something of a flap.

Meanwhile, the bird watchers' music-loving cousins have been reverberating like tuning forks over *their* encounters with the hoaxing mentality. Early last year handbills and advertisements announced the first London concert of "the famed Hungarian pianist Maestro Tomas Blod." Nothing loath, more than a hundred aficionados paid 35 cents each for an evening of "Surrealism in Music" at Wigmore Hall.

As his audience sat entranced, the maestro gave a bravura performance at the keyboard. The result was an impressive display of kinesics, but no outpouring of sound, since the piano's keys had been disconnected from the strings. After a noiseless, hour-long performance, the maestro took his bows to dutiful applause, and departed.

Later it turned out that he was actually a Cambridge antique-shop owner with a Hungarian accent and a strong desire to ridicule the "phoniness" of certain modern musicians and artists and their coteries. "I wanted," he told reporters, "to see how far we could go with something completely ridiculous. . . . But they applauded! The self-discipline of the English is the absolute end. . . . One couple actually came up and told me how much they'd enjoyed my concert because it was so quiet."

Catching the fever, the British Broadcasting Company soon afterward presented on its highbrow Third Programme "The avant-garde work 'Mobile for Tape and Percussion,' by the Polish composer Piotr Zak, one of the youngest and most controversial figures in modern music." Broadcast with official BBC approval, the program was described thus by various company spokesmen: "We dragged together all the instruments we could and went around the studio banging them. . . . It was an experiment to demonstrate that some contemporary compositions are so obscure as to be indistinguishable from tapes of percussion played at random. . . . It was a serious hoax to set people thinking. . . ."

As a cautionary leg-pull, the BBC broadcast was remindful of the immortal *Angry Penguins* hoax of the mid-Forties. In 1944, two Australian Army soldiers, weary of "the gradual decay of meaning and craftsmanship in poetry," decided to expose an avant-garde Australian poetry magazine called *Angry Penguins*. In one feverish afternoon, the pranksters invented a modern poet, "Ern Malley," and provided him with a body of work—a horrendous collage of words and phrases put together at random from such sources as a U.S. government report on sewage-disposal techniques. Inevitably, *Angry Penguins* bit hard, printed Malley's work, and acclaimed him as "one of the two giants of contemporary Australian poetry." When the hoax was revealed, the scandal and laughter forced the magazine out of business.

For better or worse, the urge to shake up people's coals through hoaxes seems to be spreading. Only last winter Broadway producer David Merrick, irritated by the indifferent notices given one of his plays, struck back by means of a hoax. One morning he ran in a New York paper a full-page advertisement containing glowing endorsements of his play by "Walter Kerr," "Richard Watts," and five other leading critics. The headline of the ad screamed: 7 OUT OF 7 ARE ECSTATICALLY UNANIMOUS ABOUT "SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING." The catch was, of course, that Mr. Merrick had persuaded various Manhattan residents, none of them critics, to lend him their homonyms for the occasion.

ALTOGETHER, it seems clear that the hoaxers are coming into their own as serio-comic social critics. This possibility has, in fact, been foreseen by such students of the hoax as Professor Curtis D. MacDougall, author of the engaging, exhaustive work "Hoaxes," which is now available in paperback. Another interpreter of the hoax as a significant phenomenon is Gilbert Highet. In a perceptive essay in *Horizon*, Professor Highet implies that the way nations react to major hoaxes is an index of their flexibility and survival potential. The nation that is too rigid to laugh at a hoax and profit by its revelations is, he feels, headed for trouble.

If this is so, Americans had better resign themselves to taking a chins-up attitude toward the coming wave of space-age pranks and japes; for it looks as if the hoaxers will be active among us for some time to come.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SAVE THE CHILDREN

FRANK FREMONT-SMITH, in his editorial "Saving the Children Can Save Us" [*SR*, Aug. 11], has hit the nail precisely where a nail should be hit. Those of us who care about mankind in terms of what might happen to those we love—and who does not belong to this grouping?—must strive with all our mights, separate and individual, to turn the tide of thinking back to the fundamentals of life. There are those who may not much care what happens to Ivan Ivanovich and his Pyotrs, Sashas, and Mashas, but let it never be forgotten that whatever may happen to them may well happen also to our own golden-haired, bright-eyed Johnnies, Marys, Janes, and Josephs. The lights of our own eyes are not one particle more immune to the weapons of war that men wield today than are the children of the "barbarians."

PAULA FILPUS GOLICK.

Bethesda, Md.

I REGRET TO HAVE TO QUESTION Mr. Frank Fremont-Smith's futile suggestion for "bridges across the great chasm which separates East from West." For, his so-called "common denominator for all mankind," that of "protecting the children" with a reciprocal agreement between Russia and the United States, is but an agreement.

I suggest another plan—that Russia and the United States exchange one million school children, from the eighth through the eleventh grades, for study in the large urban centers of Russia and the United States. Of course, this would be a big undertaking, but the shipment of armies, supplies, etc., is a big undertaking, too. These "islands of friendly hostages," would constitute something more than an agreement.

MARTIN PAUL KUEHN.

Chicago, Ill.

. . . AND WHAT MAKES the author think or even suppose that this small sentiment might sway the emotions of any leader in a totalitarian state?

MRS. G. UPTON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

I DO NOT BELIEVE there is a stronger mutual interest between the races of man than concern for children. This conviction comes out of my experiences as a public health nurse and as an investigator in health and nursing surveys—work that took me into the homes of people of a great variety of races and cultures in our own country. Though some of these homes were the tarpaper cabins of homesteaders, and some were the hovels of itinerant fruit pickers, others represented a considerably higher standards of living.

Not once was a door closed against me; the welcome was always there, for I had come to talk about the baby and the other small children. If I wished to gain entrée to the homes of people of all races and cultures over the world, I'd try to learn just four words in each language—"How is the baby?"

JANET M. GEISTER.

Chicago, Ill.

"Don't try to reason with *me!*"

SPUR TO POPULATION

SANSKRIT CLASSICS like the "Kama Sutra" [*SR*, Aug. 25] do not help to stem the population explosion in India or elsewhere.

FREDERICK HOELZEL.

Chicago, Ill.

PROBLEM TRANSFERRED

AFTER READING that tale on the Pen Pal in the PHOENIX NEST [*SR*, Aug. 18], it takes even less than a package of frozen whole kernel corn to set me off. In fact, I can no longer go to the refrigerator to make a martini without thinking of that poor boy in the Darlington Training School.

This Mr. Jacobs should not be so complacent as to think he has solved a problem. He has done nothing of the sort; he has just dumped it in my lap.

HOWARD HUSH.

Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.

ADULTS, PLEASE!

IN ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S column on the "Shelley Berman Show" [*SR*, Aug. 11], he gives further currency to a view which, though commonly held, I find suspect. "It is alleged," he says, "that children dominate the TV channel selectors."

However, the only study I have seen on the subject directly contradicts the proposition that children dominate TV tuning. It was a correlation analysis of Neilsen audience ratings and TV/Q preference scores by half-hours during Prime Time (7:30-11:00 P.M.). It showed that adults have their program preferences tuned in far more than do children. Among the adults, apparently age group thirty-five to forty-nine was the one most able to watch what it likes, while children and teen-agers (six to seventeen) were least likely of all age divisions to have their program preferences tuned in.

Lacking strong evidence that the study is not true, those interested in the health of TV entertainment, it seems to me, should not suggest that children are the sole or chief substance of program rating success.

STANLEY J. QUINN, JR.

Darien, Conn.

TWO YEARS MISSING

I WOULD LIKE to correct in my review of "The Polish Mind," by M. Kuncewicz [*SR*, Aug. 4], one misprint which degenerated into a factual error: the novelist Hlasko left Poland in 1958, not in 1960, as it was printed.

WIKTOR WEINTRAUB.

Cambridge, Mass.

WRONG BOOK?

SIDNEY HARRIS did not review [*SR*, Aug. 11] "The Uses of Ineptitude," by Nicholas Samstag. He reviewed a book that has not yet been written. Samstag's book is witty, pertinent, courageous. When will you review it?

LESLIE BRANDOCK.

New York, N.Y.

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SHIRLEY JONES
Co-starring
BUDDY HACKETT
HERMIONE GINGOLD
PAUL FORD
Screenplay by MARION HARGROVE
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Saturday Review readers may now enter SR's tenth annual World Travel Photo Contest. Deadline for entries: October 15, 1962. *For details, write to Photo Awards Dept., Saturday Review.*

A Wandering Samurai

NOT LONG ago, Akira Kurosawa's "Seven Samurai" was borrowed by an American film company and remade into a western called "The Magnificent Seven." Perhaps appreciating the compliment, Kurosawa, Japan's most noted director, has allowed himself to be mildly influenced by such fine examples of the western-western as "Shane" and "High Noon," both of which portrayed a lonely man doing battle with evil forces in a town, in making **"Yojimbo,"** an eastern-western on a similar theme. As in "Seven Samurai," his tale is placed in mid-nineteenth-century Japan, a time, I'm told, of social chaos. The samurai caste was losing its affiliations, and individual samurai wandered the land willing to fight for the highest bidder.

Such a samurai in "Yojimbo" (the title translates into "Bodyguard") is Sanjuro, a brave, bold, unattached warrior who wanders into a town being fought over for its silk-fair spoils by two rival factions of gamblers. Sanjuro soon discovers that each side is a bad, murderous lot, supported furtively by rich merchants. The corruption in the town extends even to what becomes a profitable coffin business.

Going to work with both his wits and his lethal sword, Sanjuro bargains with both camps for his services, but in time becomes a self-appointed instrument of fate, restless until he has disposed of all the evildoers. Kurosawa has, in effect, taken a familiar tale of violence and made from it a magnificent ironic parable; for Sanjuro, symbol of force and power that he is, becomes a plague on both houses. This extra dollop of significance helps give the film its glow of distinction, but it is not all. The action, and there is a lot of it, is staged with energy and style, and the strong mood of the film is further sustained by a curious and effective musical score.

"Yojimbo" is helped, too, by Toshiro Mifune, an actor used often by Kurosawa—you may remember him as the rapist-bandit in "Rashomon." His Sanjuro is a virtuoso blend of confidence, high humor, and agile theatricality; a man immune to fear, but cautious as well as quick; a fearsome swordsman who can nevertheless be slightly startled when a dog walks by, a human hand in its jaws. Mifune won the best actor award at last year's Venice festival, and no wonder.

A new Stanley Kramer production, **"Pressure Point,"** strikingly explores the diseased mind of a young American Nazi; and as though this were not unusual enough to do these days in Hollywood, Mr. Kramer turned the direction over to young Hubert Cornfield, who caught some attention a couple of years ago with his low-budgeted but expertly directed "The Third Voice." Moreover, Mr. Cornfield wrote the screenplay of "Pressure Point" (with S. Lee Pogostin), basing it on a factual study by psychiatrist Robert Lindner.

As proof of the unorthodox quality of the film, it need be mentioned only that Bobby Darin plays the disturbed fellow of Fascist mentality, and although his performance is uneven, he has his thoroughly convincing moments. His role isn't easy, either, for he must demonstrate that he is clever and sharp-witted, and at the same time a psychopath. His boyhood self is handled by a talented youngster, Barry Gordon, who experiences the sordid childhood that Darin later recreates for a prison pyschiatrist. In prison for his acts on behalf of the German-American Bund, of which he was a member (the time shifts here to the early World War II years), he reveals to the psychiatrist his hate for Jews and Negroes—at the same time subtly taunting the doctor, who happens to be a Negro, played by that excellent actor, Sidney Poitier.

Mr. Poitier makes of the psychiatrist a believable figure of strength and humanness, and gives much conviction to the film, which nevertheless suffers now and then from a failure to relate all its strands. One scene, for example, shows the vicious young man making an eerie shambles of a bar, the while he humiliates the bartender and his wife. This is a visually striking and also sickening scene, but it merely reveals what we already know, that the perpetrator is a paranoid. Later, he learns to hate Jews because the father of a young Jewish girl rejects him as her escort. We can only assume the girl was lucky.

But if the story has its occasional lapses, Mr. Cornfield's technical ability does not, and he achieves several scenes of stark brilliance. Obviously a modernist, he also believes in making use of the sound track, and the arresting effects he obtains put him well ahead of most of our directors in this area. Too bad this film could not have been shown at recent international festivals. It would have demonstrated a fresh current in Hollywood.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

New Statesmen

IN HIS prize-winning performance in "A Man for All Seasons," Paul Scofield portrayed Sir Thomas More as a witty ascetic resigned from the start to things turning out badly. With the dissociation of a tragic figure, he appeared to care little for all the uses of this world, which he clearly regarded as merely a temporary inconvenience to be endured on the sure path to an eternal paradise he had every legal right to enter—although his perpetually active mind and his morose nature would, it seemed, challenge the satisfactoriness of any imaginable Heaven.

Now Emlyn Williams, another equally famous actor (to say nothing of his achievements as a playwright and autobiographer), has taken over the role from Mr. Scofield, and the metamorphosis of the character and the play is fascinating to observe. At the beginning, Mr. Williams's Sir Thomas seems happier with worldly pleasures and more anxious about paying up in Purgatory. Whereas Mr. Scofield used wit as a communications short cut and as an often tactless private reminder of the unpleasant truth of the matter, Mr. Williams's bon mots are deliberate points scored in social situations. In the play's graver moments, Mr. Scofield tended to understate. Mr. Williams, being Welsh, cannot resist singing a little glory into the more splendid passages. Indeed, the actor is so eloquent when he speaks of God's being delightfully surprised by finding occasional splendor where He only intended complexity, that we find it hard not to embrace this as the romantic point of the play. Thus the new portrait emerges as a more vulnerable, more mystical, and more tightly moral More; and what it may lose in depth it gains in overt theatricality and in an increased sense of the protagonist as the victim of a society he very much wanted to be a part of.

The New York Shakespeare Festival's final production this summer is a surprisingly popular rendition of that most challenging play, "King Lear." Against Ming Cho Lee's stunning arrangement of austere monoliths, director Joseph Papp unrolls a constantly colorful and often humorous tale of gullibility reluctantly exploited by villains who appear almost entirely justified in their behavior. As Edmund, Gloucester's illegitimate son, Donald Harron gives an illegitimate but highly entertaining performance, whose best and most legitimate moment comes at the start, when we see him suffer and stoically endure an insult from his father before making formal reply. The rest of the evening he has great sport pointing out to the audience how idiotically everyone else in the play is carrying on. Goneril and Regan, however, seem on the whole admirably patient with their obviously obstreperous and irresponsible lunatic of a father.

Frank Silvera's performance as Lear is full of the manifestations of senility and silly pride. He fusses and fumes throughout as if he were truly bound on a wheel of fire and as if all else but Lear's own suffering and comeuppance were "but a trifle here." He has an eloquent voice and speaks with admirable clarity, but he chooses to break up speeches into a series of repeated emotional surges. While these surges are genuinely felt, the performance becomes an intelligent but too interiorly motivated emotional display that seldom terrorizes, moves, or inspires.

Michael Higgins's Kent is a joyously bold portrait, and as stern Goneril Betty Henritze is hilariously contemptuous of her husband's insufficiencies. Betty Miller makes an overly fretful Cordelia, and Roscoe Lee Browne an overly sophisticated fool whose task has been made more difficult by the necessity of singing many of his lines to melodies that obscure their natural phrasing.

The difficulty with this Lear is that one really cannot build a tragedy around an easily exasperated old man whose entire concern is with his own inner state, and whose actions are being brilliantly ridiculed by both camps. A little outer statesmanship is not always inimical to good theatre.

—HENRY HEWES.

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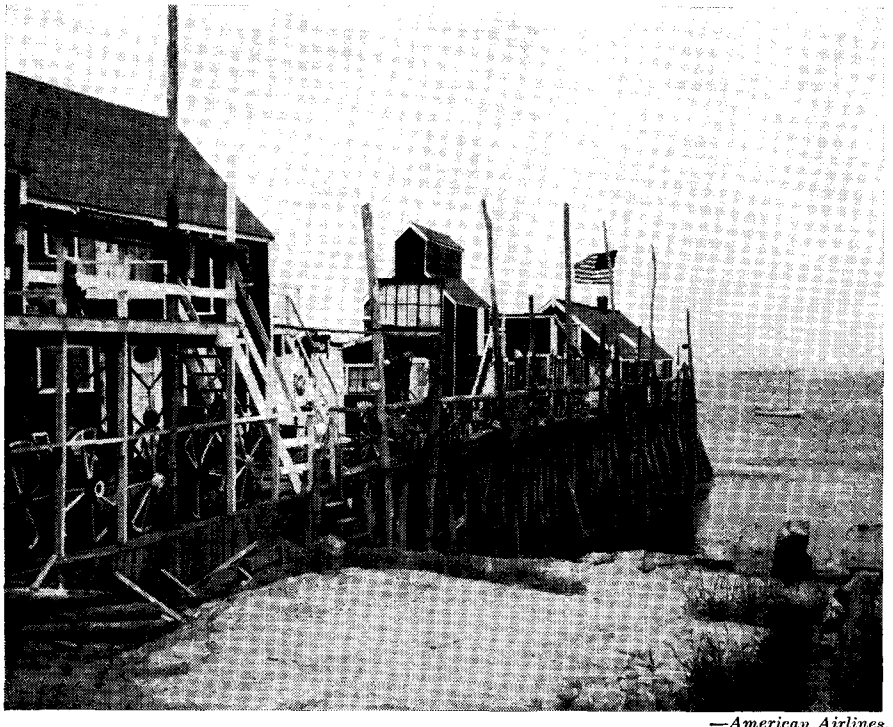
Some Fancy Cape Work

LAST week, as you will recall if you've been following the story with care, we told you about the writer's colony that flourishes each summer in the glades of Truro, a rustic and perhaps a curious settlement on Cape Cod not ten miles from Provincetown, a burg in which true Truroites rarely set foot.

Except for such renegades as Edward Hopper, who is located in South Truro, and a handsome trove of art works called the North Truro Art Gallery, which takes its name from its location, the artist's preserve is surely Provincetown. Peasants walk along the street up there carrying wet oil paintings, some sixteen art galleries are displaying art in one form or another, there are 400 registered members of the Provincetown Art Association, and it is estimated that another 400 artists work outside the association. Some of them are at art school by day and spend their evenings waiting tables. So much art is on display in Provincetown during the summer season that collectors come up from New York to shop in the galleries. Last year the Art Association, which holds regular showings of its members' works, sold $5,000 worth of sculpture, prints, water colors, and oils, but it got off to a resounding start early in 1962 when it sold a Chaim Gross for $1,500, the first sale of the season.

Art schools have been flourishing on the Cape since Charles Hawthorne opened the first one back in 1899. He continued painting and teaching until he died in the Thirties. A disciple of his, Henry Hensche, continues today, and at his Cape School practitioners and learners paint away the summer days in a pleasant, shaded garden behind his studio.

Rather similar to the evolution that came about in Greenwich Village, the artists of Provincetown were followed by the Bohemians, especially those in the thong-sandal and silver-jewelry brigade, Massachusetts division. The same jewelers are on hand here making their free-form silver pendants, pins, and earrings, and so are the craftsmen who turn out the thick sandals, the heavy calf handbags and belts. Behind them have come the trippers out to browse the shops and tour among the strange types. What they find are places like The Print and Portrait Shop which paints portraits while you wait, dark nests where lobster pots hang from the ceiling and hi-fi floods the ear. Lucille and Vivian's place, selling sportswear and jewelry, offers a husband's bench outside the shop. A house at 436 Commercial Street which has lots of dust collectors in its windows has posted a sign on its door which says: NOT A SHOP.



—*American Airlines.*

Provincetown artists at home—"followed by . . . the thong-sandal and silver-jewelry brigade."

—*American Airlines.*

Pilgrim Monument.

The Portuguese who came as fishermen have left their mark here on the politics and the kitchen. A local soup said to be favored by the Portuguese features a spicy sausage called linguica, kidney beans, and kale. Linguica also comes in a toasted roll, but you can stay true to old-line New England with craburgers, brought shredded on a bun with cheese on top. There is Ciro and Sal's and La Cucina del Re for home baked lasagna and Ho Hum for Chinese food, but an establishment called Alsum's on Commercial Street holds the heritage line with cans of minced clams, beach plum jelly, baked Indian pudding, and lobster which they put up in cans and dispatch about the country. Inside each package they slip a Cape Cod cook book spreading the gospel of Forefather's Day Succotash, Provincetown Clam Pie, and Fried Hasty Pudding.

There are tours of the immense dunes of Provincetown that reveal a world of unreality, a boat that cruises to Boston, and a walk out on the long pier to buy a lobster or throw a nickel to divers who tread water and shill for coins. And then there is the Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., Museum, which charges a dollar to see its collection of Van Goghs, Gauguins, Cezannes, Renoirs, Corots, and statues by Rodin. As a friend said, it is probably the world's greatest collection of second-rate paintings by world famous artists. But the

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Chrysler's most popular work of art is John Kearney's Emancipated Woman, an outlandish tin female riding a bike who, upon the push of a button, heaves her yellow tin bosom, shakes, quivers, and bounces up and down on her spring joints.

Provincetown at one time drew writers, too, among them John Reed who wrote "The Ten Days That Shook the World," Sinclair Lewis, and, of course, Eugene O'Neil, whose early works were produced on a wharf here in 1916. After one season the company moved to Greenwich Village and became the Provincetown Players. Later another troupe called the Barnstormers appeared on the creaking boards in Provincetown, and a Wharf Theatre was founded in 1923. It lasted until a storm blew it out to sea in 1940. I dropped in one night this summer to see its replacement, the Provincetown Playhouse, which has occupied an original whaling wharf since 1940. It traditionally opens the season with O'Neil, frequently obscure O'Neil–it was "The Rope" and "Ile" this year–and bounces along on a program of dusty classics. The night I was there the company was doing Noel Coward's dusty "Present Laughter," and as untried as it was, the cast did manage to pull some present-day laughter out of the horseplay opera of the past.

The Playhouse had cooked up, I found out after arriving there, a packaged arrangement this summer with the Crown and Anchor, a hotel next door. Under the rules of play one could have dinner at the Crown and Anchor and see the play on the old whaler's wharf and pay $5.45 for both. The Crown and Anchor had renovated all its thirty-two rooms, a feat which didn't impress me half as much as its perspicacity in booking Bobby Short for a prolonged engagement at the house piano.

With all this going on, I never did get over to the monument put up to mark the arrival of the *Mayflower* at Provincetown. It's a hideous thing anyway, and is supposed to be a copy of the Torre del Mangia in Siena. What that has to do with the Pilgrims I'm not sure I understand, but President Theodore Roosevelt laid the cornerstone for it, President Taft presided at its dedication, and it is 255 feet high. A ramp will bring you to the top should that be your pleasure.

If I was remiss in my attentions to the Pilgrims in Provincetown, I atoned for it later by making the journey to the city of Plymouth, where the colony first pitched camp. The Rock on which the party stepped ashore was suitably protected by a canopy, but new and more poignant remembrances have been installed. For one thing, the full-

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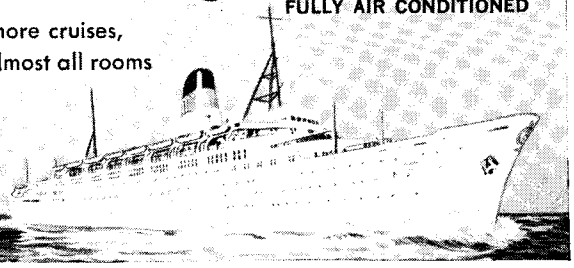

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scale replica of the *Mayflower*, which, as you recall, was built in England and sailed to America in 1957, was tied up at a wharf and open to public inspection. Alongside her rode a copy of the shallop, the small boat the Pilgrims had knocked down and carried to the New World on their voyage in 1620. After the Pilgrims had learned how to grow corn, they sailed the shallop to Maine and traded the ears to the Indians for furs. The first were sent to England to help pay for the cruise they had already taken.

Mayflower I had sailed the short route across the North Atlantic against the prevailing winds. It had taken her sixty-six days before she hove to in Provincetown Harbor. *Mayflower II* rolled south off the Iberian peninsula, picked up the trades off the Canary Islands, and although she took a longer route and was becalmed in the doldrums between Africa and the West Indies, she came into port ten days earlier than the Pilgrim ship. *Mayflower I* had crammed 102 souls aboard, carried twelve cannon to ward off pirates, and packed enough stores to keep the party through the winter. It is difficult to imagine the voyage, especially since the ceiling was raised a foot on the replica. Even now, with the *Mayflower* tied at dock, she heaves mightily in the face of a northeaster.

After the Pilgrims had decided at last to settle in Plymouth, they began building a townsite. On January 2 they set to work dividing the plot of ground, each man assigned to build his own house. William Bradford, who was to become governor and leave a diary, fell ill; two Pilgrims were lost in the woods; John Goodman was attacked by "two great wolves"; a heavy wind damaged the houses; the roof of the sick bay caught fire; and the visits from Indians were frequent. Pilgrims died two and three a day, and half were gone before the first winter was done.

Two miles from Plymouth Harbor a replica of the Plimoth Plantation, the first settlement, has been begun. So far seven houses have been built, and although the location is not precise, the Plantation offers a compelling, if perhaps a somewhat romanticized version of life among the Pilgrims. At a saw pit fitted into the side of a hill, the settlers sliced planks out of logs. Log cabins were a Swedish invention with which they were likely unfamiliar. Wooden pegs, called trunels or tree nails, fitted the beams together, and bundles of bullrushes from the salt marshes provided thatch for the roof. Pit-sawing, basket-weaving, the preparation of herbs, and the brewing of beer (an exhibit supplied by commercial interests) are among the Pilgrim endeavors being worked these days on Plimoth Plantation. Wax figures in Governor Bradford's house show the governor signing a nonaggression pact with Chief Massasoit, a simple document worked out in the interests of mutual coexistence.

ON a cost accounting basis it takes $25,000 to recreate a Pilgrim house. First Street, which had twenty-two houses, awaits its eighth house, that of Myles Standish whose heirs have not yet subscribed the necessary funds. It costs money to be a *Mayflower* descendant, although the foundation will accept donations from those with no social professions of lineage at all. Probably the last house to be built on First Street will be John Billington's. He was the first man in the colony to be hanged for murder, and his son had tried to blow up the ship's powder store on the way over, thereby becoming the first juvenile delinquent. So far there is only $20 in the Billington kitty, donor unknown.

Still the new colony will grow, though perhaps not as fast as the original which took heart and root and became in this slight way the beginning of a country. "As one small candle may light a thousand," Governor Bradford wrote, "so the light kindled here has shown unto many, yea in some sort to our whole nation . . . . we have noticed these things that you might see the worth and not negligently lose what your fathers have obtained with so much hardship." Hello, out there.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Millis

Continued from page 20

war is a necessary element in political and social advance is much more dubious. In the usual view, the Russian Revolution actually began with Alexander II's emancipation of the serfs in 1861, a voluntary recognition by the autocracy (not unlike the abdication of the Tokugawa Shogunate) that times were changing and that the legally established power structure in Russia would have to be modified accordingly. The process thereafter continued, haltingly, not without a good deal of violence on the part of government and revolutionaries alike, but rather steadily.

Even imperial Russia had within it the potentialities of necessary change; and many believe that the autocracy would have undergone a relatively peaceable "constitutionalization" of the new power relationships—rather as happened in Britain and was happening in Germany—*except* for World War I. The Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05 no doubt pushed the autocracy along the avenues to modernization; but World I simply paralyzed and finally destroyed it, leaving it as helpless to promote as it was to resist the change which was overdue. Power passed by default into other and more ruthless hands, who built and imposed a new power structure, one which was at least somewhat more responsive to the realities than the Czarist system had been, though hardly an ideal case of political and social evolution. World War I, in this view, was not necessary to political and social change in Russia; all that it did was to distort this change into extreme, and generally inefficient, forms.

ORGANIZED war and violent domestic revolution have thus been closely associated, historically, with the processes of political and social change. But the exact nature of the association is not too clear; and it is not easy to be dogmatic about the probable effect of the removal of one, organized war, from the global order. One may hazard some guesses. In the absence of international war, certain processes of violent internal change could not go on as they have done. Revolutionaries, for example, would have less chance of acquiring small arms and financial and propaganda support from rival outside powers than they have today. At the same time, they would have less to fear from outside intervention. To revert to the eighteenth-century examples, another American Revolution could not count on the assistance rendered by France as a strategic move in her war with Britain; another French Revolution would not have to face the coalition of powers joined in defense of the *ancien régime*.

It is not easy to strike a plausible balance between such possibilities; but so far as the present great organized power centers are concerned, it seems reasonable to predict that the abolition of organized war among them would not seriously affect the problem of necessary change. After all, at the end of World War I, the Western Allies attempted to intervene with armed force in the Russian revolutionary situation, in a way they could not do in a world disarmed by assumption. Their lack of success at least suggests that the presence or absence of national armaments would not greatly affect such basic reorganizations of the power structure as were then taking place.

Perhaps the real question lies not with the great and relatively stabilized power systems, but with the less-organized areas. How far will a warless world order try to limit the more sporadic disorder and violence that one must expect here? In a generally disarmed world one may expect the simple absence of the hypertrophied weapon systems to supply an adequate equivalent for a global "monopoly of legal force." The want of the necessary weapons systems will generally forbid resort to violence by any of the great power centers. (The argument, it must be remembered, is based on the assumption that the weapons systems have been *voluntarily* laid aside and destroyed.)

But with the survival everywhere of national police forces, there will be no lack of at least light weapons in the world, accessible to bold or desperate men and to their followers. Riots and mob violence, the more organized use of such weapons as plastic bombs, the even more highly organized forms of guerrilla war, will still be possible. The military coup d'état will still be possible through the manipulation of the national police. (Indeed, most of the "military" forces which have participated in such affairs have amounted to little more than what one would expect the national police in a warless world to be.)

How far will a warless order, through its international police force, attempt to control all these forms of residual violence? It seems improbable that the attempt will go very far. The assumed elimination of major organized war must, after all, eliminate the one great danger in current minor wars and violence—the danger of escalation into a great-power conflict. It seems evident that the warless order must have not merely an international but a supranational (that is, veto-free) police force to control disarmament and to ensure that rearmament does not take place. But a supranational, veto-free police force can take on reality only as its empowerment (authority) as well as the physical force at its disposal is strictly limited to that requisite for its police functions. It is difficult to envisage an international or supranational police force as a great army, capable of coercing the states which must support it and overawing the national police forces which they will retain. One sees this force rather as comparable to the American Federal Bureau of Investigation, which wields very great power within the American system, but does so precisely because its weapons are of negligible importance and its empowerment strictly limited. The FBI obviously could not wage a successful armed battle with any state or municipal police force. It has other means of ensuring its power in state and municipal police circles; and it seems obvious that the real power of the supranational police force vis-à-vis the remaining national police forces with which it must work will rest on similar bases.

THE concept of an "international police power" has a long, though generally unfortunate history. Experience seems to demonstrate that while some power of the kind is necessary to avert extremes of savagery, violence, and irresponsibility, it can succeed in this much only if it refrains from itself trying to settle or decide the power struggles out of which the violence arises. One may compare the U.N. "police action" in Korea with that which it was driven by circumstance to take in Palestine and the Congo. The attempt in the first case was to intervene in a major power struggle, and it ended, as probably it could only have ended, in a fairly major international war. In Palestine and the Congo the attempt has been to limit the savagery as far as possible, without authority to decide the power struggles involved. It seems probable that the patterns along which a supranational police force in a warless world order would tend to develop are to be found in the Congo, not in Korea. For its problems would, in a real sense, be police and not military problems.

Perhaps what was first advanced as the easy answer is the right answer as well. Assuming the removal of the organized war system, the political and social institutions reflecting the underlying power organization of the world, of its peoples, states, classes, communities, and groups, would continue to grow and change much as they are now doing in fact, but without the corroding fear of catastrophe which today complicates and distorts every real problem of international politics.

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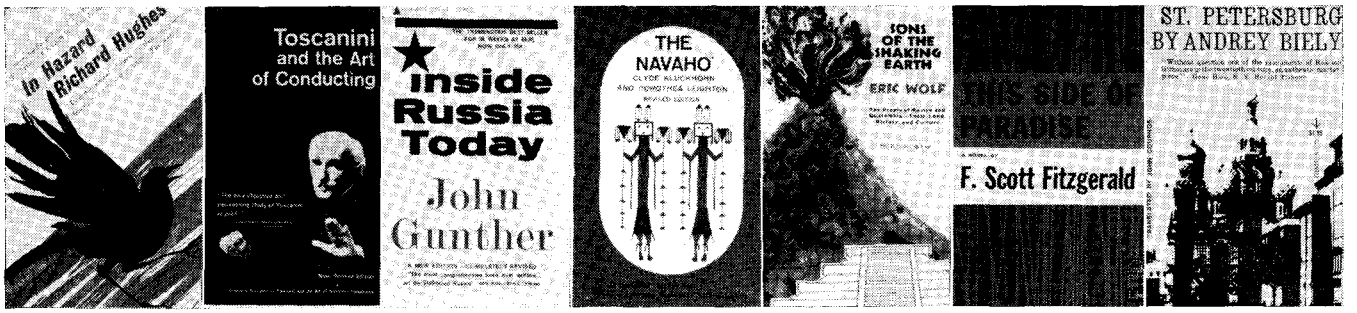

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Macfadden Books, who struck it rich with Senator Barry Goldwater's "The Conscience of a Conservative," now in its eighteenth printing, is busily plowng those same Washington fields. Capitol Hill Books, a new series of original paperbacks, will call on the talents of Congressmen who like to write nearly as much as they like to talk. Off the presses this month are Texas Senator John G. Tower's "**A Program for Conservatives**" (50¢) and "**Inside the New Frontier**" (50¢), by Senator Vance Hartke, a Democrat from Indiana. Forthcoming authors: Senators William Proxmire, Robert S. Kerr, and Eugene McCarthy. . . . Publishers pride themselves on being up-to-the-minute, and Pyramid felt especially pleased that their new edition of John Gunther's "**Inside Russia Today**" (95¢) went off to the printers complete with the newest exchange rate for rubles, the current roster of Presidium members, and the latest—so they thought—space news. In a whirlwind stop-the-presses routine, editors were able to cram into the index two new names: Nikolayev, Andrian G. and Popovich, Pavel R.

If you had a billion dollars and invested it in a business that lost a thousand dollars a day, how long would it take you to go broke? Practically speaking, no one cares except maybe Paul Getty. Still, the answer to that, along with lots of other mathematical brainteasers, can be found in Jerome Meyer's "**Fun with Mathematics**" (Premier, 50¢). Oh yes, Mr. Getty may be reassured to know it would take 2,000 years. . . . That word "payola" is still around. In fact, it's the subject of a Signet original novel called "**The Golden Platter**" (50¢) all about the payoff in the popular music world. The author is Joe Greene, the composer of "Across the Alley from the Alamo" and "Her Tears Flowed Like Wine." The word is that since news of Mr. Greene's novel has gotten around, he's been approached by some nervous musical types, anxious to learn if they figure in the book. One, he says, has left the country. Slow boat to China, maybe.

—Rollene W. Saal.

FICTION

Like many other American writers, Hamlin Garland was both attracted and repelled by the countryside he knew as a boy. Born in Wisconsin in 1860, he traveled East to Boston, where he studied and thought about the Midwest. Later he returned and wrote about it in his first collection of short stories, "**Main-Travelled Roads**" (Signet, 60¢), a harshly realistic portrayal of farm people and the drudgery that was their life. His autobiography, "**A Son of the Middle Border**" (Macmillan, $1.95), written in 1917, caused William Dean Howells to write: "Hereafter no one who wishes to know what the conditions of the Middle West were fifty years ago, or the conditions of well nigh all America throughout its beginnings have been, can ignore this very unexampled book."

Andrey Biely's "**St. Petersburg**" (Evergreen, $1.95), published in 1913, tells about the 1905 rebellion and of a son who is given the task of assassinating his czarist father. Described as "a mixture of Rabelais and Dostoevsky," it is the first of Biely's works to be published in English. The translator is John Cournos, who is also the editor of a highly seasoned potpourri, "**A Treasury of Classic Russian Literature**" (Capricorn, $2.45). This neatly organized anthology samples such literary writings as Dostoevsky's account of his meeting with Turgenev ("He puts on monstrous airs"), short stories from Pushkin to Ivan Bunin, comic sketches, and poetry.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's throbbing story of Amory Blaine, "**This Side of Paradise**" (Scribners, $1.45), has happily been released in paperback.

Among the contemporary novels, Lynne Reid Bank's "**The L-Shaped Room**" (Pocket Books, 35¢) is first-rate: a smoothly written story about a young unmarried woman who is going to have a child by a man she doesn't love. J. R. Salamanca's "**Lilith**" (Bantam, 75¢) is another love story, but in this highly charged and imaginative tale the hero is obsessed with a beautiful and completely mad inmate of a private sanitorium. Then there's Elleston Trevor's "**Squadron Airborne**" (Ballantine, 50¢), a literate, skilfully constructed tale of British heroism during World War II. A suspenseful sea tale "**In Hazard**" (Harper, $1.50), is by Richard Hughes, author of the recently published "The Fox in the Attic." John Updike's **Rabbit, Run**" (Crest, 60¢) is about a young angry, and irresponsible man. The prose is highly poetic, but sometimes there's just too much of it.

OTHER PEOPLE

During the Bronze Age, when other civilizations were trying to figure out how to use a pickaxe, the Minoans on the island of Crete were enjoying a splendid and highy sophisticated culture. R. W. Hutchinson's "**Prehistoric Crete**" (Pelican original, $1.95) reports in detail on archeological findings which in recent years have revealed new knowledge about that golden time. British Egyptologist W. B. Emery took part in the "dig" at Sakkara, the tombs outside the ancient city of Memphis. In his book "**Archaic Egypt**" (Pelican, $1.45) he tells of the amazingly complete ruins that were unearthed, relics of an opulent life on the banks of the Nile.

Sabatino Moscati's "**The Face of the Ancient Orient**" (Anchor, $1.45) discusses the many cultures that comprised the area we now know as the Near East. In recent years important archeological discoveries have shed new light on the way the Assyrians, Canaanites, and other Biblical peoples lived. Well written and amply illustrated, with emphasis on art and lit-

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erature, this should interest the general reader.

Several new anthropological paperbacks deal with the American Indian. **"Early Man in the New World"** (Anchor, $1.45), by Kenneth Macgowan and Joseph A. Hester Jr., traces the relationship between primitive man and the American Indian. **"The Navaho"** (Anchor, $1.45), by Clyde Kluckhohn and Dorothea Leighton, is an intensive study of the largest of Indian tribes in terms of their own folkways and the encroachment of the surrounding white community. Alice Marriott, a specialist in arts and crafts for the Department of the Interior, spent thirty years among the Cherokee and Kiowa Indians, and her **"Greener Fields"** (Dolphin, 95¢) is a charming, personal story of one woman's fears and self-doubts until she was finally accepted by the Indians.

Another first hand account is Colin M. Turnbull's **"The Forest People"** (Anchor, $1.25), a lively recollection of the author's three years among the Pygmies of the Congo's Iturbi Forest.

Eric Wolf's **"Sons of the Shaking Earth"** (Phoenix, $1.50) explores the culture of Mexico and Guatemala. Photographs handsomely illustrate this highly readable book.

MEN AND MONEY

One of the great dramatic stories in American social history is the amassing of tremendous personal fortunes in the late nineteenth century. The tycoons have been called "emperors," "empire-builders," or, as in Matthew Josephson's vivid account, **"The Robber Barons"** (Harvest, $2.25). The careers of these men—Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, Frick, Harriman, Gould, and Vanderbilt—reflect a vigorous era in our country's economic growth, and the author has left out none of the color or excitement in his tale of financial Paul Bunyans.

An excellent series intended to give the general reader some insight into basic economic problems is the Cambridge Economic Handbooks, now published in paperback under the joint editorship of C.W. Guillebaud of Cambridge University and Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago. Among its recent publications are R. C. O. Matthew's **"The Business Cycle"** ($1.95), E. A. G. Robinson's **"The Structure of Competitive Industry"** ($1.35), D. H. Robertson's **"Money"** ($1.50), Hubert Henderson's **"Supply and Demand"** ($1.35), and Roy Harrod's **"International Economics"** ($1.50). Imaginative photographs distinguish each book's cover.

Painters, musicians, soldiers, statesmen have taken pride in their own history, but none has paid much attention to the past glories of merchants. Miriam Beard sets the record straight in **"A History of Business"** (Ann Arbor, $2.95), which follows the path of commerce from the Babylonian traders down to the international cartels of eighteenth-century Europe.

A great deal has been written about the common market, but perhaps nowhere have its aims been expressed more succinctly than in Emile Benoit's **"Europe at Sixes and Sevens"** (Columbia, $1.95): "The European Market is nothing less than a bold attempt to alter the course of history by arresting the progressive decline of Europe and laying a material foundation for a European renaissance." Mr. Benoit then proceeds to explain at length the significance of the dollar shortage, trade tariffs, and particularly the effects of a common market on the United States.

Then, there's C. Northcote Parkinson's famous guide on how to succeed in business without trying very hard. No proper executive should be without a copy of **"Parkinson's Law"** (Sentry, $1.15), which includes advice on how to rate executive importance: "The number of doors to be passed, the number of his personal assistants, the number of his telephone receivers—these three figures taken with the depth of his carpet in centimeters have given us a simple formula that is reliable in most parts of the world."

MUSIC

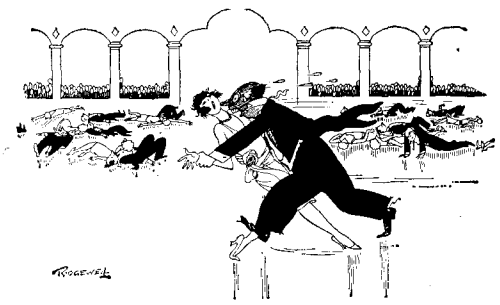
Alfred Einstein's **"Mozart"** (Oxford, $2.65) is the classic study of the composer, his life, his works, and the essence of his genius. Few musical biographies can equal this one. A far more concise work is Alan Pryce-Jones's **"Beethoven"** (Collier, 95¢). Instead of dwelling upon the titanic aspects of Beethoven's character, this gracefully written profile depicts him as an irascible, troubled, and very human man.

"I am no genius. I have created nothing. I play the music of other men. I am just a musician," said Toscanini. In **"Toscanini and the Art of Conducting"** (Collier, $1.50) Robert Charles Marsh reviews the maestro's career in an attempt to reveal those qualities that were special and brilliant in a Toscanini performance. Included also is a selected list of fifty recordings.

Richard Anthony Leonard's **"The Stream of Music"** (Dolphin, $1.45) is a handy reference book. A history of the past 300 years of music told in terms of leading composers, each chapter, from Bach to Stravinsky, is ample enough to present a real sense of the contribution of each.

Virgil Thomson's **"The State of Music"** (Vintage, $1.25) is concerned with the "music-makers": ". . . music-listening and music-using are oriented toward different goals from music-making and hence nobody really knows anything about music-making except music-makers. Everybody else is just neighbors or customers and the music world is a tight little island entirely surrounded by them all." With a good deal of wit and urbanity Mr. Thomson lets the rest of us in on an inside view of the musical life.

SICK HUMOR, hailed as the comic spirit of the anxious Sixties, isn't so new after all. Back at the turn of the century a young Englishman named Harry Graham wrote a collection of pungent verse in which the humor frequently took a downward twist. **"Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes"** (Dover, 75¢) became a comedy classic. Its paperback edition, which includes the sequel, **"More Ruthless Rhymes,"** is a zany facsimile of the original 1899 edition, complete with Graham's original spirited illustrations.



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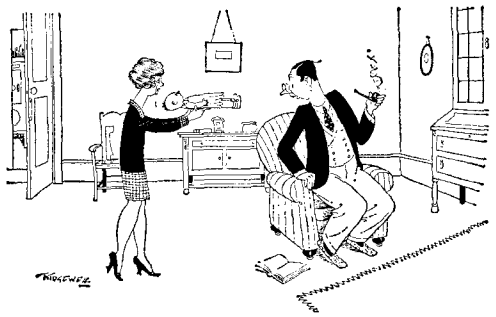

"L'enfant Glace."

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Inside the Great Outsider

"Swift: The Man, His Works and His Age," by Irvin Ehrenpreis *(Harvard University Press. 294 pp. $6), and* ***"Jonathan Swift and Ireland," by Oliver W. Ferguson*** *(University of Illinois Press. 217 pp. $5), explore the character and environmental components that governed the eighteenth-century author of "Gulliver's Travels." J. H. Plumb, who is completing a trilogy on Sir Robert Walpole, wrote "England in the Eighteenth Century."*

By J. H. PLUMB

THE GREAT figures of English literature lie like toppled giants across the campuses of American and English universities. Scholars burrow under them and climb over them, surveying, measuring, annotating. Occasionally one builds a scaffold to try and take a larger view, but most are content with a leg or an arm or even a fingernail. Their topography is known to the minutest detail. The discovery of a new broadsheet possibly by Swift, a prologue probably by Fielding, or a letter, seemingly authentic, by Pope, will furnish material for a thesis; a misplaced comma, the source of a quotation, or their great-grandmother's maiden name will be good enough for an article. Each summer, fat with foundation grants, the scholarly swarms disperse: and the hunt is on. Attics in Ireland, private collections in Canberra, libraries in Patagonia are combed through time and time again. Two new facts on Edmund Curll makes a summer memorable, and the proud discoverer a professor. At times one longs for the savage fury of a Swift or the deadly satire of a Pope: but not on this occasion. Neither Professors Ehrenpreis nor Ferguson would figure in a modern Dunciad; true, both are scholars dedicated to the minute fragment —to the broadsheet emendation or the grandmother's aunt—but both, too, rise far above their topographical detail and grapple with the terrible genius to whom they have dedicated their working lives.

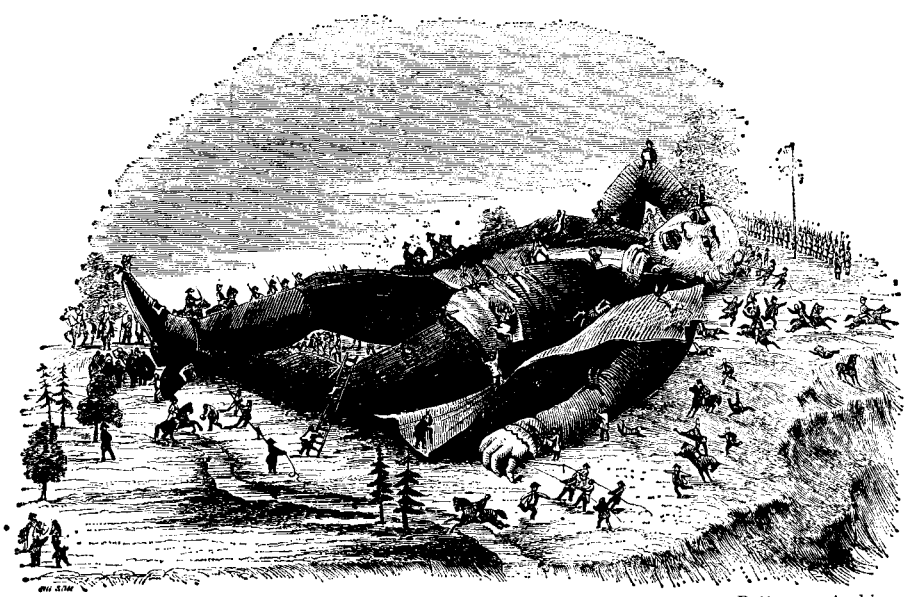
In some ways, Professor Ferguson's is the better book. He attempts less. Surprisingly, he makes on occasion, what is rare in a scholar of this sort, one or two crass errors of fact and, more remarkably, he actually *neglects* two, possibly three, sources of new information; but he is terse, never pretentious, and highly intelligent about Ireland—surely the shoddiest piece of colonialism in British history. Professor Ferguson writes sensibly about Swift and, better still, he is intensely readable. His is a good book, useful, informative, and likely to be attractive to a large audience.

Professor Ehrenpreis attempts more. Already he has devoted one book to Swift's character, and now he has embarked on a three-volume biography. It will, when finished, take its place alongside Homes Dudden's "Henry Fielding," as a monument of thorough, painstaking, dedicated exposition of a writer and his works. Everything will be explored, from Swift's anal eroticism to the lineage of his second cousins; no scrap of composition will remain undescribed, its sources noted, its success or failure carefully assessed, and even the screaming spirit of Swift will be squashed into silence as this literary steam roller slowly but inexorably flattens out his life.

This volume deals with Swift's ancestry in minute detail, and the same thoroughness of treatment is given to his schooling, his university studies, the Dublin Philosophical Society, Sir William Temple, his early preferments in Ireland, Sir William Temple again, and the total production of Swift up to his leaving Moor Park. And when there are no facts about Swift, there are plenty about his contemporaries and naturally far more still about his "age." And yet persist; read it; put up with the drabness of the prose; don't get wearied by the long asides; adjust; take it slowly! It's worth it, even if you are not very interested in eighteenth-century English literature and even if you never intend to read "A Tale of a Tub," for the great outsider not only emerges from these leaden paragraphs, but emerges more sharply defined, more deeply understood—at least—in his relationship with Sir William Temple, which is this volume's central theme. In the end, the wearisome method pays a fat dividend.

SWIFT was a deeply unattractive character. He remained, more than most writers, a child at heart: incapable of being easy with any authority, unable to accept without guilt the mechanics of his body, frightened of the functions of love, hypnotized by excreta, given to puns, private language, the word play of schoolboys. But like a child, too, he could give a world of the imagination—as in "Gulliver's Travels"—the exactness of reality; make it, in a sense, more actual than the world about him. Nor was he devoid of gaiety, of charm, of social wit. Sir William Temple, that vain, sophisticated, self-absorbed bellelettrist would never have tolerated him in his house for so long had he been all hate, malice, and frustration.

Somewhere, somehow, Swift's life, which had started badly, went forever



—*Bettmann Archive.*

"Gulliver's Travels"—"the exactness of reality."

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wrong during this period. His early years had made for emotional maladjustment: a needy child, father dead, separated from his mother, provided for by moderately prosperous uncles but obviously a burden, dispatched to school, bullied, and oppressed by a sense of neglect. The bias had gone against him; the personal insecurity had been strengthened by the social upheavals of his youth: revolution and civil war had bred turmoil in the institutions to which he belonged. Then came Sir William Temple and Moor Park—security, comfort, tolerance, and obvious encouragement, even perhaps affection. But it did not work. Swift fled to Ireland, fell half in love, rushed back to Temple. Professor Ehrenpreis makes clear, as no one else before him has, the immensity of Swift's entanglement with Temple; Temple created for him the image of the good man, of the ideal father. Within this atmosphere of stability and regard, Swift's emotions might have matured. They did not. In his relationship with Temple, there was more equivocation, more ambivalence, than Professor Ehrenpreis allows. Presumably Swift needed a significant and overt sign of Temple's regard and power but Temple lacked either the will or the patronage to accomplish what Swift so deeply wanted —probably both.

There was in Swift's nature a hunger for approval that was so unconcealed that it led to its own denial. Even in his moment of success in 1711, how little did his friends do for him, and that little was like acid on Swift's ulcerating mind. And this was the outrage which, combined with his sexual inadequacies, savaged Swift's heart. And the outrage was made monstrous by the knowledge of his own power—the versatility of his imagination and the precision with which he could give it expression. Bitter and foul were the ways life made him tread, but they were also the paths of his own genius, the roads to which the terrible obstacles of his own nature led him as surely as the accidents of his existence.

Fate and the Fickle-Hearted

"Julie: The Life of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse," by Janine Bouissounouse, *translated by Pierre de Fontnouvelle (Appleton-Century-Crofts, 310 pp. $5.95), pictures a martyr to love in an age of intellectual, sentimental fervor. Henri Peyre's next book will be "Literature and Sincerity."*

By HENRI PEYRE

READERS the world over appear to be ever ready to be titillated and provoked to either emulation or indignant self-righteousness by stories of the loves of French women. The descendants of the Gauls derive more pleasure and sorrow out of love than other nations because, as they do in their cuisine, they bring so much to it. Probably also, they are great adepts at falling in love with love itself and with the ever-renewed excitement of being loved. From Héloïse down, not forgetting the Portuguese nun dear to Elizabeth Barrett Browning and to Rilke (her letters were in fact written by a French wit), French women in love or fearing to be out of it, have proved prolific epistolarians. If a lovely woman stoops to folly and lives one or several novels instead of writing them, she will stand a good chance of reaching posterity, and of arousing posthumous longings, through burning letters of passion.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse is one of the celebrated martyrs to love of the century that is often supposed to have had a brain in the place of the heart and to have reduced love to an exchange of epidermic excitements. Her new biographer has not turned her account of that sentimental heroine into a colorful and mendacious romance. She is scrupulously informed, follows the facts, and stresses the important intellectual role played by that single lady, poor, not particularly beautiful, hardly glamorous, as the muse of the *Philosophes* and a power behind the Encyclopaedists.

She was the illegitimate daughter of an aristocratic lady. The father has sometimes been taken to have been the Cardinal de Tencin, whose sister, a former nun, had, as an illegitimate son (whom she promptly abandoned on the steps of a Paris church) the future D'Alembert, who was to be Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's devoted friend and lover. More probably, the father was the brother of Madame du Deffand. Everyone seems to have stood in incessant fear of boredom in eighteenth-century society. To avoid it, they ate often and much, they sought conversation, and, as in Françoise Sagan's stories, hopped into each other's beds.

Mademoiselle Bouissounouse tells of the unorthodox education received by her heroine: somehow culture was absorbed in an amateurish way and a talent for writing was mysteriously acquired in those days. She describes her looks, her clothes, with an expert feminine touch. But Julie had no outstanding gifts or charm; she simply interested men. She did not care about money, luxury, coquetry. Instead, she took love seriously; indeed, she died of it. And, through her frequent and passionate letters, she must have struck in men the truest spring of all love: their imagination. She first served as a companion and a reader to aging, blind Madame du Deffand. When the latter realized that men of letters and of affairs in her salon were more attracted to her modest companion than to herself, she expelled Julie in a fit of rage. Whereupon the young lady opened a salon of her own.

D'Alembert, a mathematical genius and a philosopher, was Julie's constant friend and most probably her lover. He was so kindly and unpossessive that slanderers suspected him of physical inability to satisfy a mistress. Charges of impotence in males and of frigidity in females are easier to insinuate than to substantiate. D'Alembert was simply as interested by Julie de Lespinasse as he was aroused by her charm; there are more engrossing forms of possession than the physical.

The second half of the eighteenth century saw an extraordinary number of talents, and of lovable ones, gathered in Paris: Turgot, Condorcet,

—From the book.

Julie de Lespinasse—"she simply interested men."

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Hume, Galiani, Chastellux, Hénault, Malesherbes, Diderot, and others visited the salon of Julie de Lespinasse. These men effortlessly united the two cultures, literary and scientific. With just as little effort, they married intellect and sentiment, were sensitive to feminine charm: indeed, their superiority to men of other ages and other lands lay in their art of multiplying in themselves the man by the woman.

Julie could have been fully happy, surrounded with men of brilliance and of influence, writing essays in the manner of Sterne, who was then all the rage with the French. But insidious boredom still preyed on her. Her heart needed *"la grande passion."* She loved D'Alembert only moderately; he was too kind and too submissive with her. Her head had been turned by another Julie, the heroine of Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse." In 1766, when she was thirty-four, she met a Spanish nobleman, twelve years younger, consumptive, ardent, as fertile a writer of love letters as she was. She betrayed D'Alembert for him and utilized the great scientist as a go-between. Mora gave up honors, a rank of brigadier general in the army, quietude, and health for Julie's sake. When away from her, he would write as many as twenty-two love letters in a week. He died after six years of such passion.

Julie, meanwhile, had started falling madly in love with a dashing French officer, Guibert, whose book on military tactics is one of the most acute ever written, and inspired Napoleon. Guibert also wrote tragedies and poems, and, naturally, numberless love letters. But he could carry on several affairs at once with expert ease. He loved Julie ardently, was impressed for a time by her sentimental epistolary outpourings. Even rakish officers are moved by repetitious and pressing expressions of adoration. But Guibert was too French not to find monogamy perilously akin to monotony. Ten years younger than Julie, he eventually decided to marry a young heiress.

Julie could not stand the blow. "Live, live, I am not worthy of you," he pleaded. He was as cowardly as a man fallen out of love and bored by too many inflamed letters can be. Still she forgave him as she pined for death. "If ever my life were saved, I would again spend it loving you; but there is no more time," she wrote him. Within a few weeks, in 1776, she was dead—of love. D'Alembert wrote a beautiful tribute to her memory.

This book is a well-documented, solid, honest biography, pleasantly readable and punctiliously careful to portray not only one of love's martyrs, but a whole age of mundane, intellectual, sentimental fervor.

FICTION

Nacib's Fair Lady

Jorge Amado—a rollicking style.

"Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon," by Jorge Amado, *translated by James L. Taylor and William L. Grossman (Knopf. 426 pp. $5.95), tells a spicy tale of shenanigans and love. Harriet de Onís, a translator, has been sent by the State Department to Latin America several times to lecture on North American writers.*

By HARRIET DE ONIS

IN HIS first novel—published in 1931, when he was twenty-one years old—Jorge Amado gave clear evidence of the gifts that make him one of today's major novelists. He has the narrative art to a superlative degree, the ability to create three-dimensional characters, a deep awareness of the problems of his country and his epoch, a style as flexible and colorful as it is lyrical. Much of his early work belongs to the literature of protest, for the major problem of Brazil, a land so prodigiously endowed, is the inequity and the iniquity in the distribution of its wealth, the exploitation of the many by the few. "Seára Vermelha," one of Amado's best novels, is a Brazilian counterpart of "The Grapes of Wrath."

But it is in "Gabriela" that he really finds himself. One hardly knows what to admire most: the dexterity with which Amado can keep half a dozen plots spinning; the gossamer texture of the writing; or his humor, tenderness, and humanity. Although there are moments when, by comparison, "Lolita" seems required reading for a young ladies' seminary, the grace of the book is in keeping with the canon laid down by Fray Luis de León: "And this is the true beauty, that everything should act according to its nature."

The novel gets off to a fast start, and its pace never slackens. Two of its main themes are introduced in the first paragraph of the "Foreword":

> On a bright spring day, old Filomena finally carried out her long-standing threat. That is, she abandoned the kitchen of Nacib the Arab and took the eight o'clock train for Agua Preta. . . . On the same day Colonel Jesuíno Mendonça shot and killed his dark-haired, slightly overweight wife . . . and the elegant young Dr. Osmundo Pimentel.

The time is 1925, the setting Ilhéus, a small port city in the rich cacao-growing region of Bahia. Mundino Falcão, a member of a prominent and politically powerful São Paulo family and a newcomer to Ilhéus, is largely responsible for the city's sudden rash of progress. It is his contention that if the harbor of Ilhéus were dredged, the cacao could be loaded directly, without need for transshipment to Bahia. But this is opposed by Colonel Bastos, a hidebound reactionary and the political boss of Ilhéus. How Mundino Falcão achieves his ends and brings the old colonel down with ruthlessness, deviousness, and exquisitely Brazilian politeness is a study in political shenanigans from which even Boston could take pointers.

And the inauguration of a bus line between Ilhéus and Bahia—also opposed by Colonel Bastos—changes the life of Nacib the Arab (Syrian, to be exact, but 100-percent Brazilian, as all immigrants to that fabulous land quickly become). How, without a cook, is he to handle the banquet scheduled for the next day in his Vesuvius Bar to celebrate this giant step forward? After scouring the city, he goes in desperation to the camp of migrant workers from the drought-stricken backlands of the Northeast. There in the "slave market" he finds a woman who says she can cook; and, though Nacib does not believe it, he hires her.

She is in rags, and so covered with dirt from the long trek that he can not make out her features or guess her age. The first thing he tells her to do when they get home is to take a bath and put on clean clothes. When she

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next appears the effect is that of Venus arising from the sea. This is Gabriela. Not only is she young, beautiful, merry, sweet, but such a cook and, very soon, such a bedfellow as Nacib has never encountered. Word of her presence quickly spreads, and business at the Vesuvius booms.

But, alas, Nacib falls head over heels in love with her, and nothing will do but he must marry her, against the advice of his friends and of Gabriela, who sees no need to change their completely satisfactory relationship. Subsequent events more than justify her misgivings. Nacib has become a man of substance, and his wife has to be a lady. No longer can she serve in the bar and revel in the compliments to her cooking and her beauty. She has to wear shoes that pinch her feet, go to lectures instead of the circus, and to the Christmas Eve dance at the Progress Club instead of joining the street revelers. Amado's solution to this and the many other problems the new order in Ilhéus gives rise to is wise, witty, and profoundly Brazilian.

How complete the revolution has been can be seen from the "Postscript":

> Some time afterwards Colonel Jesuíno Mendonça stood before a jury, accused of having shot to death his wife . . . and the dental surgeon. The lawyers talked, all in all, for twenty-eight hours. Dr. Mauricio Caires quoted the Bible and referred to scandalous black stockings, morality, and depravity. Dr. Ezequiel Prado said that Ilhéus was no longer a land of bandits, a paradise of assassins; his theme was civilization and progress. . . . For the first time in the history of Ilhéus a cacao colonel found himself sentenced to prison for having murdered his adulterous wife and her lover.

The translators have done full justice to the novel's rollicking, nimble style—no easy task. Amado's earlier writings have been translated into all the Iron Curtain languages, including Chinese. In 1951 "Seára Vermelha" received the Stalin Award for Literature. "Gabriela," which has sold more than a quarter of a million copies in Brazil, has received five literary awards there, and is being adapted for the cinema, will soon appear not only in all the Common Market languages, but also in Russian, Bulgarian, Rumanian, *et al.* What the comrades will make of it is difficult to imagine, for it has as much Party line as the Uncle Wiggly stories. Perhaps they will guiltily just enjoy it.

Violence Unexplained

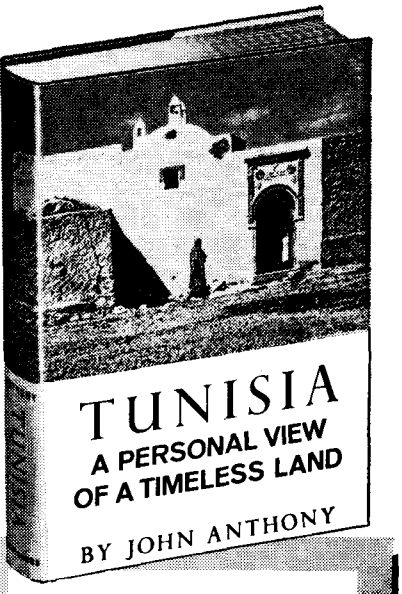
"The Thin Red Line," by James Jones *(Scribners. 496 pp. $5.95), the account of an infantry company at Guadalcanal, conveys a sense that the meaning of war is its lack of meaning. David Dempsey served as a correspondent with the Marine Corps during the Second World War.*

By DAVID DEMPSEY

THAT "thin red line of heroes" that Kipling celebrated, rather concisely, in his poem "Tommy" is the inspiration for James Jones's new novel about the last few weeks of fighting on Guadalcanal. It is a somewhat dated book in many ways, one that could just as well have been written fifteen years ago and, to be sure, frequently was, although not always so skilfully as it is done here. In choosing such well-worked subject matter, with its now-familiar details of jungle combat, its typical "cross-section" of infantrymen acting out the *non sequiturs* of human behavior that pass for bravery or cowardice, Jones has handicapped himself so severely that only his extraordinary narrative sense saves the novel from banality. In writing, too, the line that separates the superior from the ordinary is sometimes very thin.

The story begins with the debarkation of "C" Company, the typical line outfit that is found in almost all war novels. Theirs is a mopping-up assignment, for the First Marine Division has already done most of the dirty work, although as an Army man Jones cannot be expected to go too far beyond the call of duty in drawing attention to this. At any rate, within a few weeks C-for-Charlie Company, as it is called throughout, has reduced the last strongholds of resistance. To accomplish this, two major assaults are launched, a seemingly endless number of hills are climbed and fought over, numerous soldiers lose their lives, dozens of others are evacuated to aid stations, officers are relieved of their command, field promotions are handed out like prizes at a Sunday-school picnic, and great quantities of homemade jungle juice are consumed. In short, what happens in this battle is very similar, give or take a hill or two, to all battles everywhere. The final impression is not that fictitious warfare has been made real, as most of our war novelists have tried to make it, but that actual war has been shown to have a frighteningly fictitious quality.

About half of the 496 pages are devoted to the capture of one position, Hill 209, which is part of a terrain com-



"If we return from a voyage without a feeling that our own ways are a little peculiar, we might as well stay at home."

During a five-year tour of duty for the U. S. Foreign Service, John Anthony went beyond the bounds of officialdom to penetrate every strata of Tunisian life. This provocative account of Tunisian scenes, events and people draws its special charm from the author's insistence on indulging his own taste for the original and exotic.

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plex called "The Dancing Elephant." Once the Japanese are killed or driven off, the bone-weary soldiers press forward to another group of hills known as "The Giant Boiled Shrimp." This reviewer would like to state that no soldier anywhere, ever, under any circumstances, used such fanciful names as the Dancing Elephant or the Giant Boiled Shrimp for a bunch of hills. Hills were known by number, or, if the action on one was especially tough, it was called The Meatgrinder. It is the novelist, and not the G.I.s, who has named the hills in "The Thin Red Line."

But to press on with the book. Jones deploys over this terrain an infantry company of seventy-one men, plus thirteen others. Fully half of this number receive considerably more than passing mention, and perhaps a dozen play major parts. One of the great merits of this novel is that we are able to keep the men in this oversized cast clearly in mind, so sharply individualized are their roles. There is no plot, nor even a story line, aside from the progress of the fighting which becomes the testing block for the mens' characters; the fighting itself, along with the command decisions that support it, is largely random and adventitious. Jones has deliberately avoided playing heroes and villains with his characters; in each man good and bad are mixed. War is presented as a state of flux, unified by its own confusion.

The book's achievement, it seems to me, is that of patiently fitting together an elaborate picture puzzle of men in combat; the enjoyment comes from watching the author bring the puzzle to completion.

However, when the reader looks for some design in the finished work, it is missing, and what emerges is a sense that the meaning of war is its absence of meaning. No doubt such is the novel's intention; but this kind of naturalism can be a negative virtue, and in the end "The Thin Red Line" leaves us impressed with Jones's ability to report and document rather than to create in the very highest sense that art—and his own material—demand.

ERICH FROMM

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Catcher in the Corn

Pati Hill—"beHolden to someone."

"One Thing I Know—," by Pati Hill *(Houghton, Mifflin. 93 pp. $3), has for heroine an unsaccharine sixteen-year-old who, soured on society, gets scorched by amour. Joan Bostwick is a free-lance writer.*

By JOAN BOSTWICK

ONE THING I want to say right now is that this Francesca Hollins, who is the heroine of this book called "One Thing I Know–," is not exactly what you might call an original. Being sixteen and disillusioned with Adults and Love and the Phony World, she sort of stepped out of this other book I read. If you really want to hear what I think, I think that old Pati Hill, who wrote the book, is be*H*olden to someone for this Francesca character because she is an awful lot like old Jane Gallagher who was aces with "Madman" Caulfield. I also think that being strictly for the girls it might outsell false eyelashes. Even though I'm around a thousand years old, I can understand that girls aren't too crazy about Amy, Beth, and Jo any more. I'm not exactly Granville *Hicks* or anything but I think I can draw a Literary Conclusion once in a while.

To get back to Francesca, she lives in Washington, D.C., and she has this lazy old stepfather who takes naked sunbaths and gripes about American women, he being Italian and all. He also sort of propositioned Francesca once, which was a crumby idea even for a pea-brain, so nothing came of that.

Anyway, I wouldn't want you to get sick or anything, so I'll skip over the vomity parts like how she fell in love with this Graham von Liddle, for Lord's sake, the minute she laid eyes on him. He called her *Ninotchka* or something equally pukey and was always delivering these monotonous sermons about Honor and Loyalty and Fighting the Good Fight. He was clever as hell.

So old Francesca was doing about as well as you can do if you happen to be in love with a clown, until Gloria attached herself to them. Gloria was this modest plump girl who blushed, for God's sake, and wore a brave little smile and mittens, and she was always im*prov*ing them by hauling them to things like lectures on The Life History of the Water Rat. Pretty soon Graham

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began to think of *this* royal pain as a safe harbor and all and then he took her someplace without old Francesca, which good old Gloria couldn't keep to herself. What with all the long boring letters on Pride and Jealousy and The Gentle Art of Understanding which Graham absolutely *poured* on Francesca, the whole thing sort of fell apart.

Anyway, after this and a lot of other depressing stuff, Francesca wrote in her diary, "One thing I know, I'll never be in love again." Now she has only this very sensitive platonic friend who sometimes acts about seven years old, but is very nice to his little brother. But you'll have to catch that part of the story on your own.

One thing I'll *bet* is that around a million P-TAs and Oldguard School Superintendents and Assorted Anxious Parents are going to go absolutely mad with joy over it because it has been sort of soaked in Lestoil. I can just picture them around these bonfires singing "School Days," and ordering rounds of very dry Kool-Aid to toast old Decency and Purity.

I forgot to mention that there *is* this one sexy part sort of wedged in between the words, and this "Afterwards . . ." jazz. But you'd hardly notice it at all unless you had an evil mind or something. Evil minds. They kill me.

NO ROOM FOR TRAGEDY: Less a novel than a series of sketches of American family life in a small town, as seen through the eyes of a woman now about thirty, **"The Inconstant Season,"** by Sally Daniels (Atheneum, $4.50), opens with Peggy thinking about the tennis court made by her grandfather for her mother as a welcoming gift to a bride. We never get the full story, nor do subsequent episodes show the older generations clearly; for the author's point is that "even if we knew them they would not be very real to us." They will, in fact, always be—however beloved and important—part of the confusing world in which the young must learn to find their own way at last.

Peggy's attitude is clearly shown in her memories of herself at ten, learning to ride but hating it and only enduring it to please her father. Her inner resentment is always concealed by surface jollity and participation, for in the clan there is no room for tragedy; everything turns out for the best, or is a great joke. She is naturally rebellious and critical, but forces herself to conform to the standards of her friends and the traditions of her family.

The story is told in the first person and there is a strong suggestion of autobiography in this subtle and subtly disturbing book. This gives authenticity to the background, but Peggy herself is lost in the swarm of brothers, friends, cousins, and sweethearts growing up with her at school and college and sharing her struggle to establish an identity and understand as well as satisfy their estimable elders. The reason for her inherent melancholy is not revealed, but we feel the oppression of high ideals and hearty living on an individual who would prefer more relaxation and privacy.

In spite of the deliberate vagueness of the self-portraiture and the sparsity of exact details, one is quite relieved to gather in the last chapter of this atmospheric and haunting story, written with intelligence and a suitably graceless style, that the introspective and elusive Peggy is married and has two children, no doubt adorable and difficult and in the long run fated, as we all are, to find the older generation "not very real to us." We love them, we have to leave them, we shall laugh at them; that is the most to be hoped for.

—AILEEN PIPPETT.

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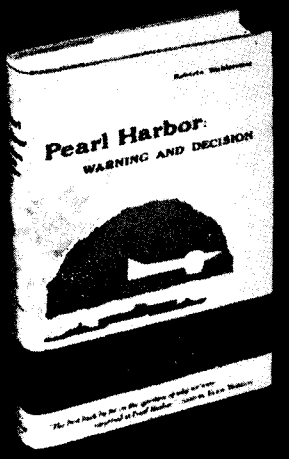
—Samuel Eliot Morison



Pearl Harbor: Warning and Decision

Roberta Wohlstetter

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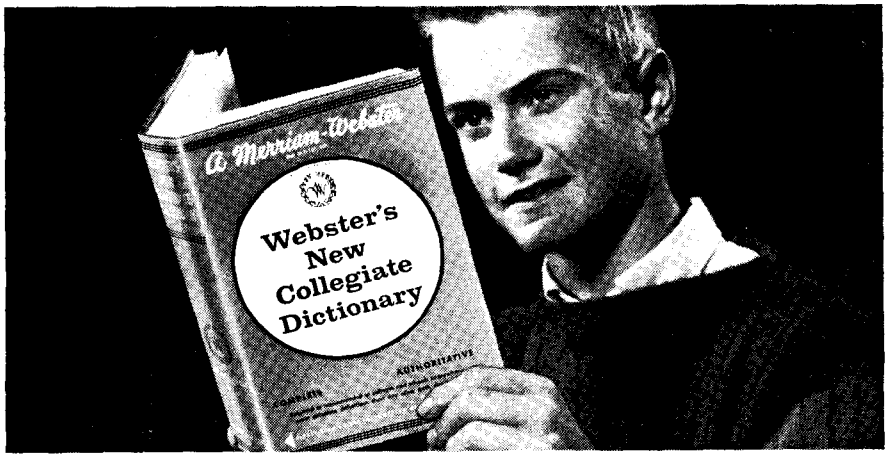

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Mars

Continued from page 23

manders the view that while trouble might be expected with Japan, it would come at some point other than Pearl Harbor. The Russians in Siberia, the British in Malaya, the Dutch in the Netherlands East Indies all seemed more likely targets. Responsible officials in Pearl Harbor had information from Washington and from their own sources indicating trouble with Japan; their war plans and earlier alerts had assumed that there was a possibility of surprise attack. Washington officials were remiss in taking it for granted that a clear flow of information existed between the mainland and Hawaii and among the various officers in Pearl Harbor. More important, they were slow to realize that Admiral Kimmel and General Short had taken the warnings of late November 1941 less seriously than Washington intended.

Other writers have discussed many of the foregoing arguments, but none have concentrated so thoroughly on the functioning of the Intelligence organizations. Where others have devoted considerable space to the whereabouts of General Marshall and Admiral Stark on December 6, or the mishaps that occurred in getting a warning to Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7, Mrs. Wohlstetter sticks to the problem of what was done with the information already available.

The author has rendered a great service with her precise delineation of Intelligence processes in 1941. She makes clear the difficulty of alerting officials to danger when they believe that an intelligent enemy will pursue a different course of action from the one he has in mind. From the lesson of Pearl Harbor she draws a pertinent question for our times: Will we misread the signs of approaching attack in a period when a delay of minutes—rather than hours—may prove fatal?

No Recess from Battle

"World War I: An Outline History," by Hanson W. Baldwin *(Harper & Row. 161 pp. $3.95), summarizes the conflict that revealed, according to Winston Churchill, the tragedy of man's weak control over his most vital affairs. Brigadier General S.L.A. Marshall was chief U.S. historian of World War II in the European Theatre.*

By S. L. A. MARSHALL

B. H. LIDDELL HART, the British magician, once boiled World War I down to a fourteen-page chapter in a full-length book. Apart from that feat of compression, Hanson W. Baldwin has written the shortest of all histories about the conflict. That in itself gives the New York *Times* expert a high score, for some of his most gifted peers, including Liddell Hart ("The War in Outline"), J. F. C. Fuller, and Sir James E. Edmonds have tried the same stunt, and Baldwin comes off winner by a country mile as the author with the least wordage.

Why all these gallant tries are made, when so much of World War I offers better pickings, is what the King of Siam would call a puzzlement. For instance, there has not yet been written one sound history of the AEF, official or otherwise. Anyway, here we have old wine from a new bottle, and it pours smoothly, with high flavor and good bouquet.

First, to say something of the man. His is a unique career. No other American has devoted his life exclusively to military study and writing, and none other has such encyclopedic knowledge in his field.

Next, there is this to be said about his subject: it remains "The War" to men who fought it, though they have hit the same ugly trail a dozen times since. It was incomparably worse than anything that followed. Many times I have wondered why this was so. There are two thoughts on it. To be forced to live below ground in a rat-ridden dugout, lice-bound, sickened by one's own stench, is almost the worst hell known to a soldier. There is a worse one—the conviction that it can never end. Only in that war did we feel it.

BUT it was only our portion of an almost universal brooding. No one saw any light after a while. The news files of that day reflect my meaning. At first all the statesmen, soldiers, and editors were quoted *ad nauseam* in predictions of quick victory. Then one by one they all grew silent as the grave. During the last three years it was: "Do Your Bit!" "Carry On!" and "We're all in it together." But there wasn't a Pollyanna in the house. When at last the great crackup came, not one person had foreseen it.

Somehow or other, with a rare economy of language, Baldwin has managed to convey the downcastness of those times, the absolute and unremitting remorselessness of the grind. Yet there is little or nothing in his book about the mood of people, life on the home front, and the over-all blackness. Statesmen who underweigh their direst problems, commanders who perform like stumblebums, general staffs that are abysmally ignorant of main factors voiding their basic plans estimates—these are his main characters. He simply puts forth in plain English the story of how their shortcomings put humanity on the cross, when it need not have been.

Thinking over the same conflict years later, Winston Churchill wrote that its

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GALLIA, PLUS

An ancient Roman gentleman makes a grand tour of Europe. Elizabeth Norton Potter of New York City lists twenty cities on his route and asks you to give their modern English equivalents. Answers on page 73.

1. Florentia
2. Genua
3. Nicaea
4. Arelate
5. Massilia
6. Caesaraugusta
7. Corduba
8. Gades
9. Olispio
10. Burdigala
11. Aureliani
12. Lutetia
13. Colonia Agrippina
14. Genava
15. Lousonna
16. Turicum
17. Vindobona
18. Tergeste
19. Mediolanum
20. Perusia

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supreme lesson was man's tragically weak control over his most important affairs. Baldwin's book conveys his meaning. It took blunder piled upon blunder to make possible the disaster; he who believes that any more pleasant words will be written of Armageddon is indeed an optimist.

But, except when he dilates on a purely military problem, or trains his sights on some uniformed figure, Baldwin isn't out to teach lessons. This is his element, and, doing with *éclat* what comes naturally, he makes his points without pausing, and gallops on. Here and there he is looking for an argument, as when he says that during World War I the Kaiser's fleet was superior to the Royal Navy in everything but numbers. Sea dogs are invited to chew on that one.

The author's personal judgments gleam in lines like these:

"A model of logistic planning and execution."

"Rennenkampf, despite his earlier sluggishness, reacted rapidly and correctly."

"He [Jellicoe] lacked flexibility and daring; opportunity knocked at his door in vain."

That kind of thing is fair enough. It adds spice. This small volume gathers strength by not being "strictly objective" military history. The thumbnail personality sketches are sufficient only because Baldwin calls them as he sees them. Also, the work is sprinkled with human interest bits such as this: "Nurnberg's survivors, dying in the icy water, were attacked by giant albatrosses." What a nasty death for a warrior!

THERE are many other examples of careful research, and it is here forecast that scholars will have trouble faulting Baldwin on that score. For example, World War I historians have invariably missed the staging of the first gas attack, putting it at Ypres in the spring of 1915 instead of at the Masurian Lakes the preceding January. The full account is in Eric Ludendorff's memoirs. That's where Baldwin must have dug.

For longtime students of World War I, the work offers little or nothing sensationally new or acutely revealing. It isn't to be expected when brevity is a primary aim. To all others, it is commended both for its general balance and its fair-mindedness; these qualities stand out especially where Baldwin discusses how America was drawn into the war, as emotion steadily hardened against Germany. He doesn't say that the enemy was never beastly; his comment is that many of the atrocities charged against him by Allied propaganda were never committed.

Here ends the review, lest it run longer than the book.

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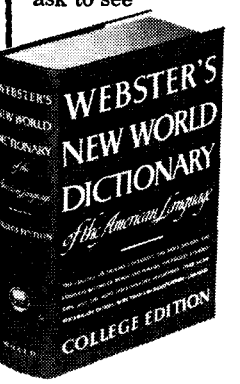

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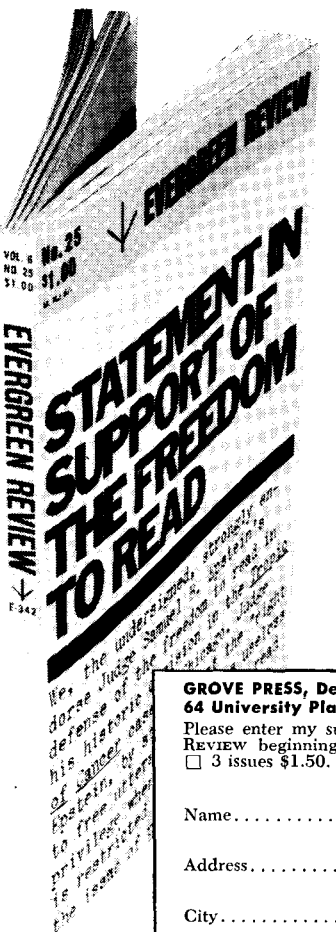

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

The "Bossa Nova" from Brazil

By ROBERT FARRIS THOMPSON

QUALITATIVELY higher by light years than the rock-and-roll replications of the twist, an elegant countertrend, "samba jazz," has been slowly taking shape in the supperclubs and dancehalls of a few of our nation's cities. Fragile and still exploratory, the new genre nevertheless bears the marks of careful development and refinement, stamping it as perhaps the most promising popular phenomenon of the decade thus far.

Samba jazz is a merger of Negro North American music with an equally potent blend of Afro-Brazilian origin. The two traditions have transmitted to one another powerful stimuli over the years since samba appeared in the slums of Rio around 1922. In fact a precedent for the merger can be observed as early as 1928 when the late and distinguished Brazilian musicologist Mario de Andrade wrote that "jazz devices are infiltrating the maxixe." (The maxixe, an ancestor of the samba, was a palatable synthesis of polka, habanera, and Afro-Brazilian rhythm.)

"Curiously enough," Andrade added, "the polyphonic and polyrhythmic procedures of jazz do not change or disfigure the flavor of the sound." This fact does not surprise us today. We know that maxixe and jazz dovetailed well because they both "swung," were executed in even tempos, and were improvised by Afro-Americans with a gift for expressing rhythm down to its smallest units. On the theory that like attracts like, the coalescence was wellnigh inevitable. At any rate, it set the stage for further, deeper blends.

Not until the past few years, however, has the mixing process in this country emerged from the limbo of occasional arrangements. What has quickened the pace? The film "Black Orpheus," which brought the good earth of urban samba to United States audiences in 1959, was one stimulant. In addition, Laurindo Almeida and Bud Shank have pioneered the serious blending of Brazilian and jazz themes in the Los Angeles area since 1953. But perhaps the most telling development came from Brazil, where musicians have been adding jazz-drenched lines to a modified samba format since at least 1959. Jazzmen recently touring Brazil have been fascinated by what they heard down there, and some of them upon returning to the United States have begun to work out blends of their own, most notably in Washington, D.C.

Brazilians call these genial cross fertilizations *bossa nova*. "Bossa" literally means "the hump on the back," according to Professor Malcom C. Batchelor, who teaches Portuguese at Yale, and he adds that "bossa nova" is slang for "the new wrinkle." Laurindo Almeida, the excellent Brazilian guitarist who now makes his home in Sherman Oaks, California, told me that "bossa" takes on a special sense in the argot of the musicians of Rio—"a good feeling for interpretation"—and he uses the following phrase to make his point clear: "Charlie Parker never blew corny; he had a lot of bossa."

Almeida himself has quite a bit of bossa. Together with his modern jazz confrere Bud Shank, an alto saxophonist and flutist of pleasant gifts, he has specialized in building blends which lead directly to the rise of the bossa nova. "Brazilliance" (World Pacific 1412) marks their initial efforts. "Atabaque" opens with an excellent samba excerpt on Almeida's concert guitar, which he plays "finger-style" and without electric amplification. Shank interrupts him boppishly. Immediately one hopes for a taut fusion of Brazilian and jazz melodies.

One is disillusioned. In track after track Almeida no sooner constructs a formal samba or baião (a slow-paced rhythm from the northeast of Brazil) in miniature, by way of introduction, than Shank plays the central phrase in straight jazz, relatively impervious to the metric invitations of the beat of Brazilian music. In other words, their first samba jazz album, from the strict standpoint of blending, is not too successful. Samba is relegated here to the function of a riff, repeated patterns of a few measures length, scored as exotica at either end of a solid jazz central theme.

These compositions, to be sure, make very pleasant listening, for experts are at work. (Almeida, for instance, has recorded some twenty albums of classical guitar.) But this wholly provisional form can scarcely be heralded as epochally as the liner notes pretend it can: "[a blend] of jazz and the music of the Latin cultures . . . more artful . . . than has been attained previously." There *is* an interlude of potential hybrid excellence on this disc, however, which points toward eventual meaningful consolidation. I refer to "Hazardous." When one sounds this work, rich Hispanic tone color, filigree unison passages, and affective rises in pitch on Shank's instrument all combine to pleasure the ear.

In "Latin Contrasts" (World Pacific stereo 1281), the contours of an actually incomplete merger come into sharp focus. Mere fleeting fusions of samba and modern jazz are brought off in the introductions and codas; almost without exception the central themes are devoid of culture contact. By way of redressing the balance, on a track entitled "Blowing Wild," an energetic drummer named Chuck Flores makes a flavorsome form of punctuation of Afro and beguine percussion patterns; and apparently stimulated by this, the guitar and saxophone work seems to have more bite.

IN 1959, Almeida and Shank kneaded jazz into Brazilian dance music on a qualitatively exceptional LP, "Holiday in Brazil" (World Pacific WP 1259), which should be required listening for anyone interested in tracing the development of samba jazz. The tracks are intelligent, refreshing to listen to, and worthy of the talents of all involved. Two pieces are, it seems to me, minor masterpieces by virtue of their refinements of melody and rhythm, as well as their fresh sense of form.

"Lonely," for example, turns the timid samba-jazz bridge-samba structure of the other LPs inside out: Shank shyly scatters ideas along a path which leads to an exquisitely held note, but before that note is allowed to die, Almeida has already set in action a baião pattern of deliciously "cool" substance. Tempo subtly picks up. Chuck Flores drums a polite Cuban figuration. Shank nimbly aims his notes between, straight through, and around Almeida's baião melodic accents, and as a result h' music takes on a perceptibly differen air. Modulations (from A flat to G flat) further complicate this felicitous passage. All in all, a musical fusion of startling translucency is brought in.

Almeida's baião guitar is character-

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ized as "cool" in this sense—like the cool alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, he extracts maximum intensity from his instrument and yet is wholly relaxed. However, this rare virtue only partially "explains" why this passage excites strong feelings. Recently Almeida talked to me of other factors which went into its making: "I was playing an Afro-Cuban figuration loosened up and slowed down by baião accenting. I was thinking of baião at the same time that I was playing typical Afro-Cuban phrases in a *montuno*."

In other words, the music is tri-hybrid—an expression in which a guitarist accentually refashions an Afro-Cuban melodic phrase with Brazilian baião at the same time that jazz is executed on top. This little work reminds us of George Kubler's partial definition of a work of art: "a complex of many stages and levels of crisscrossed intentions, [which] is always intrinsically complicated, however simple its effect may seem." There are more successfully tri-hybrid moments in "Mood Antigua." Shank switches to flute in the beginning measures and fills the air with Mozart-like runs which are picked up by Almeida. East Indian *tabla* drumming, of all things, then ignites the central passage where the harmonic happenings of modern jazz and samba melodic percussion coalesce brilliantly and attract our deepest attention.

When Bud Shank commented on his "playing Latin music without resorting to cowbells, jawbones, timbales, and so forth," he put his finger on an element of samba jazz which explains its appeal to modern jazzmen, who might otherwise scorn the enterprise as made of "loud and obvious sound." In short, Almeida and Shank, in muting the tambourine-rattling, whistle-blowing uproar of the samba of the streets, seem to apply to Afro-Brazilian some of the cool jazz taste for "soft" percussion.

Marshall Stearns tells the story of early partisans of the cool who "would desert the stand if they saw a conga drum in the vicinity," and as late as February, 1960, jazz critic Bill Crow could complain of a mambo-jazz soloist that "the trouble may partly be the difficulty he must have in hearing himself through the clatter being set up by [the percussion section], galloping in pursuit of *ritmo caliente*." Given its comparatively dulcet percussion lines, there were bound to be modern jazz converts, of lyrical bent, to the samba rhythm format because it was fresh and sizzled and yet was soft. All that was needed was the proper exposure.

On the other hand, the fact that bossa novists in Brazil used "advanced" harmony has operated as an even more powerful lure for jazzmen who have recently toured the area. Charlie Byrd, a thirty-six-year-old guitarist who lives in Washington, D.C., and who has recorded a rather impressive corpus (listen, for example, to his "Anthology of Guitar Music: The Sixteenth Century" on the Washington label), came in contact with the genre when in South America last year and was converted on the spot. As Byrd told me recently, "In Fortaleza, on the northeast coast of Brazil, I came across a guitarist and singer playing bossa nova tunes. Their music was such a natural thing for a jazzman to fall into—the chords were very familiar and the rhythm was a strict four, as a jazz musician would use." Byrd was interested to note that at Fortaleza and elsewhere the bossa novists used the harmony of the bop era, "flatted fifths and things like that but put into 'song style,' into forms more lyrical than the tunes of bop were."

WHEN he returned to the United States, Byrd's enthusiasm for the new form was boundless—"I seriously think the bossa is the best movement going in popular music anywhere in the world"—and recently he joined forces with the famous tenor saxophonist Stan Getz to produce a truly remarkable album, "Jazz Samba" (Verve 8432). "Desafinado" boasts a main theme which passes through several ornamental modulations. "It's as complicated as Mendelssohn," Byrd told me with pride, specifying the frequent key changes as the motive behind his selection of this song for his album. ("Desafinado" was written by Antonio Carlos Jobim who, together with Luis Bomfa, wrote the music score to "Black Orpheus" and who is a leader of the bossa nova movement in Rio, according to Laurindo Almeida.)

Almeida—"has quite a bit of bossa."

Throughout "Jazz Samba," Byrd and Getz consistently bypass one of the pitfalls of earlier blends. When the central theme is reached, the hot samba percussion is not turned off but is allowed to sizzle endlessly, like the sound-track sambas of "Black Orpheus." Moreover, Byrd took pains to follow the percussion protocol of Brazilian recording sessions—two drummers, Buddy Deppenschmidt and Bill Reichenbach, are used instead of one—and it is a wise decision. One percussionist builds a fixed wall of sound; the other concocts licks, accents, and syncopes which bounce entertainingly against that wall. The result is very relaxing and sounds truly inspired.

Between the stimulus of the modulations and the stimulus of the beat, Byrd and Getz surpass themselves. From time to time their phrasing is chopped, cut, jolted, and booted along by the samba beat. At other moments they unfurl exquisitely lyrical transitions as when, in both "Bahia" and "Samba Triste," Byrd allows his guitar to coast on the momentum of a rudimentary phrase and Getz "comes in" at a celestial level. There is humor. Witness Getz's three rapid squeals in "Samba De Uma Nota Só." Finally the songs are very wittily put together and have been justly compared to the best of Rodgers and Hart or Cole Porter. Structurally, as Dom Cerulli usefully points out in the liner notes to this LP, "sambas are usually more complicated . . . than, say, American pop songs of thirty-two bars. Most sambas have three parts, and the harmonic line may run to sixty-four bars."

Cal Tjader, noted for his profitable commerce with the dance music of Cuba, has recently been bitten by the bacillus bossa nova. On a just released album, "Cal Tjader Plays the Contemporary Music of Mexico and Brazil" (Verve 8470), there is a track entitled "Chôro é Batuque" which stands up well under close inspection. Tjader, very much in the manner of Milt Jackson, discovers pools of quiet sound in his vibraharp in the first part of this composition. In the second part there are glints of baião on guitar and piano which are suitably propulsive; one laments only their extreme brevity. As regards the rest of this album, Tjader must surely realize the union of jazz and Brazil and Mexico, like Rome, cannot be built in a day. Much work is necessary here. One might start by banishing forever the disembodied human voice which haunts "Imágen," "Qué Tristeza," and other tracks on this album.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Manny Albam: "Jazz Goes to the Movies." Albam, arranger and conductor, with big band. Impulse A 19, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Superbly played and recorded, this set is above all a triumph by arranger Albam over some unlikely material ("El Cid," "The Guns of Navarone," etc.). His colorful and varied scores, which are not without humor, hold the attention throughout and provide rich settings for such imaginative soloists as John Coles, Joe Newman, Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, Phil Woods, Jim Hall, Bill Crow and, on vibes and piano, the late Eddie Costa. Brookmeyer's valve trombone is striking on Ellington's "Paris Blues," but it is hard to hear Costa's rhapsodic piano on "Slowly" without a deep sense of loss. The illuminating notes are by Albam himself.
Billy Butterfield: "Billy Plays Bix." Butterfield, trumpet; Ziggy Harrell, bass trumpet; Danny Meyers, trombone; Tommy Gwaltney, clarinet; Pat Roberts, piano; Junie Saul, guitar; Alton Smith, bass; Bob Test, drums. Epic LA 16026, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Bix, Bird, and Billie, like battle honors on the tattered flags of jazz, are names which speak equally of victory and defeat. Butterfield is well equipped to play Bix Beiderbecke's role and repertoire. His entries are made with such power and energy as to dwarf the efforts of preceding soloists, and he readily provides the cocky swagger of Dixieland that was Beiderbecke's heritage. He also knows all about those flare-ups and contrasts of tone and rhythm which were the legendary cornetist's own contribution. Tommy Gwaltney's clarinet and backgrounds are knowingly sympathetic.
Joe Carroll: "Man with a Happy Sound." Carroll, vocals; Specs Williams, organ; Cennie Lester, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Lee Ausley, drums. Charlie Parker PLP 802, $3.98.	Carroll is a humorous singer best known for his happy collaborations with Dizzy Gillespie. Despite a disclaimer in the notes, he often recalls no one so much as the late Leo Watson. At up tempos, he resembles some of the multisyllabic paraphrasers of solos, but in his best groove, as on "Oh, Lady Be Good" and "Honeysuckle Rose," his lagging phrases and climactic construction are distinctly attractive. On "Wha-Wha Blues," he simulates a trombonist with plunger mute very realistically. Grant Green is outstanding in the accompanying quartet.
Ella Fitzgerald: "Rhythm Is My Business." Accompanied by Bill Doggett and big band. Verve V 4056, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The opening number here is "Rough Ridin'," which Ella Fitzgerald first recorded with Bill Doggett a good many years ago. Besides reuniting her with Doggett as arranger and conductor, the set also returns her to her original milieu, that of the big jazz group with its reeds, rhythm, and shouting brass. In this case, too, the band is granted such prominence as to be virtually on equal terms with the singer, who clearly finds the challenge stimulating. There are several brilliant performances, among them "You Can Depend on Me" at an unexpectedly slow tempo and "I'll Always Be in Love with You" in waltz time. Phil Woods and Taft Jordan are among the instrumentalists.
Dave Pell: "I Remember John Kirby." Pell, clarinet; Ray Linn, trumpet; Benny Carter, alto saxophone; John Williams, piano; Lyle Ritz, bass; Frankie Kapp, drums. Capitol T1687, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The ten re-creations in this set seem a little superfluous considering that Columbia and Victor have around forty adequately recorded sides by John Kirby's group available for reissue. Moreover, four members of Kirby's original sextet—Charlie Shavers, Russell Procope, Buster Bailey, and Billy Kyle—are professionally active and fully capable of creation or re-creation in the idiom. Pell's group performs, however, with the required neatness and delicacy, although it only rarely suggests the underlying impulse in the work of its model. Benny Carter and John Williams are the most rewarding soloists, and an original each from the latter and Marty Paich are of interest.
Oscar Pettiford: "Last Recordings by the Late Great Bassist." Pettiford, bass; Allan Botchinsky, trumpet; Erik Nordstrom, tenor saxophone; Jan Johansson, piano; Louis Hjulmand, vibes; Jorn Elniff, drums. Jazzland JLP 64, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Five of the eight compositions heard here were written by Pettiford, and all were recorded during 1959-60 in Copenhagen with young Danish and Swedish musicians, the instrumentation varying from sextet to duo. What other bassists much admired in Pettiford, besides his obvious technical gifts, was his unfailing ability to tell a musical "story." It is evident here in both his solos and compositions, and not least in the duet on "Willow Weep for Me," Johansson is a forceful and rhythmically sure pianist, but all the musicians play with confidence and abandon, as though inspired by the imperious bass.
Billie Poole: "Sermonette." Accompanied by an orchestra conducted by Jimmie Jones. Riverside RLP 425, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The first impression is that there's more church than blues in Billie Poole, but by the time the softly sung "A Sunday Kind of Love" is reached, in a program notable for its variety, it is apparent that she is a fine singer with considerable experience and craftsmanship. She has a good voice, firm control, and flexibility, and at times a declamatory quality which brings Ivie Anderson to mind. Though the recording does not do them justice, the contrasting backgrounds arranged by Budd Johnson are of exceptional worth.
Jimmy Smith: "Plays Fats Waller." Smith, organ; Quentin Warren, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums. Blue Note 4100, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Fats Waller loved the organ and the color he could obtain from it, so it is not unfitting that Smith, the most popular jazz organist of the day, should dedicate an album to him. He has chosen some of Waller's best songs ("Ain't Misbehavin'," "Honeysuckle Rose," and "Squeeze Me") as well as standards associated with him, and he plays them prettily. The easy tempos are conducive to swing and the accompaniment by Warren and Bailey is in excellent taste.
Clark Terry: "Plays the Jazz Version of 'All American.'" Terry, trumpet and flügelhorn; Lester Robertson, trombone; Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; George Barrow, baritone saxophone; Eddie Costa, piano and vibes; Art Davis, bass; Eddie Shaughnessy, drums; Oliver Nelson, arranger. Moodsville 26, mono and stereo, $4.98.	A trend is a trend and jazz versions of their scores may well be the means of perpetuating some short-lived Broadway shows. As on the Columbia set by Ellington, "I've Just Seen Her" seems to be the number most worth preserving, and here it becomes the vehicle for sensitive improvising by Eddie Costa on vibes. Arranger Oliver Nelson has retained enough of the original melodies to satisfy those who want the "tunes," but he has also made harmonic modifications to hearten the soloists. Terry's wit, lyricism and plunger-muted artistry are again abundantly displayed, while Johnson's insistent and sinewy tenor playing is as impressive as ever. —STANLEY DANCE.

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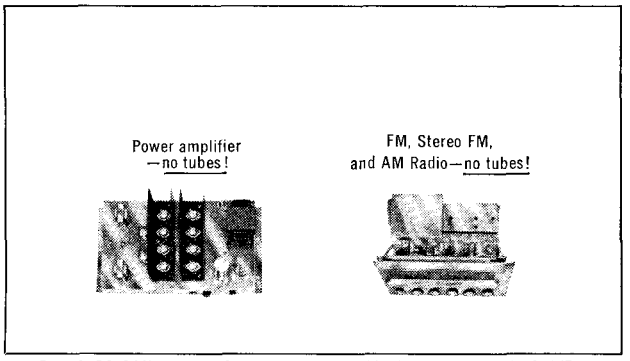

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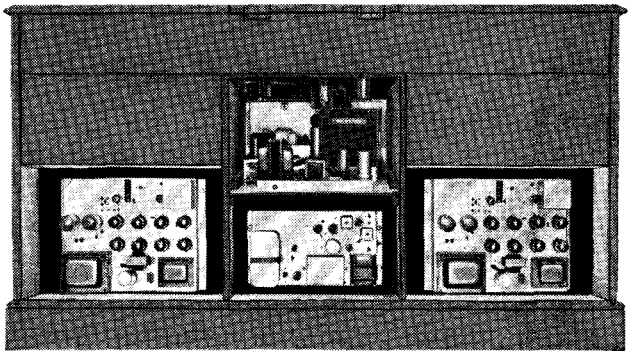

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK MUSIC

TITLES, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
"Jean Redpath's Scottish Ballad Book": "The Gypsy Laddie," "Barbarry Allan," "Twa Corbies," "Bonny Boy," "Inverey," "Rantin' Laddie," "Wee Cooper o' Fife," "Sir Patrick Spens," three others. Elektra EKL 214, $4.98.	Jean Redpath is that all-too-rare phenomenon—an authentic folk singer with a truly beautiful voice. Presenting ballads of her native Scotland (all but two from the Child Collection), she imbues them with such grace and tenderness, such delicate simplicity, that one can only marvel at the results. A word of warning to the noncognoscenti is in order: six of the eleven ballads here are sung without accompaniment, and several of them are inordinately long. Be prepared, for instance, for a slow, unaccompanied song lasting nearly eight minutes!
"Folk Songs Rare and Well Done": The Ivy League Trio. "Banua," "Deep Blue Sea," "Dites Moi," "Comin' Round the Mountain," "St. James Infirmary," seven others. Coral CRL 57404, $3.98.	If this grab-bag of folk, pseudofolk, and nonfolk material were titled "familiar and adequately done," one would, perhaps, be less inclined to bristle. But even as "Comin' Round the Mountain" hardly qualifies as a musical rarity, so, too, do the slick, totally uneventful performances fail to inspire descriptive superlatives. The Ivy Leaguers have studied well the style and mannerisms of the Kingston Trio, but they have yet to develop either the flair or the inventiveness of their models.
"The Chad Mitchell Trio at The Bitter End": "Alberta," "Golden Vanity," "Moscow Nights," "The John Birch Society," "Great Historical Bum," seven others. Kapp KL 1281, $3.98.	Not since the heyday of The Weavers has a folksinging group seemed so comfortable within its chosen métier. The Chad Mitchell three make no pretense of being "authentic," yet they convey the spirit of their songs better than many with such pretensions. In this "live" concert, their singing has both verve and humor.
"Bonnie Dobson at Folk City": "Once My True Love," "Love Henry," "Irish Exile Song," "The Holly Bears a Berry," "Morning Dew," "Shule Aroon," "Bonnie's Blues," four others. Prestige/International 13057, $4.98.	Bonnie Dobson has a sweet voice, musical sensitivity, and a quiet directness to her singing, all of which combine to make several of these ballads deeply rewarding. On the other hand, she has not yet a sufficiently compelling personality to overcome the considerable handicap imposed by her program—a collection almost exclusively of pensive or melancholy songs. The liner notes speak of Miss Dobson's "sparkling vivacity" and her "impish sense of humor"; a few opportunities to display those qualities would have provided a more detailed picture of her talents.
"Ian and Sylvia": "Rocks and Gravel," "Old Blue," "C. C. Rider," "Handsome Molly," "Rambler Gambler," "Live A-Humble," "Got No More Home than a Dog," "Down by the Willow Garden," five others. Vanguard VRS 9109, $4.98.	Ian Tyson and Sylvia Fricker have been singing as a team for only about a year now, but the young Canadians are completely attuned to each other. There is a strong feeling of give and take, of spontaneity, which is quite appealing. Judging from the repertoire on this debut disc, they are most attracted to songs of the American southlands—prison chants, blues, spirituals, bluegrass tunes, and such—and they have assimilated these diverse styles with surprisin effectiveness. Of the non-American material here, "The Pride of Petrovar" is bright but con pletely un-Irish in character; two Canadian ballads, "Mary Anne" and "Un Canadian Errant," are both beautiful and beautifully sung.
"The Wonderful World of Folk Music": Shimon and Ilana. "Don't Let Your Watch Run Down," "Bongolee," "Hiney Hastav Avar," "Libeynu Cham," "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," "Yonatee," six others. Coral CRL 57409, $3.98.	Shimon and Ilana (Sidney and Elaine Gewirtz), an American couple now living in Israel, have assembled some mildly pleasant songs, some vaguely attractive arrangements, and a chorus of sorts, but they have neither the voices nor the personalities to make the most of such limited assets. It's all harmless enough (except perhaps for a tasteless verse of "Chevaliers de la table ronde" in cha-cha rhythm), but so pale, low-keyed, and generally unimaginative as to be of minimal interest.
"New Sounds of Israel": Ron Eliran. "Migdal Boded Balayla," "Tzlil Zugim," "Uffi Ruach," "Halayla Helit," "Rivati," eight others. Prestige/International 13054, $4.98.	Ron Eliran, who made his American debut a few years back as the male half of the team of Ron and Nama, has really come into his own as a solo performer. Indeed, on the evidence of this new disc, he must be ranked among the foremost interpreters of modern Israeli song. The songs here are all well chosen, and the imaginative, colorful settings by Walter Raim add further to a thoroughly entertaining concert.
"Greetings from Holland": Mieke and Nina. "De Molen," "Het Kwezelke," "Het Klooster van Sint Arjaan," "Tulpen Uit Amsterdam," "De Zilveren Vloot," "Hans en Trieneke," "Wilt Heden Nu Treden," seven others. Monitor MF 378, $4.98.	Mieke Duberta sings and Nina Dunkel plays the harp, and between them they go a long way toward relieving the inexplicable dearth of Dutch music on LP. I don't know how widespread the harp is as an accompanying instrument in Holland, but in Miss Dunkel's hands it certainly is an appealing one, imparting a gentle, pastoral flavor to the lyrical tunes. For her part, Miss Duberta has a generally pleasing voice; her performances would profit from greater flexibility, but her manner is most engaging, the songs themselves delightful. Apart from several songs in the repertoire of Marais and Miranda, most of the folk and popular airs represented here will be new to American ears.
"Bayanihan Sings": Members of the Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company. "Dahil Sa Iyo," "Bontoc War Dance," "Mandayan Festival Dance," "Lulay," "Pamulinawen," "Sa Kabukiran," fourteen others. Monitor MF 372, $4.98.	Monitor's third Bayanihan album again finds the celebrated Philippine troupe alternating between mild, Western-influenced, almost salon-like tunes, and dark-hued, primitive native chants. The latter are intriguing, the former ingratiating (if a trifle banal), and the sum total, as before, is a generally entertaining tonal travelogue. Since singing is not the primary concern of the Bayanihan, it is, perhaps, unfair to compare them with the truly fine folk choirs of other cultures. Still, the youthful ease and vitality so evident in their dances is felt as well in their singing.
"Carolyn Hester": "I'll Fly Away," "When Jesus Lived in Galilee," "Yarrow," "Dink's Song," "Swing and Turn Jubilee," "Pobre de Mi," "Virgin Mary," "Once I Had a Sweetheart," "Galway Shawl," "Dear Companion," two others. Columbia CL 1796, $3.98.	Texas-born Carolyn Hester is a lady of many voices, all of them impressive. Her range is startling, encompassing both the soprano and alto registers, but further, she has an uncanny ability of varying her vocal timbre from song to song. Listening to the sweet purity of "Los Bibilicos," for instance, and then to the husky abandon of "Come Back, Baby," it is hard to believe that the same person is singing, so different in concept and execution are the two. Included are a Spanish romance, several deep-throated Southern blues, a tender Christmas spiritual, and an unaccompanied Irish ballad. —ROBERT SHERMAN.

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Included in the Supporting Cast

THE GREAT pleasure of "Another Bag" by James Moody's quintet (Argo LP 695) is the thorough professionalism of its leader. For a jazzman, professionalism involves more than musicianship or even fanciful invention. It involves the kind of deeper imagination and committed feeling which can be heard in Moody's tenor solo on "Sassy Lady," and it also involves the intuitive artistry that enables Moody to find the kind of pace and structure that solo well. There is also Moody's solo on "Ally" which dances easily across a sequence of shifting time-signatures that might trip a less nimble player. ("Cup Bearers" tries the same sort of thing, incidentally, and less well.) Then there is Moody's flute on "The Day After"—he is one of the few jazz players who can handle that instrument without affectation. Most of the scores are by Tom McIntosh, who shows himself at this point in his young career to be a better writer than (student) trombonist.

In the kind of emotional commitment that one hears in James Moody lies one of the great strengths of the music, and it is remarkable how many jazz players work out expressive and thoroughly personal styles within the outlines suggested by towering players like Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker. Buck Clayton, for example, obviously learned major lessons from Armstrong, yet a Clayton solo like "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" (Commodore 30014) is not only Clayton's own, but even goes beyond the master in moving away from embellishment into total invention. Clayton, typically, improvises to the original only in harmony—a practice rare in Armstrong's work.

Similarly, trumpeter Fats Navarro learned major lessons from Dizzy Gillespie, and at his abrupt death in 1950 he was still learning. Yet he attacked his notes quite differently than did Gillespie, and even at a fast tempo Navarro's playing has a kind of dry lyricism that would be quite out of place in a Gillespie chorus. Navarro is part of the Tadd Dameron group on Jazzland 68, a second collection of broadcast performances from 1948. Like its predecessor, Jazzland 50, the LP preserves the modern jazz style at the moment when it was still an exciting musical discovery for most of the players and, since these are not studio recordings, the men play with a telling immediacy. Tenor saxophonist Allen Eager owes even more to his model Lester Young than Navarro did to Gillespie, but Eager plays what he has learned with such youthful delight that it is impossible not to be engaged by his lines. Master drummer Kenny Clarke was of course himself a model by this time, having set the example for a generation of players. But alto saxophonist Rudy Jackson, an advanced player in the late Thirties, was erratically trying to catch up to Charlie Parker, a later arrival. And trombonist Kai Winding, present on three numbers, was still huffing and puffing his way around the new idiom. For such reasons, the former set on Jazzland 50 is the better.

DAMERON plays what is usually called "arranger's piano," and that is appropriate, for Dameron's chief talents are those of a composer and arranger. He absorbed his predecessors during the late Thirties, and then became one of the first and still one of the best to score in a more modern idiom for large groups—it was Dameron who contributed "Hot House," "Lady Bird," "Good Bait," and "Our Delight" to the repertory of the Forties. This side of his talent is represented on "The Magic Touch" (Riverside 419/9419), on which Dameron leads a large group through ten of his own scores, with generally very good solos contributed by, among others, Clark Terry, Jimmy Cleveland, Bill Evans, Johnny Griffin, Philly Joe Jones, and singer Barbara Winfield. The performances are poorly served by bad balance and a muffled sound (suggesting a band of midgets playing in a cotton-lined packing case) and, at least on my copy, chafing record surfaces—one hesitates to judge. Some of them obviously offer a kind of dance band prettiness, and Dameron's three-part "Fontainebleau," although it is still one of the most promising extended works in recent jazz composing, here remains unrealized, in scoring or performance. Some masterfully written variational effects on "Swift as the Wind" and "Just Plain Talkin'" show again that a talent like Dameron's deserves great care in rehearsal and engineering.

Clayton—"even goes beyond the master."

Dameron's talent has been only intermittently heard from until recently because of personal problems, but arranger Gerald Wilson has been the victim of a kind of modishness. Only semiactive while LPs of "cool jazz" rolled out of the West Coast pressing plants, Wilson was known to Los Angeles musicians as a dedicated jazz arranger. Like Dameron, he began his apprenticeship in the Thirties, and he has never stopped learning. His LP "You Better Believe It" (Pacific Jazz 34/S) got an excellent reception a few months ago. Wilson's "Brass Bag" (Pacific Jazz 49/S) features a trombone choir and soloists Carmell Jones on trumpet and Tricky Lofton on trombone, and the real interest is in the writing. In spare scores which surround the improvisers, Wilson gets a variety of effects out of the brass. He even makes them substitute for a reed section, without for a moment sounding as if he were pulling a stunt. Particularly effective is Wilson's respectful reassessment of the durable "Moten Swing" and his rehabilitation of the trifle, "Celery Stalks at Midnight."

Alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley's "Greatest Hits" (Riverside 416/9416) holds a disappointing success story. From "This Here," "Sack o' Woe," and "Work Song" through a twittering, shakily intoned big band playing "African Waltz," we hear the posturing, ersatz earthiness of the professional rustic. "Things Are Getting Better" is the final frustration. It was one of the first and best recordings that Adderley did for the label, and it featured compelling work by vibist Milt Jackson. But in this version, a tape splice (which also causes an abrupt change of tempo) shortens the piece and leaves Jackson with one dangling chorus of theme-statement.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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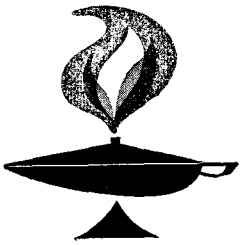

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The Persisting Problems

SOME educational problems eventually are solved, but others seem to go on endlessly because of stalemates between the opposing forces. As we enter a new school year these are some of the unresolved issues with our predictions.

FEDERAL AID TO EDUCATION: The Democratic party is pledged by its platform to provide a program of general federal support for the public schools. The administration bill which is now before Congress has the support of teachers' organizations and of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. It is opposed by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers.

The Republican party opposes general support for the schools, although it has at times supported aid to vocational education and special projects. Many Democratic congressmen speak favorably of general aid programs when they are running for office, but, once elected, the majority seems only too happy to have the bills die in committee.

Forecast: The prospects for general federal support for the public schools are very poor, partly because congressmen are reluctant to get involved in the controversy over whether such aid should be extended to parochial schools. There will be continued federal support for vocational programs, for education related to the national defense, and for some aspects of higher education.

RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS: The recent Supreme Court decision on school prayers highlights a controversy that has been smouldering for many years. In a nation such as ours, with constitutional safeguards against the establishment of an official church, the public schools obviously are, and must be, secular—which means merely that they are not under church control.

By long tradition, however, the public schools in many states have observed religious holidays with school programs, and some have made a practice of Bible reading and daily prayers. The Bible read and the prayers recited are always Christian and usually Protestant (although the New York prayer on which the Supreme Court ruled was intended to be nondenominational), and this fact has made the custom objectionable to some Catholics and Jews as well as to the many Americans who prefer not to associate themselves with any organized religion. As the minority religious groups have grown politically more powerful, they have increasingly protested against all religious activities in the public schools.

Forecast: It seems probable that these complex issues will be further clarified by court decisions, many of which will be carried to the U.S. Supreme Court. It is not likely that the proposed Constitutional amendment to permit prayers in the public schools will be approved by the Congress and the state legislatures—too many people will see it as an

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effort to break down the barriers between church and state, and as a violation of minority rights.

TEACHERS' ORGANIZATIONS: The battle between the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers has come into the open, and teachers soon will be under enormous pressure to join one or the other.

In the past many have refused to join either, but an estimated 80,000 now belong to the AFT while ten times that number are enrolled in the NEA. The AFT, a union affiliated with the AFL-CIO, does not admit school administrators to membership because it looks upon them as employers. The NEA enrolls both teachers and administrators and considers them members of the same profession.

Forecast: The conflict between NEA and AFT will grow in intensity and bitterness. The NEA will hold its own in most of the smaller cities throughout the nation and in some larger cities, but is not likely to reach its announced membership goal of "A million or more by sixty-four." The AFT will continue to make gains in the large industrial cities and in other school systems where there is substantial teacher discontent.

MERIT PAY: No one doubts that some teachers are much more effective than others, but teachers' organizations have consistently and bitterly opposed all proposals to base salary differentials on teaching competence—this is one of the few things on which the NEA and the AFT agree.

The AFT sees merit pay as a scheme to give administrators more control over teachers. The NEA says that all "subjective" ratings are unreliable and that salary should be based upon such "objective" criteria as years of experience and years of college work. This effectively excludes any possibility of a true merit pay plan because the most important differences among teachers cannot be measured objectively—evaluation must rest upon human judgment.

Today merit pay plans are found in only a few school systems where teachers and administrators see themselves as members of the same professional team. The amount of extra pay provided is usually small, and some of the systems called "merit pay plans" seem to provide extra pay for extra work rather than for better teaching.

Forecast: In large cities the chances of establishing a workable merit pay plan are nil. This is most obviously true in New York City where there is much hostility between teachers and administrators and a teachers' union has won bargaining rights.

But merit pay is always taken into consideration when teachers are recruited from another system, and the more able teachers will continue to seek their proper rewards by moving to systems where salaries are higher and working conditions better.

WHO SHALL BE ADMITTED TO COLLEGE? The pressures on adolescents to continue their education beyond high school are growing, but, as a nation, we have not yet decided whether college education should be available to all or only to those of superior academic ability.

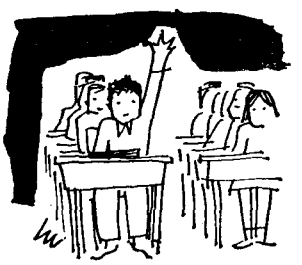
The more distinguished private colleges usually take the position that college students should be rigorously selected and that they have a right to reject anyone they wish. Less prestigious ones have kept admission standards low, either through conviction or because of difficulty in attracting enough bright students.

In some states the publicly supported colleges and universities are required by law to accept all high school graduates, but in other states some of them are highly selective. Public junior colleges usually are open to all local high school graduates.

Forecast: A few of the more prestigious private colleges will become increasingly selective and will be criticized for not accepting responsibility for their share of the growing number of students. The less distinguished private institutions will find it increasingly difficult to compete with the lower tuition rates and growing prestige of state institutions and will continue to accept the less able candidates.

Under the growing pressure of numbers, many state institutions will soon set higher standards for admission and will discard their "bonehead" courses designed for students not prepared for college. But junior colleges and four-year community colleges will continue to provide for students of lower academic ability, and it seems probable that some kind of higher education will be available for nearly all high school graduates who want it and can pay for it.

ATHLETICS: School and college administrators find organized athletics a major headache, but those who oppose the stress on winning teams find themselves in trouble with alumni, governing boards, and the sports writers, who are men of considerable influence in many towns.



Many educators have pointed out that the energetic activities of twenty-two men on a football field contribute nothing to the health or physical development of the thousands who sit in the stands, and that school sports have become a form of public entertainment unrelated to the proper goals of an educational institution.

But the American people love athletics, athletes, and winning teams. They think it appropriate for schools and colleges to provide public entertainment and seem not to be greatly disturbed even by such revelations of corruption as the basketball scandals.

Forecast: More athletics and a continued emphasis on winning teams in colleges, high schools, and even junior high schools. No reversal of the trend is yet in sight.

DESEGREGATION: The basic decision has been made. The American people, through their law-making bodies and their courts, have decided that racial segregation in the public schools must be brought to an end. The question facing us is not whether this goal will be achieved, but how soon.

After the Supreme Court decision of 1954, rapid progress toward desegregation was made in the border states and particularly in such cities as Washington, Louisville, and Baltimore. In the Deep South progress has been discouragingly slow.

Most smaller Northern school districts are not segregated, but in the large Northern cities *de facto* segregation results from the fact that housing is segregated by custom and by economic levels, and the result is some degree of segregation in the school if each child goes to the school nearest his home.

Forecast: In a few Southern states there will be only token desegregation for many years unless the federal government takes more vigorous action. In Northern cities progress will be more rapid as people of all races are brought into full participation in all aspects of American life. In the North the barriers to desegregation are found in industry, organized labor, and community leadership more often than in the public schools, and although the schools can and should take the lead, they cannot do it all.

Many of these problems will be discussed in greater detail in future issues of *Saturday Review*'s Education Supplement. —P.W.

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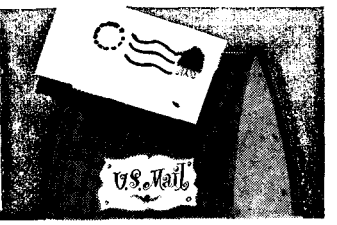
Letters to the Editor



SPELLING REFORM

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR'S open letter to the President regarding the reform of our spelling [*SR*, Aug. 18] makes me wonder if he remembers the prodigious attempts in this country to effect such reform during the first quarter of the century.

Some years ago, in the course of writing a thesis reviewing the history of the simplified spelling movements, I discovered that all of Mr. Sinclair's suggestions had already been tried. The forces of the most esteemed philological scholarship, $250,000 of Andrew Carnegie's money, and high political authority in the person of President Theodore Roosevelt were regimented in vain battle against our unphonetic spelling system.

The Simplified Spelling Board, organized in 1906 and operative until 1931, included among its members Professors William James of Harvard, Thomas R. Lounsbury of Yale, Brander Matthews of Columbia, and Walter R. Skeat of Cambridge, Mr. Isaac Funk, editor and publisher of the Standard Dictionary, and many other equally illustrious scholars. Richly subsidized by Andrew Carnegie until his death in 1919, and not so richly by other friends of the campaign until 1931, the Board published and distributed many pamphlets, bulletins, circulars, and word lists advocating the adoption of a more phonetic orthography.

The Modern Language Association joined the cause and, from 1907 to 1919, published its parliamentary proceedings in the simplified spelling recommended by the Board. The Association invited contributors to its erudite journal to have their monographs published in the new spelling, but only two articles were thus published in the thirteen years that the invitation was open.

Mr. Sinclair proposes that President Kennedy have public documents printed in a form of simplified spelling. President Theodore Roosevelt, on August 27, 1906, did actually order the Government Printing Office to use the Spelling Board's recommendations in the printing of all government publications of the Executive Departments. The uproar in the press ranged from furious denunciation to not-so-subtle satire. The *New York Times* called the order an "arrogant and outrageous attempt to disturb the natural evolution of the English language," and newspaper wits had a field day in the ne-honored manner of Artemus Ward and Josh Billings. One article began, "Nothing escapes Mr. Rucevelt. No subjekt is tu hi fr him to takl, nor tu lo fr him to notis." The President withdrew his order after being rebuked by a House of Representatives vote of 142 to 24.

There is no reason to believe that Mr. Sinclair's proposals would have any greater success now than did similar ones in the past. The acceptance or rejection of new spelling forms by the general public in a democratic society is a subtle and complex phenomenon and cannot be dictated *ex cathedra*.

LEON HOFFMAN.
Nutley, N.J.

UPTON SINCLAIR'S letter to the President was interesting. His little play on "ough" is good, but he missed one more pronunciation of those letters.

Somebody once made up this little couplet which gives *six* sounds:

"Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my way I'll pursue."

FRANK J. TONIS.
Rye Beach, N.H.

BEING BILINGUAL (English and Spanish) it is easy for me to notice the great spelling breach in English. For unlike truly phonetic languages, English is full of irregular spelling. It is encouraging to see the White House giving attention to Mr. Sinclair's plea. I only hope that conscientious Americans will also rise in support of Mr. Sinclair. It is certainly time that the labyrinth of spelling absurdities existing in our great language be erased.

MILTON M. OSSORIO, JR.,
Student, Grade Twelve.
San Juan, P.R.

WHILE FAVORING an official commission to reduce the chaos of English spelling, I do not think that such technical changes would "make it into a world language."

Indeed such suggestions would come better from Peking, Moscow, or from the great majority of non-English speaking nations. Our unconscious cultural imperialism is rejected by the new nations who are rapidly making their own languages, e.g., Israel, Malaya, East Africa.

The past associations of English are not confined to Shakespeare. And the success of the Peace Corps (at least as seen by me in East Africa) is partly due to the use of the native language.

If such a group of scholars is assembled, let us hope they will recognize as Mario Pei has done (and as many of us have proved by actual experience) that the international auxiliary language Esperanto functions adequately, without the technical and ideological handicaps to overcome increasing lingual diversity.

MARK STARR.
Long Island City, N.Y.

I WAS AMAZED AND DELIGHTED to see *SR* publish the supremely logical appeal of Upton Sinclair for some kind of orderly reform of English spelling.

The best solution, I would say, would be for the nation's publishers to take the lead. They have much to gain from sensibly simplified spelling—in space, in economy, in consistency, in the avoidance of errors.

FREMONT KUTNEWSKY.
Albuquerque, N.M.

MARIO PEI'S solution to the problem seems to me to be the only practical one. Set up an international committee to decide which are the languages most widely used in world diplomacy and commerce, then choose one of these by lot. Which is chosen is less important than that one be chosen. Then institute this as the second language at all levels and in all educational institutions. Governments would soon find it expedient to publish in this second language and to distribute their publications widely. It would become the lingua franca for diplomacy, tourism, literature, ham radio operation, Telstar TV, and all nation-to-nation or person-to-person contacts; the complaint of the uselessness of learning a second language would be satisfactorily answered.

We have for too long been proclaiming what we are *against*. Here is something we can be *for* that has no connotations of imperialism, jingoism, or subversions of others' sovereignty. All we need to put into it are a little effort and a little humility.

DONALD J. PEARCE.
Grand Forks, N.D.

FUESS ON PRIVATE SCHOOLS

DR. FUESS'S ARTICLE [*SR*, Aug. 18] disappointed me. I am accustomed to reading his work with much profit, for he is a man of considerable wisdom and experience. But his article fell short of his usually high standard.

Dr. Fuess never mentioned coeducational or girls' independent schools. All the references were to headmasters, none to headmistresses; all three pictures were of boys only; all his examples were from boys' schools.

This omission is serious for two reasons. First, it implies that boys' independent schools are the only ones with the well-deserved prestige he described. That is

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SEPTEMBER UNDER-GRADUATE

Hope vs. Exasperation

By SAMUEL B. GOULD, *President of the Educational Broadcasting Corporation and former Chancellor of the University of California at Santa Barbara.*

—*Carnegie Inst. of Technology.*

"The clouds have covered the promise and the ideal . . ."

THE UNDERGRADUATE in the American college or university is simultaneously the center of our hopes and our exasperations. Some people look upon his attitudes, his antics, and his activities with amusement; others almost with horror. To some he is the essence of frivolity, the acme of irresponsibility, the representation of flouted traditions and crumbling standards; to others he is one of a generation of youth like all previous generations, with all their characteristics merely repeated. To some the student is the source of statistics on juvenile delinquency; to others he is the single great statistic by which human hope can be measured. To some he is the advocate of the troublesome and often cynical sport of making a mockery of all they have accepted as desirable and proper; to others he is the eternal and essential champion of challenge. To some his blunders are inexcusable; to others they are inevitable. The only thing certain is that nothing he does goes unnoticed or uncommented upon.

The interest being shown on every side is commendable; the judgments being made, however, sometimes show a singular lack of memory or an eagerness to shift blame. The generalizations being made that reflect negatively upon the undergraduate are rooted in specific instances, to be sure. But specific instances that show the other, more positive side of the coin are far less dramatic and therefore draw far less attention. When students set new records for such erudite occupations as packing telephone booths and rolling beds or balls along highways, it is understandable that an eyebrow should occasionally be lifted in quizzical wonder; when others join to create a summer camp experience for underprivileged children, or when more than half of them earn the wherewithal for their education, not too many people seem to notice or care.

In many ways youth's problems today are the same as those of the previous generation, but in many ways they differ. The greatest similarity, however, is not so much in the nature of the problems as in the effects they have on young people. My college career, for example, was punctuated by the cataclysmic stock market crash of 1929 and was followed by the greatest economic depression of modern times. Suddenly and without warning our faith was shaken in all the areas we had hitherto looked upon as having unbounded strength and predictability. Life began to revolve about the slender possibilities and the intellectually corroding circumstances of finding enough food and shelter to keep body and soul together. Every economic, social, and spiritual belief we had carried about with us so comfortably was being tested and debated and challenged.

The country recovered, and so did we. But the experience left an indelible mark upon us. The remembrance of hunger and frustration not only ma*us* incurably security-conscious; th. same remembrance caused us to transmit to our children our caution, our conservatism, and, above all, our preoccupation with material salvation.

The generation of youth following

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that of the 1930s absorbed another crushing blow, different in type but similar in effect. This was the impact of World War II with the almost unbelievable collision course that preceded it, the excitement and exhilaration and emotional hysteria that accompanied it, and the disillusionment of its aftermath. There were moments of high heroism; there were moments of utter moral debasement. In short, it was a war like all wars, ending with the basic question unanswered, namely how man is to live peacefully with man. If it had a difference, this was only in the new vistas of potential horror it opened for us.

What I have been trying to say is that each of the previous generations of youth in my lifetime has had its natural progress interrupted. We have had glimpses of the promise and the ideal; the clouds have covered these quickly, however, and have left us under the shadow of self-seeking. Yet each succeeding generation comes to its task with renewed hope and zeal.

Today we are in the midst of the familiar pattern once more, familiar but with three very marked differences. Today's college student has been born into a generation that has come to take world turmoil for granted; first, World War II, then Korea, then one so-called "incident" after another—all tied together by steadily mounting international tensions and growing national rivalries. The emergence of underdeveloped countries in more recent years and the swiftly changing patterns in Africa, Asia, and Latin America have placed added emphasis upon such tensions and rivalries. The East and the West are more and more clearly and irrevocably set against each other by differences in ideology and purpose. Even within our own country we are witnessing a new level of sensitivity on racial problems and a realignment of conservatives and liberals with discernible tendencies toward extremism on both sides.

The first important difference between all these circumstances and those of other decades is in the very direct influence upon a student in terms of how he plans his life. Since World War II every able-bodied young man has grown up with a realization that he is subject to the military selective service system. The system has been so devised that the student seriously interested in pursuing his education to graduate goals lives in a perpetual state of uncertainty. Fluctuations in the degree of international ill will cause corresponding fluctuations in his personal plans. Normally he can expect to finish his undergraduate work before being called; he may even finish his graduate studies. But there is no certainty of this. Even his major field of study depends upon whether or not he will be allowed to continue. The youths of the past two decades are the first to have such an experience in America. And even though every eligible student is not called, the exigencies of the present day and those for a number of years to follow make it reasonably evident that we can expect more and more students to be called and more and more educational careers to be interrupted.

The second significant difference so characteristic of this generation is one which those of us who have served in a war see more clearly than do the young people themselves. We lived our youth in a time when there were distinct or at least discernible beginnings and conclusions to the world's upheavals. We entered wars that were openly declared and in which active hostilities finally ceased. Although we did not know how long a war would last, we did know that it had measurable limits. Now clashes between armed forces of opposing nations, even prolonged clashes, are categorized as "incidents." Nations are forced into a continuing state of military readiness; great nations spend the major part of their resources in an armaments race even though we are technically not at war at all. This leads, of course, to an equally continuing readiness of manpower.

The effects of this difference are considerable and serious. For one thing, the reactions they stimulate intensify the desire for security; for another, they add a sense of urgency to life that causes young people to marry early and to live increasingly for the moment. They create cynicism to a far larger degree than heretofore; in some cases, they engender a deepening sense of futility. Most of all, they challenge traditional moral values, traditional acceptance of religion and matters of the spirit generally. The present cult of existentialism, with its increasing numbers of followers and the various manifestations of this philosophy, is a natural outgrowth of the time. It is no accident that many of our young people are attracted to and even fascinated by existential poets, playwrights, and artists.

A third major difference of modern life is the dominance of scientism. This is the age when scientific discovery has been so much linked with survival that more and more of our youth find their

—*Max Tharpe (Monkmeyer).*

". . . but each generation comes to its task with renewed hope and zeal."

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education almost synonymous with *scientific progress*. It is the age of the physicist, the chemist, the mathematician, the electronics expert, the scientific researcher of all types—all motivated by the competitive spur of defense or survival. It is significant that today's major governmental action in the encouragement of education is titled "The National Defense Education Act," and that every aspect of assistance under this act is somehow related to military necessity. Even the study of foreign languages stands under this umbrella, with corresponding impacts upon the purposes for which languages are taught and upon the methods employed to teach them. Liberal fellowships and large research grants await the student or the institution willing to devote major attention to the sciences. Deferments from military service are customary for the student of ability who majors in an area of science considered crucial to our present need. In contrast, the humanities and the liberal arts, although not lacking in lip service paid to them are increasingly unsynchronized with the times, and the student who still feels the strength and cogency of their attraction finds himself somewhat anachronistic. In a world where material rewards abound for scientific achievement, he sees that he is a second-class scholar. In spite of the attention being called repeatedly to the ultimate dangers to which this can lead us, the gap widens with each passing month and no turning point is yet in sight.

This, then, is the world in which students are living. I have described it to make it clearer to those of my generation and the one before mine who are inclined to measure all thoughts and actions in terms of the world they themselves knew, a world in so many ways dissimilar from that today. I have not described it to sadden or discourage or to give any sense of futility of purpose. College freshmen are mature men and women even as they stand on the threshold of a university education, and we must not lie to them. We cannot talk about sweetness and light when there are, in fact, no such phenomena prevalent. We cannot talk about brotherhood and the goodness of man when our own generation has placidly pursued the line of least sacrifice and placed personal comfort so high on its scale of values. We can talk only of realistic circumstances under which we all live now, under which we are likely to live for a long time to come, and from which we must ultimately extricate ourselves. So long as we bend our efforts to the search for ways by which individually we can help, no matter how long or arduous the struggle or the effort, then the future holds promise rather than fear.

But what of the student himself? How is he to live in such a world and adjust to its aberrations or its paranoiac tendencies, as well as to its stirrings of conscience in the midst of callousness or its eagerness to do right in the midst of its errors? Still further, how is he to live in such a world so as to leave his mark upon it, to bring about, even in some slight fashion, by his individual character some change in its pattern that will improve its possibilities for reformation? No person is unimportant or unnecessary to this task, and no service is so small that it can be neglected.

His first task should be to cultivate actively *a sense of respect*, respect for himself and a corresponding respect for others. He must not underestimate his role in the world or his ability to play it. He should begin to identify and evaluate the resources he has with himself. When he has done this, he will find they are considerable both in number and power. The respect he has for his body and mind will cause him to use both with a realization of what priceless assets they are. He cannot have a sense of the gifts bestowed upon him as a person and at the same time demean himself by abusing his body and frittering away his mental energies on inconsequential matters. To respect himself is not to be arrogant or egoistic or vain or overbearing; it is rather to be fully aware of the latent strength within and to concentrate all effort upon the development of the physical, mental, and moral fiber that will be so essential to survival. The tensile strength of this fiber will influence the nature and extent of the contribution each will make to the total welfare.

A respect for self will cause the student to give adequate time and opportunity for reflection. It is in our meditative moments that we increase our powers of vision, encourage our creative impulses, and reach out toward the truly impelling purposes of life. We cannot guarantee vision or creativity or nobility through meditation, but we can at least encourage the possibility. Our lives can easily become a hectic round of activities, and if we never pause to assess their value, they can turn us into

(*Continued on page 70*)

"I'm asking for a $100,000 starting salary—if I graduate."

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The Magnitude of the American Educational Establishment

For nearly 30 per cent of all Americans, education is a full time occupation or a time-consuming avocation. More than 51 million are students, another 2 million are teachers or administrators, and nearly 200,000 are trustees of local school systems, state boards, or institutions of higher learning. A similar chart was published in these pages two years ago. Since that time the number of Americans directly involved in education has increased by 5.6 per cent—while the population as a whole was growing by only 2.8 per cent.

THE INSTITUTIONS

Elementary Schools	105,430
Secondary Schools	29,840
Universities, Colleges and Junior Colleges	2,040
Total Institutions	137,310

THE LEARNERS

Pupils in Elementary Schools (through grade 8)

Public Schools	29,400,000
Non-Public (Private and Parochial)	5,400,000
Other	200,000
Total Elementary	35,000,000

Secondary School Students

Public High Schools	10,300,000
Non-Public	1,300,000
Other	100,000
Total Secondary	11,700,000

College and University Full and Part time students enrolled for credit toward degrees

Public Institutions	2,760,000
Private	1,840,000
Total	4,600,000
Grand Total Students Enrolled	51,300,000

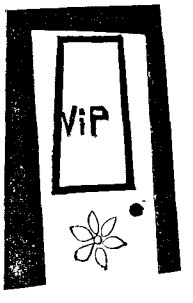
THE TEACHERS

Public School Teachers

Elementary	870,630
High School	592,230
Non-Public School Teachers	176,000

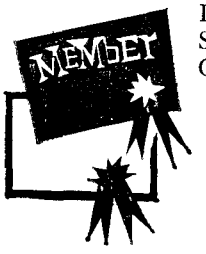
College and University Teachers

For resident degree-credit students	283,080
Other teaching faculty (extension courses, non-credit courses, etc.)	50,000
Total Teachers	1,971,940



ADMINISTRATORS AND SUPERVISORS

Superintendents of Schools	12,920
Principals and Supervisors	85,700
College and University Presidents	2,040
Other College Administrative and library staff	55,000
Total	155,660



BOARD MEMBERS

Local School Board Members	159,050
State Board Members	840
College and University Board Members	35,000
Total	194,890

Figures are based on latest available estimates from the U.S. Office of Education and the National Education Association.

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PORTRAIT OF PS 2

By FRANCES VON MALTITZ

THE MEYER London School, on the corner of Henry and Pike Streets on the lower East Side of New York, presents a three-year-old and still relatively bright and shining beige-brick and blue-tile face to the shabby store fronts and tenement windows opposite it. Appearing on the roster of the New York City school system as PS 2, it is one of 589 elementary schools in the city. Between eight-thirty and nine each weekday morning, about 1,200 children converge on its doors, bringing with them, or as the principal, Mr. Arthur Gregor, hopes leaving behind them for the hours they are in school, the problems of growing up in homes and neighborhoods now commonly referred to as "deprived." Of the 1,200 prospective little scholars presenting themselves to Gregor and his staff to be "educated," 60 per cent are Spanish-speaking Puerto Rican, 20 per cent are Chinese-speaking Chinese, and only the remaining 20 per cent (15 per cent Negro and 5 per cent white) can optimistically be said to have command of the English language.

It is this high proportion of children who know little English which accounts for the peculiarly difficult problems facing the administration and also for some of the fascinating aspects of this particular school. The gaiety of the high-spirited Puerto Rican children (and the gentleness of the sad-eyed ones), the intelligence and humor to be sensed behind the sparkling eyes of the Chinese, and the amiability with which most of them get along with each other and with their teachers are reassuring and hopeful aspects of the grim picture which is so often painted of the big-city slum school.

I first became acquainted with the school in February, 1961, when I started working there as a "School Volunteer" one day a week, going into the classroom and assisting teachers in anything they asked me to do. This was chiefly tutoring individual children who needed help. Since I usually worked in the back of the classroom, I had an opportunity to observe and to become familiar with the workings of an elementary school in a slum area. The following year I continued to work in the same school, this time with a group of volunteers who had started an experimental project to help pupils who knew almost no English to learn the language. We worked with small groups, one to four pupils at a time, and therefore had intimate contact with some of the school population.

PS 2 cannot perhaps be called typical of big-city elementary schools, or even of those in New York. No school is exactly like any other. Neither, however, is it unusual in having serious difficulties achieving desired academic standards, and it shares with all big-city schools a wide-ranging assortment of problems of economic, cultural, and national origin. PS 2 is representative, too, in the type and complexity of the disciplinary problems it must solve if its 1,200 children are to be given a basic foundation for further education. Though its excellent physical plant and high-caliber staff are not typical, it is an example, and in many ways a hopeful one, of the American public school system at work amid the challenging conditions of metropolitan slum areas.

The area from which the school draws its pupils, formerly populated largely by Jewish immigrants from Central Europe, with an admixture of Italians and Irish, has now become a favored locality for Puerto Ricans, a few Negroes, and an increasingly large percentage of Chinese who overflow from Chinatown, which has reached its saturation point.

A WALK through the adjacent streets reveals something of the past and the future of the neighborhood. On Henry Street an oculist's shop has supplemented its original Yiddish and English sign with advertisements in Chinese and Spanish. The Rabbi Jacob Joseph School is matched by a Bodega Hispanica la Economia, one of the many tiny Puerto Rican grocery stores now found on almost every corner. The Italian shoe-repair shop displays a sign in Chinese. The lunch counter across from the school which dispenses Pizza and Heroes has in its window the hand-lettered exhortation, "*Hombres, vengan a misa todos los domingos. La misa te hace un hombre mejor.*" One sees many Chinese women hurrying along the streets, Chinese restaurants are found far to the east of Chinatown, and a Chinese movie house nestles under the pillars of the Manhattan Bridge.

The physical contours of the area are changing, too. Many tenements have already been replaced by new buildings, and others have been torn down to make way for coming housing projects. Facing south on Henry Street toward the river and the slips, one sees block-wide open spaces waiting for new developments, with the Manhattan Bridge soaring even more majestically over the empty land. The public housing projects have attracted some of the more affluent or ambitious former residents of the tenements. Private co-operative apartments on the fringes of this section house tenants who can afford to live comfortably in comparatively luxurious new buildings.

WITH few exceptions, however, none of the children attending PS 2 come from these new buildings. Their homes are in the old-style tenements on East Broadway and Monroe, Madison, Henry, and Division Streets and th cross streets running from Catherine on the west to Montgomery on the east. It is a relatively small area and the fact that it produces some 1,200 children of elementary school age alone testifies to its high population density.

Having jotted down the addresses of "my children" to send them Christmas cards, I toured the neighborhood one day, looking into each doorway on my list. The only really cheerful entrance was at the house of one of the Chinese boys, a small house with a bright red door hung with bells. Most of the others were depressing sights, the doors often hanging open, the corridors dimly lit canyons, many mailboxes with several names, others with none. I had thought that I knew what the tenements were like, but I came away from this walk with a fresh sense of horror that people have to live in such surroundings, and also of amazement that so many children come out of these houses to school in the morning laughing.

The modification of the character of the neighborhood has brought about changes in the problems facing the schools here. The Jewish families wh formerly made up the bulk of th population were eager for their children to receive an education; they came to this country to better themselves not only economically, but socially and culturally, too. When they came from

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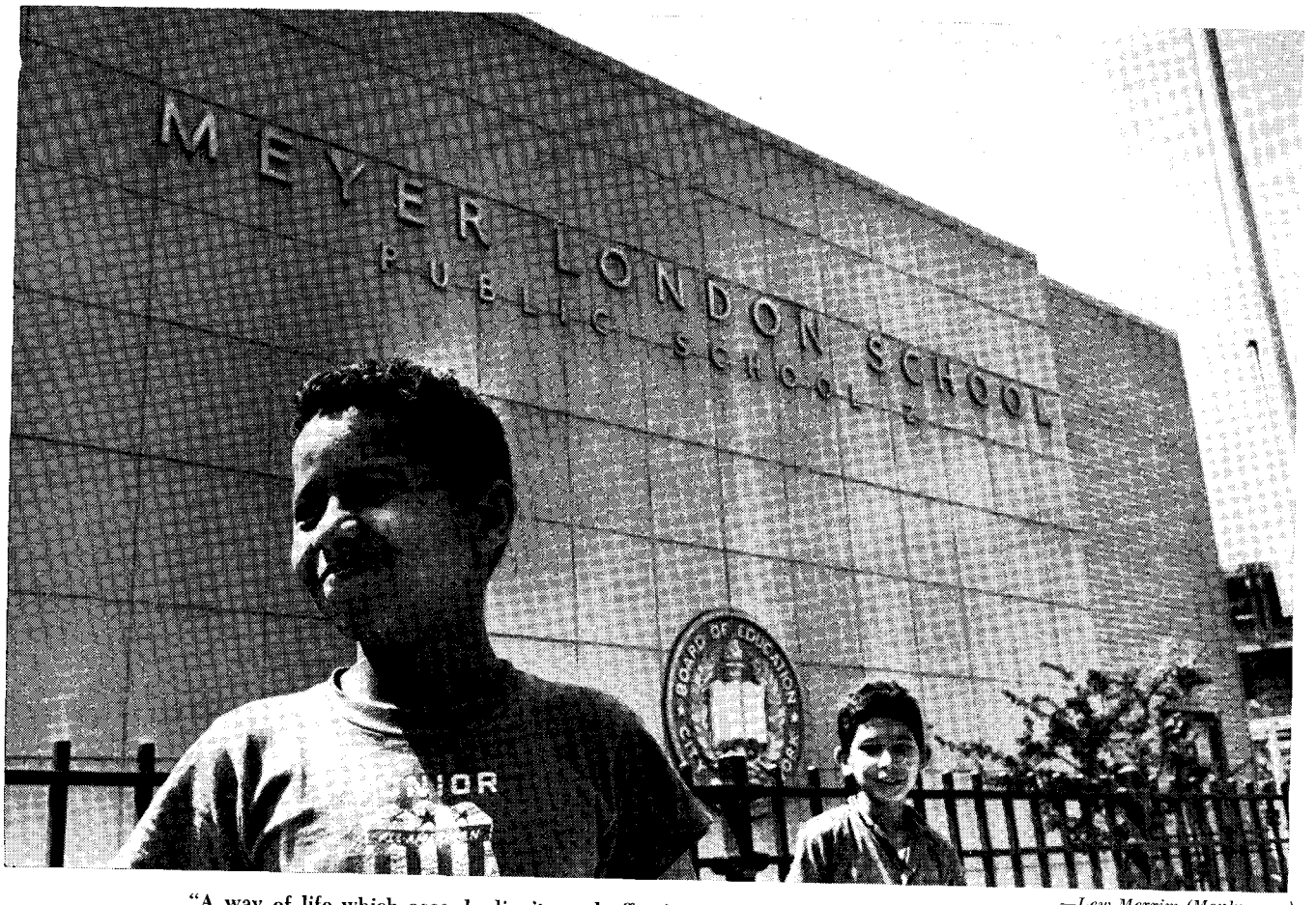

"A way of life which accords dignity and affection as well as an opportunity for education." —*Lew Merrim (Monkmeyer).*

Europe by boat, they came for good. Today many of the Puerto Rican families coming to the mainland quickly and cheaply by plane have no permanent plans. They come to find a well-paying job, but they have not cut the ties to their Spanish-speaking home island and they don't always intend to stay. Though there are some excellent schools in Puerto Rico, many of the children turning up at New York City schools have not had the advantage of attending them. Most of the parents are unable to help their children with school work in English; and some of the families lack the tradition of respect for learning which the Jewish families usually had.

This is not true of the Chinese pupils, who are here for good and who have behind them a civilization which has always paid great attention to learning. Many of the Chinese children after putting in a day at PS 2 go on to Chinese school from five to seven in the evening, learning to read and write the language and studying Chinese culture and history. For the Chinese children there is no lack of encouragement at home for learning, only the question of two cultures and two languages.

It can happen on occasion, as it did in my experience with Kai Keong, age ten, that a mother who doesn't know English becomes fearful when her son begins to speak the new language, and forbids him to learn it. I had thought at the beginning that Kai would learn quickly, especially as he had a good ear, and was attentive and well behaved. When he began to be arrogantly disobedient and seemed to be retrogressing in his English, I asked a Chinese-speaking volunteer to help me find the reason. It turned out to be very simple. His mother had informed him that he was not to become Americanized, not to speak English, that he was Chinese and was to remain so. In the end, of course, she will lose the battle. With some tactful handling and careful explanations, Kai will be brought to see that he can speak Chinese at home and English at school. And he will want to speak English. But such a parental attitude complicates Kai's life and his teacher's.

Whatever their family backgrounds or living conditions at home, the pupils are fortunate in their school building, which is modern and well equipped. The pupils are also fortunate in the philosophy of their principal, whose aim is to introduce the children under his supervision, no matter what kind of environment they come from in the morning or go home to at night, to a way of life which accords dignity to them as individuals and affection to them as children, as well as an opportunity for education.

Only someone who has worked with Chinese children unable to distinguish, for example, between "bread" and "bled," or with Puerto Ricans who don't pronounce final consonants, to whose ears "codfish" and "catfish" are identical, and who pronounce "spoon" as "poon," because their ear doesn't hear that kind of initial "s," can comprehend how the usual difficulties a child has in learning to read and write are compounded by these handicaps. Even children who speak fluent English can upset a phonics lesson by claiming, quite correctly, to hear the sound of "d" in "butter" as *they* pronounce it. But all these distortions have deeper significance when one is attempting to break the barrier between illiteracy and literacy for the first time, and in a language which is basically foreign.

To take care of its 1,200 pupils, the school has a principal, Mr. Gregor, two assistant principals, Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Zeichner, forty-four classroom teachers, a speech specialist, a reading-improvement teacher two days a week, a nurse three days a week, and a spe-

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AN ENGLISH TEACHER ANSWERS MARIO PEI

By MARGARET K. BONNEY, *an English teacher in the Lexington, Massachusetts, High School.*

MARIO PEI's article "The Dictionary as a Battlefront" (*SR*, July 21) reflects the concern of a great many responsible citizens who are genuinely worried that this thing labeled "linguistics" is not only presiding over but contributing directly to the demise of the English language by abandoning standards of right and wrong. Educated people who love the language most are afraid that linguistics is encouraging lawlessness; thoughtful parents who want their children educated well are afraid of the consequences of abandoning traditional grammar. Pei rightly says that the publication of the "Third New International Dictionary," based as it is on linguistic principles, has brought the subject of linguistics into even greater prominence. I believe his article also reflects certain mental confusion and some errors of fact which I should like to clarify. As an English teacher in a public school, I am committed to training young people in the knowledge and use of the language which I, too, love. Contrary to Pei's assumption, I believe this training can be best accomplished by basing my teaching on the findings of the linguistic and behavioral scientists.

Let us look first at just what Pei does say, and then try to isolate the areas of confusion and error.

First, he attributes the current lack of language ability in college graduates not to English teachers, or educationists who teach English teachers, but to the "philosophy and theories of a school of linguistics." Now precisely whom is he accusing? There have been isolated publications over a period of 200 years by linguists who took an objective view of the nature of English, but in America activity of the sort which we catalogue generally as the new science of linguistics is only about thirty years old. Leonard Bloomfield published his "Language" in 1933; Fries published a significant work in 1940, "The Structure of English." These constitute a scientific look at the structure of English and might qualify as theories, but hardly as philosophies. There have been many other books like these which present objective data from research, such as those by Chomsky and Raven McDavid, Nelson Francis, Trager and Smith, etc. These men are linguistic scientists and may be the "school of linguistics" Pei refers to, since he specifically eliminates professors and school teachers. Their work has all been published since 1930. Pei infers that their theorizing has influenced the schools of education, hence the teaching in colleges, high schools, and elementary schools; thus it is responsible for the present sorry state.

It is indeed true that linguistic facts and theories are being taught in graduate schools and in many summer institutes for teachers throughout the country; this new thinking is beginning to be reflected in the teaching of English in colleges and in lower schools, but that this thinking is *already* reflected in sufficient numbers of schools to have affected the skills of many graduates simply is not so. I know of one school system in the East with a linguistically oriented curriculum—Westport, Connecticut—in grades K-12, but this new curriculum was put into effect not more than three or four years ago. In the Boston area, the Newton and Concord school systems have made a start; Lexington expects to revise its English department along linguistic lines over the period of the next year and a half. Professor William G. Moulton of Princeton cites an article written in 1954 which states that at that time there were only 260 persons in this country who practiced structural linguistics. It would seem, therefore, that most of today's college graduates are the products of traditional and conservative methods and can't possibly be the products of language-centered curricula, simply because linguistics hasn't been practiced in the schools long enough. If our young people are poorly trained in English, it cannot yet be said that the fault lies with the linguistic scientists. Only time will tell if this will ever be so.

PEI also asserts that this school of linguistics has no standards of right and wrong in the use of English, that the new dictionary is the symbol of this lack of standards, and that the "followers of the school of linguistics" subscribe to a permissive doctrine based on the work of the linguists. We have assumed this school to mean linguistic scientists like Fries and Chomsky. Now what is the proper activity for a scientist in any field? His research involves observation of data, not judgment as to whether it is good or bad. When Raven McDavid reports that in Ohio people say "farhead" and in Massachusetts they say "forehead," he is reporting what he has found to be so. Standards of right and wrong do not apply. To say that speakers in Ohio are wrong, or that they speak bad English is as ridiculous as to say, "My eyes are blue; yours are brown. All eyes should be blue; therefore, you are wrong to have brown eyes." Pei says "Them dogs is us'ns," is not good English because it is not standard English; the linguistic scientist will be quick to agree it is not standard, but whether it is good or bad

dic·tio·nary \'dikshə,nerē, -ri\ *n* -ES *often attrib* [ML *dictionarium*, fr. LL *diction-*, *dictio* word + L *-arium* -ary] **1 :** a reference book containing words usu. alphabetically arranged along with information about their forms, pronunciations, functions, etymologies, meanings, and syntactical and idiomatic uses ⟨a general ~ of the English language⟩ ⟨a monolingual ~⟩ — compare VOCABULARY ENTRY **2 a :** a reference book listing terms or names important to a particular subject or activity along with discussion of their meanings and applications ⟨a law ~⟩ ⟨a ~ of sports⟩; *broadly* **:** an encyclopedic listing ⟨a ~ of dates⟩ **b :** a reference book giving for words of one language equivalents in another ⟨an English-French ~⟩ ⟨a bilingual ~⟩ **c :** a reference book listing terms as commonly spelled together with their equivalents in some specialized system (as of orthography or symbols) ⟨a ~ of shorthand⟩ ⟨a pronouncing ~⟩ **3 a :** a general comprehensive list, collection, or repository ⟨a ~ *of biography*⟩ ⟨*a usage* ~⟩ **b :** vocabulary in use (as in a special field) **:** TERMINOLOGY ⟨the ~ of literary criticism⟩ **c :** a vocabulary of accepted terms ⟨in the ~ of the French Academy⟩ **d :** a vocabulary *of the written words used by one author* ⟨*systematic dictionaries* of individual authors —Hillis Miller⟩ **e :** LEXICON 4

lin·guis·tics \liŋ'gwistiks, -tēks\ *n pl but usu sing in constr* **:** the study of human speech in its various aspects (as the units, nature, structure, and modification of language, languages, or a language including esp. such factors as phonetics, phonology, morphology, accent, syntax, semantics, general or philosophical grammar, and the relation between writing and speech) — called also *linguistic science*, *science of language*; compare PHILOLOGY

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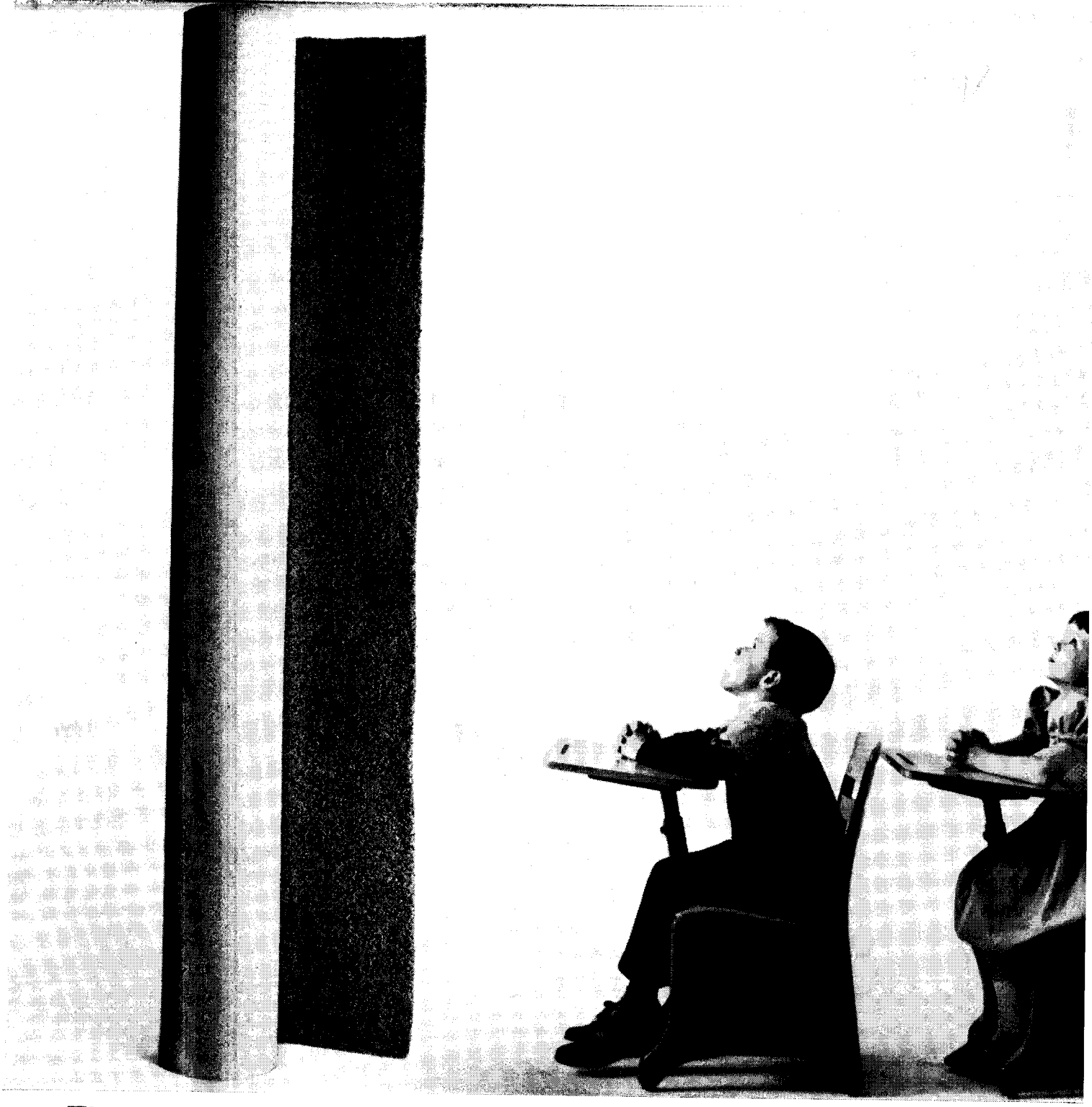

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is irrelevant. Standard here assumes a different meaning from "standards of right and wrong"; standard English is that used by most of middle-class America. We will have more to say later about what is good English when we discuss the nature of the language.

If the linguistic scientist's proper job is to theorize and make observations about the language, it might be profitable to look for a moment at some of the observations he has made. What are some of the facts of language he would like us to notice? The matter of different dialects in different geographical areas we have already mentioned. If we observe that people in Massachusetts pronounce "forehead" differently than do Ohioans, what inferences can we draw? If "farhead" is characteristic of one person and reflects his geographical environment, "us'ns" is characteristic of another. Each person of each environment has a characteristic dialect which belongs to his region. It does not follow that one is bad, much less wrong.

Another quickly made observation is that of social levels of usage. There is a level of usage suitable to each social situation, and it is fairly closely adhered to by speakers. The high school student who brings his teen-age dialect into the schoolroom will cause mirth. Not only does each individual command more than one level—Have you ever heard a ten-year-old answer the phone in his most adult manner?—but he may consciously change from one identified with a lower social status to one typical of a higher because he wishes to be associated with people who talk that way. It is not difficult to think of cases, for example, of people born in uneducated, lower-income environments who become educated leaders—and change their dialects radically to suit their new social status. One's dialect is learned from emulating the sounds in the environment, and not from precepts and rules. The child talks as his family talks; the adolescent talks like other adolescents; the coal miner talks like other coal miners. A person changes his dialect usually by willing himself to do so, generally because of a wish to change his environment or status. This has important implications for the English teacher.

These two observations of the linguistic scientists, that language has dialects and levels, lead us to their very basic theory that language is primarily speech and that the written word is a form of speech and therefore secondary. Now to say something is primary means that it has a quality of firstness in some sort of relative, numerical order, as primary, secondary, and tertiary—which we seldom use of course. Children go to primary school first, then to secondary school next. This does not mean that primary school is more important in any sense than secondary school, or that secondary school is unimportant. Analogously, when the linguistic scientists say "Language is primarily speech," it cannot follow that writing therefore is unimportant. To say that all linguistic scientists consider writing unimportant is wrong. Fries, the structural linguist, has written a major work based on writing, "American English Grammar."

PERHAPS the most controversial theories of the linguistic scientists pertain to grammar. The linguistic scientist uses the term "grammar" to label a theory or a systematic description of how a language operates. There are several kinds of theories of grammar at the moment, ranging from the traditional through the structural, the transformational, to the tagmemic. The linguists point out that no one grammar is a universal grammar, that each language has its own, and that in no case is a grammar prescriptive, or logical, or absolute. It is a description of the structure and operational procedures of a particular language. Here again the linguist remains in the scientist's domain of reporting what he finds to be so with no pretensions to value judgments. One's use of language is right or wrong only as it follows or violates the inherent rules of the language.

Perhaps "rule" is a misleading word to use here. A rule is a statement laid down in a prescriptive fashion by some authority, such as game rules in tennis: if the server's ball lands outside the stated area in the opposite court, the server does not gain a point. Another case would be in a school situation: when the bell rings, the teacher must stop talking and dismiss her class. However, if I wish to use my dishwasher, I must be sure the water is connected, but I would not say I was breaking the rules of dishwashers. Using language is like using dishwashers in this repect: the user is governed by the nature of the thing he is using. The use of the word "rules" in relation to grammar is a hangover from traditional grammar, in which an outside authority in the form of a school teacher or a textbook writer issued a collection of injunctions about how the language should be used, with the added inference that a person was wrong if he violated any one of the injunctions. If the teacher said, "All pronouns coming after the verb 'to be' must be in the nominative case," then a speaker was wrong if he said, "It is me." The linguistic scientist will observe reliably that a greater majority of Americans say "It is me" than say "It is I." He does not remark at all on which is "right."

However, in commenting on the innate structure of the language, th linguistic scientist will note, for example, that a certain subclass of verbs, say a transitive verb like "catch," is always and invariably followed by a noun phrase. One cannot say, "He caught several large foolish." This, the linguist would say, is wrong, a violation of the inherent nature of the language. Similarly, you have to have the water turned on to work the dishwasher. But this isn't really a "rule." In fact, let's not talk about "rules of grammar" any more because there aren't any, in the usual sense. Let's call them "operating principles."

Now someone will justifiably remark, "Why bother to say that 'He caught several large foolish' is wrong—nobody would make that kind of mistake anyway." And this is true; no native speaker would because, as the linguists say, a native speaker handles his language with marvelous ease by the time he is five years old. But is this saying that children never do anything with language that is incorrect? No it's not; they make such errors as: "The number of persons involved in those dreadful accidents over the holidays were greater than last year's."

It is seldom safe to play the prophe but whereas "I" and "me" are becon ing acceptable as interchangeable pronouns after the verb "to be," I doubt that verbs will ever cease to correspond in number with their subjects, because, if they did, ambiguity would set in at once. The dishwasher would not work very well.

Teaching English is only seldom the teaching of right and wrong; it is changing levels of usage where appropriate, leading from, but not condemning, the student's own level to a higher level; in writing, from an oral level to a more literary level. It is the teaching of discipline and control of the language structure, first to recognize it, then to be able to use and manipulate it; it is the teaching of taste in selection. It is not dogmatic and full of rules to be obeyed; it is a search, by trial and error, that leads to self-confidence and creativity and sweep. As there are operating principles to become familiar with, so there are levels of better or worse sentence structure, word choice, phraseology, and organization; but the possibilities of the choices available in the use of English are so vast that it is rarely a questic of right or wrong. Standards of wh is better or worse are the responsibility of the teacher and are a matter of taste. To label this "permissiveness" with the word's connotation of a re-

(*Continued on page 75*)

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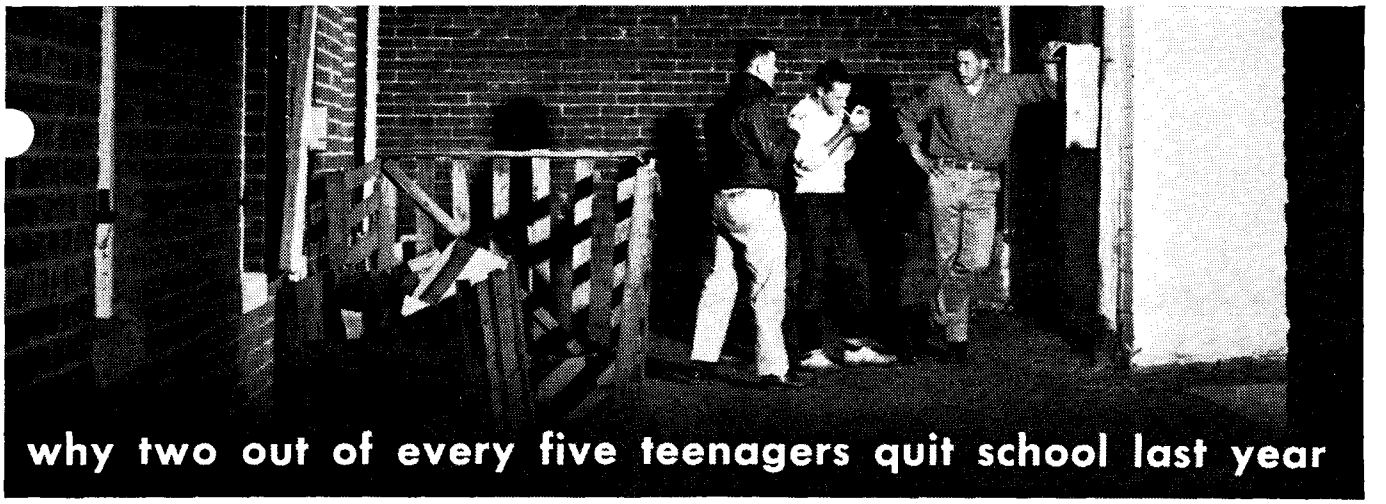

why two out of every five teenagers quit school last year

THE DROP-OUTS

By Solomon O. Lichter, Elsie B. Rapien, Frances M. Seibert, and Morris A. Sklansky, M.D.

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- how failure to adjust to the school atmosphere — rather than limited ability or economic difficulty — plays the crucial role in most decisions to leave school
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- how the earliest danger signals of emotional disturbance can be detected in the classroom
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education — a dollars-and-cents assessment

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THE LAST ENCYCLOPEDISTS

By JOHN S. DIEKHOFF, *Dean of Cleveland College, Western Reserve University.*

"Omniscience is part of the job description."

THE SCHOOL Board appoints elementary school teachers to teach everything. Children expect them to know everything. Parents expect them to know everything. They are our last encyclopedists. The only person who is expected to be equally omniscient is any child's father, but Pop can unload the burden by telling his child to "ask the teacher." For elementary school teachers there is no escape.

Their responsibility is enormous. Parents blame their unruly children on them. High school and college teachers blame their academic failures on them. Retired admirals blame the Russian satellite program on them.

Their task is impossible, partly because the colleges and universities do not educate for it, partly because it does require omniscience. That is part of the job description.

What, then, should be the education of elementary school teachers? Surely we may answer this question better if we look at the task we assign to them —at the raw material which we give them and at the product they are supposed to deliver, let us say to the junior high school six years later.

The raw material is a six-year-old. Wordsworth gives us one description of him: ". . . six years' darling of a pigmy size."

Gesell and Ilg, who have seen more children than Wordsworth, describe the child at the age of six a little differently. They find him an angel at times, to be sure, but they also find him a little devil. He demonstrates both extremes of behavior. The surest prediction we can make of him is that he will be changeable and unpredictable—charming or irritating, well behaved or naughty, loving or cruel. He loves his dog but tortures him, and he may treat his mother or his teacher like a dog. He boasts and brags. He is fond of showing off and is revoltingly silly when he does it, but he expects to be praised. He explodes into screaming, kicking tantrums and uses tears to get his way. He blames others but seeks excuses for himself. He has difficulty distinguishing between "mine" and "thine," but he errs oftenest in his own favor. He can be generous and friendly, but he envies other children their possessions and is often selfish with his own. He is a bully; he teases and torments his younger siblings as well as his dog and his mother. He threatens, domineers, calls names, and contradicts. Gesell and Ilg sum it up: he is "fresh, nasty, impudent, bratty, rude, and argumentative." To this list of characteristics we may add that he is also ignorant.

AT THE age of twelve, after six years of elementary schooling, this six years' darling of a pigmy size is supposed to be different, as well as bigger, at least in part as a result of what happens to him in school. In *Elementary School Objectives*, a "Mid-Century Report on Outcomes in Elementary Education," Nolan C. Kearney describes what the child should know at several stages in his elementary school education. The description fills a volume, and well it may, for under each category of goals Kearney specifies the knowledge, skills, and habits of mind that the school tries to develop in the child. What should he know, remember, understand? What should his attitudes and interests be? What should be his values? In what skills should he be so competent that he performs from habit, "with little pause for thought"?

Kearney describes nine different sets of elementary school goals. A few of those specified for the field of science will illustrate the scope of the elementary school curriculum if we remember that there are eight other comparable areas. According to Kearney, the child at the age of twelve is an accurate observer, can undertake investigations on his own, and can describe them. He knows that variables must be controlled in scientific experiments, and he can use simple scientific apparatus, measure and read accurately, and summarize data in quantitative terms. He can interpret maps, graphs, charts, tables, diagrams. He is curious about health, growth, reproduction, natural phenomena of various kinds, and about new developments in science. "He keeps an open mind, suspends judgment, and is willing to change opinions in the face of compelling evidence. . . . He looks for causes, employs experimental procedures, evaluates superstitions and unfounded beliefs. . . . He practices the rules of health, safety, and conservation." Well, if he doesn't he should.

Actually, Kearney's statement of goals is no exaggeration. It does not propose more than the school and its teachers try to do. The elementary school is concerned with the child's

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health, safety, and physical development. It must foster knowledge and habits relevant to them. The school fosters the child's social and emotional development, his ethical behavior and moral values, his capacity for leadership or to choose leaders, and his ability to work in groups, his citizenship. The school must teach the skills of communication: reading, writing, speaking, and listening. It teaches mathematical skills: counting, measuring, estimating, computing. It is expected to give the child knowledge of the physical world —of plants, animals, the earth and the sky, and machines and their underlying principles. It is responsible for his aesthetic development—his ability ("both as consumer and producer") in "art, music, literature, drama, radio, television, crafts, and home and community beautification." It tries to lead the child toward the fruitful use of leisure and toward a responsible attitude toward work. If anything, the statement of goals falls short of what the school tries to do and certainly short of what parents ask it to do. One parent of my acquaintance says of his six-year-old, "I taught him to read. Why can't the school teach him to tie his shoes?"

THE task of the school is of course the task of teachers. It is the elementary school teachers who guide, lead, drive, and cajole the child into learning all these things. And they must know a great deal to do it.

Leaving aside shoe-tying, divide the knowledge toward which the teacher leads the child into the compartments among which it is divided in the university and ask upon what conventional disciplines the elementary school teacher draws. When he teaches science? At least the following: mathematics; botany, zoology, physiology, hygiene; chemistry, physics; geology, geography, astronomy; meteorology, agronomy, forestry, engineering. To teach social sciences? Anthropology, history, sociology, economics, geography, philosophy, political science, law—and probably theology, if he doesn't get caught. The humanities? Art, music, literature, philosophy, rhetoric, linguistics, and more recently even foreign languages in some elementary classrooms.

Knowledge does not communicate itself, however. In addition to what he teaches, the teacher must know his raw material (the child) and how to shape it. Teaching has its rhetoric, and like any other rhetoric it requires knowledge of the audience—the psychology of learning, the physiology and psychology of growth, psychology generally. It also requires the more obvious skills of communication—the mother tongue and much else. It requires integrity and good will. It was Aristotle who made the classic statement of the fact that nothing is more persuasive than the character of the speaker and his good will toward his audience. He also insisted upon the speaker's knowledge and understanding of his audience. No teacher can succeed without all three in addition to knowledge of what he teaches: he must have integrity, understanding of children, and good will toward them.

WHAT, then, should be the education of a teacher? No one can know everything. No one can be expert in more than one or two things in the terms in which specialists use the word "expert". So the teacher, expert only in teaching, tries to be a generalist, to be generally educated, to know a good deal about a good deal, to be an alert and learning person, a curious, intelligent, and responsible human being alive in an exciting world. This the teacher must strive to be and must never cease striving. His education is uncircumscribed and endless. Of course it must be self-directed and self-motivated.

But the teacher needs a base on which to build his continuing self-education. The formal education of an elementary school teacher should therefore include two major components. One, of course should be professional education, so that he may be expert in the rhetoric of teaching, knowledgeable about children, informed about the psychology of learning, philosophical about education, thoughtful about the place of the school in our society, skilled in the techniques that lead children to learn. He must also know what he teaches. Since he teaches everything, even though he cannot know everything, he should have what is called "general education."

With their departmentalization and compartmentalization of knowledge, our colleges and universities make it difficult to get. Especially in the universities, faculty members with persuasive voices in institutional councils are learned gentlemen interested first in research, second in producing students who are replicas of themselves, and not at all in the education of potential elementary school teachers about whose limitations they plan to complain later. But the teacher can plan and conduct his own education after graduation. A stubborn person can do it in college if he understands better than most colleges what he is aiming at. Or he can do it if he is fortunate in his advisor and learns to define his goals not in terms of courses to be completed or credits to be amassed, but rather in terms of the qualities of mind that he should have and the furnishings of the mind.

General education is appropriate to the generality of mankind. It is unspecialized. First, it leads to generally applicable skills. Reading, writing, listening, speaking, and the mathematical skills of measurement and calculation are generally applicable. Enhanced mastery of such skills is an appropriate goal at any school level from kindergarten through the graduate school. More particular skills are also appropriate goals of higher education—the diagnosis of disease, the administration of a parish, the planning of a military campaign, the design of a building, the measurement of a child's learning; but these are skills that should result from specialized or professional education and experience. Underlying them all are the skills of communication and measurement. The physician cannot make a diagnosis, the soldier cannot plan a campaign, the teacher cannot devise a test unless he can read and calculate. It is because of their general application that competence in these skills is a goal of general education.

The education of the "common school," as it was once called, is the education which should be common to all. At the university level, general education is that which is appropriate to the generality of mankind within the limits of competence and opportunity. That is to say, in addition to generally applicable skills, it leads to knowledge which our tradition says is common to educated men and women. Prescription of "The Great Books of the Western World" is too simple a solution, but it represents the ideal. The great names of the past should not be mere names to the educated man. The major fields of human knowledge should not be complete mysteries to him. Nor should he be blind, deaf, and dumb to the great issues of the present.

Finally, education relevant to our common humanity is general, not specialized. It does not aim at encyclopedic knowledge nor at universal expertness, but neither does it aim at a specialist's skills. Amateur proficiency, not professional expertness, is the realistic aim.

The elementary school teacher, then, is an amateur scientist, an amateur social scientist, an amateur humanist. But he should be an amateur in the root sense of the word: he should pursue knowledge for the love of it. His devotion to education should not exclude devotion to his own continuing education. If he has some of the characteristics of a walking and talking encyclopedia, he must be a loose-leaf edition, in which current knowledge is inserted and from which outmoded pages are discarded.

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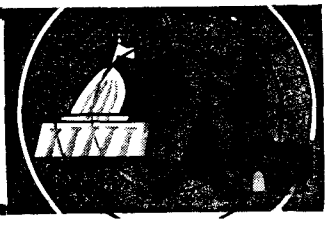
While School Keeps



SCHOOL DESEGREGATION, both North and South, continued its slow but inexorable progress as schools opened this month. Thirty-three more school districts announced plans for at least token desegregation for the first time this fall. A number of other districts, previously desegregated, assigned larger numbers of Negroes to schools with whites, according to *Southern School News,* official publication of the Southern Education Reporting Service.

There are 6,368 school districts in the seventeen Southern states and the District of Columbia, and 3,047 of them have both white and Negro children of school age. Of these biracial districts, fewer than one-third, 948, have desegregated since the Supreme Court's 1954 order to the South to move "with all deliberate speed" to eliminate segregation in the classroom. The number of Negro children actually sharing classrooms with whites represents a far smaller percentage. The pace of change has been unconscionably slow, even taking into account the profound modification it required in Southern attitudes. Yet the picture is not wholly dark:

► When school opened a year ago, just 826 school districts had broken the color line. In twelve months, 122 more have made the change.

► Of the thirty-three districts desegregating this fall, only four did so under court order; the other twenty-nine moved voluntarily.

► Prince Edward County, Virginia, which closed its schools in 1959 to avoid court-ordered desegregation, received a federal court order to reopen them this fall.

► Roman Catholic schools in New Orleans and Atlanta are desegregating this month.

► Segregated schools have finally been challenged in the deepest of deep-South cities with a suit filed in Jackson, Mississippi, citadel of the White Citizens Council Movement.

► Experience indicates that once the color line is broken, the number of Negroes assigned to classrooms with whites tends to increase.

Meanwhile, in the North, the attack on predominantly Negro schools picked up momentum. The New York State Department of Education took a first step toward eliminating de facto segregation in the state's classrooms by publishing a racial census of elementary schools. The census shows that of 2,611 schools in 837 districts, excluding New York City, there are 103 buildings (4 per cent of the total) in forty-one districts (5 per cent of the total) in which the ratio of Negroes exceeds 30 per cent and is considered "high." The 31 per cent cut-off point for determining a high ratio of Negroes is an arbitrary one, but the report says that "experience dictates that from t[h]is point and beyond school districts mu[st] give added concern to what is happening in their school district." The census report is designed to identify those districts in which "added concern" is needed and suggests that school authorities should ask such questions as:

"Are any of these 'forgotten schools'?"

"Is the racial imbalance affecting motivation and learning?"

"How best can the school and community work cooperatively to foster true integration for all children?"

Although State Education Commissioner James E. Allen, Jr., when releasing the report, emphasized that there was no evidence that any school districts were encouraging segregation, a number of Negro organizations are not so sure. Gerrymandering of attendance district lines and passive acceptance of the status quo by school boards are being attacked in a number of Northern communities. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has already won a number of bruising battles and has broadened its attack to include several dozen target cities across the country where it plans official complaints. Fourtee[n] suits have been filed in non-Southe[rn] cities and eleven more are pending in Federal courts. Meanwhile, the NAACP reports that nine communities in the North and West have moved to end school segregation resulting either from housing patterns or from deliberate planning. It appears that in the months ahead, desegregation news from the North will rival that from the South in volume and intensity.

THE SOUTH'S DESEGREGATED SCHOOL DISTRICTS

STATE	Total Districts	Number Biracial	Desegregating This Fall	Total Desegregated
Alabama	114	114	0	0
Arkansas	418	218	0	10
Delaware	92	92	0	92
District of Columbia	1	1	0	1
Florida	67	67	2	7
Georgia	198	196	0	1
Kentucky	209	169	5	148
Louisiana	67	67	0	1
Maryland	24	23	0	23
Mississippi	150	150	0	0
Missouri	1,692	214 (Est.)	0	203 (Est.)
North Carolina	173	173	4	15
Oklahoma	1,232	240	0	195
South Carolina	108	108	0	0
Tennessee	154	143	6	23
Texas	1,483	890	8	158
Virginia	131	129	8	28
West Virginia	55	43	0	43
TOTAL	6,368	3,047	33	948

Source: *Southern Education Reporting Service*

THE COUNCIL FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS (16 Arlington St., Boston 16, Massachusetts), newly formed national organization of laymen and scholars, proposes to give a new twist to the familiar story of citizens and their schools. Boldly defying the traditional dictum that laymen should concern themselves with general school policy and welfare, but leave the curriculum to professionals, the Council proposes "to promote, develop, and produce new courses for the public schools curriculum."

Growing out of the Massachusetts Council for Public Schools which had phenomenal success in developing the elementary school foreign language TV course, "Parlons Français," the new [or]ganization has some experience in its chosen field. Sparkplug and chairman of the new Council is Graham T. Winslow who has long been chairman of the Massachusetts Council.

Initial projects proposed are a Span-

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ish course for the elementary grades, a basic geography course for the first three grades, and a series of courses the elementary level for teaching English as a second language in foreign countries.

A National Advisory Committee of imposing stature lends weight to the announcement of the Council. Its members include James B. Conant; Francis Keppel, Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education; Roy E. Larsen, Chairman, Executive Committee, Time, Inc., and Chairman of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools throughout its lifetime; Ralph Lowell, Chairman of the Board, National Educational Television; Wilbur Schramm, Director of the Institute for Communication Research, Stanford University; and Paul Woodring.

Despite the array of advisors, and an almost equally prestigious Board of Directors, an observer inevitably must wonder how eagerly educators will receive curricula developed by an unofficial layman's organization. But the opportunities of such a group for free and creative experiment are far greater than any official body could hope to enjoy. One can only wish them success.

SMALL COLLEGES in the country got an eye-opening look at the problems and possibilities of campus planning at the summer workshop last month of The Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges. Forty architects, planners, designers, engineers, and technical experts combined information, advice, and exhortation in presenting the latest ideas on college construction to representatives of fifty-nine of the Council's sixty members and twenty guest colleges.

The crucial nature of the subject for small colleges was indicated by Alfred T. Hill, executive secretary of the Council, who reported that fifty-five member colleges have built or started construction on ninety-nine buildings since the spring of 1959, for a total expenditure of $23,802,358. In addition, fifty-nine of CASC's members expect to construct another 309 buildings in the decade ahead.

Millions of dollars will be spent in the next few years by the nation's colleges, both large and small, to expand and improve their facilities. Many will plan new buildings even before they learn to utilize existing facilities efficiently. Others will ignore the demands of new departures in educational method or be unaware of the new knowledge available about the influence of environment on learning—and how it can be controlled. The CASC workshop took a long step toward providing its member schools with the sophistication needed by all colleges to make their future expenditures for building and equipment a sound investment, both for the college and for the nation.

NETWORK TV, in the wake of Federal Communications Commission Chairman Newton D. Minow's "wastelands" charge of a few months ago, started hurried plans for a variety of children's educational and cultural programs. One such was announced last month by NBC, with initial airing scheduled for October 13. Called "Exploring," the series will be broadcast on Saturdays from 12:30 to 1:30 P.M., New York time. It is not designed to educate, but to stimulate the interest of five to eleven year olds in five major fields—language, music, mathematics, social studies, and science. Host for the new series will be Dr. Albert R. Hibbs, versatile senior staff scientist at the California Institute of Technology Jet Propulsion Laboratory who last year tried his hand at elementary school teaching at the Sequoyah School in Pasadena. The objective of the program, according to Dr. Hibbs, is not to initiate curiosity in youngsters, but to develop the plentiful supply they already have. What the show tries to do, he says, is get across the idea that there is much more ignorance in the world than knowledge—"and that is where all the fun is." If the program lives up to the original conception, both parents and children may feel an added debt of gratitude to Chairman Minow, as well as to Dr. Hibbs and his TV colleagues.

SUMMER SCHOOL used to be designed for the dullard who had to make up the work he failed during the regular school year. Today, often as not, it is geared to the bright student whose curiosity doesn't take a vacation just because school is out. Many summer programs, in recent years, have been designed to stimulate student interest in science and math, but the social sciences, languages and humanities are receiving increasing attention.

A typical example of the many diverse programs springing up around the country is one in biochemistry for gifted high school juniors, sponsored by the Loomis School in Windsor, Conn., this past summer. Sparked by the alarming drop in top-quality applicants for medical school in recent years, the Loomis School program was developed to nourish the interest of high ability students in the life sciences.

Thirty boys and twelve girls from eight states worked morning, noon, and night from June 24 to August 4 with a highly qualified staff. A typical day started with the rising bell at 6:45. An hour lecture on biochemistry initiated the school day at 8:15, followed by a half-hour mail break. A three-hour session on laboratory techniques completed the morning. Three hours in the afternoon were devoted to laboratory research projects leaving an hour for recreation before dinner. In the evening, another two hours were spent in reading, study, discussion, and listening to visiting lecturers. Intense application for long hours was the order of the day. The program is now being intensively evaluated to determine how successful it was in achieving its objectives.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS met last month in Detroit to flex its muscles and scan a bright, beckoning future. Its headstrong New York City local, the United Federation of Teachers, called a successful one-day strike last spring which won substantial salary increases for the city's teachers when it caught a Democratic mayor and a Republican governor in a highly political bind. At the convention, increased efforts to organize teachers in other metropolitan areas were urged and collective bargaining was hailed as the one sure way for teachers to achieve better pay and working conditions without resort to strikes. But AFT President Carl J. Megel condemned "as obviously unfair any request of teachers to abandon the right to strike without an alternative means of resolving grievances in an equitable manner."

It is natural that the union should feel a sense of elation at its recent success in New York and the hoped-for prospects in other areas. But the admonition of New York's UFT President Charles Cogen to PTAs and other citizen groups to quit meddling in education and remember that the schools should be run by "the experts," confuses desire with reality. Americans have long been convinced that education, like war, is too important to leave to the experts. Education policy is public policy, and it is the people through their elected—or, as in New York City, appointed—representatives who make policy for the schools. It is also laymen in PTAs and other citizen groups, who have worked hard and devotedly over the years for better teachers' salaries and school improvement generally.

—JAMES CASS.

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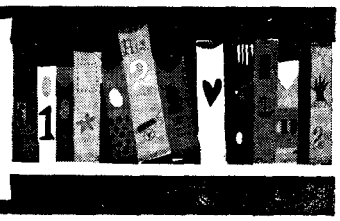
the Editor's Bookshelf



SINCE THE APPEARANCE OF the first issue of the Education Supplement, just two years ago, several hundred trade books have been published on the various aspects and levels of education. Sixty-five or seventy of these have been reviewed or discussed at length in our pages and many others have been listed with brief comments.

Some have stood the test of time better than others, and in a few cases we have revised our original judgments. As we look back over the two year crop of books, this is the way they look to us today.

MOST INFLUENTIAL BOOKS ON EDUCATION OF THE PAST TWO YEARS:

"Excellence," by John Gardner (Harper & Bros., $3.95).
"Slums and Suburbs," by James B. Conant (McGraw-Hill, $3.95).
"The Process of Education," by Jerome Bruner (Harvard, $2.75).

MOST LIKELY TO BE READ BY SCHOLARS IN THE YEAR 2000:

"The Transformation of the School," by Lawrence Cremin (Knopf, $5.50).

MOST FRUSTRATING BOOK:

"Swiss Schools and Ours" by Hyman Rickover (Little, Brown & Co., $3.95). Frustrating because the Admiral has much to say that is important but weakens his case and antagonizes teachers by making charges that reveal a lack of up-to-date information about American schools in 1962. Rickover seems unaware of the changes of the past five years.

MOST READABLE BOOK:

"Campus, U.S.A.," by David Boroff (Harper & Bros., $4.50).

MOST DISAPPOINTING:

"Encyclopedia of Education," by Smith, Krause, and Atkinson (Prentice-Hall, $19.50).
Disappointing because an authoritative encyclopedia of education is badly needed, and this isn't it.

BEST BOOK ON GRADUATE EDUCATION:

"Graduate Education," by Oliver C. Carmichael (Harper & Bros., $4.50).

BOOKS WE NEVER FINISHED READING:

Those made up of verbatim transcriptions of everything said at an educational conference.

MOST PROMISING BOOK BY A MAN ON THE WAY UP:

"A View from Within," by Paul Mok (Carlton Press, $3.50).

MOST COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY OF EDUCATION BY A PROFESSIONAL JOURNALIST:

"The Schools," by Martin Mayer (Harper & Bros., $4.95).

DULLEST BOOK ON EDUCATION:

So many candidates for this that we are unable to decide.

BEST OF THE MANY "YEARBOOKS":

"Individualizing Instruction," Part I of the Sixty-First Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education, Nelson Henry, Editor (University of Chicago Press, $4.50).

BEST BOOK BY A STUDENT ON HIS OWN EDUCATION:

No recent contributions to this category but publishers might well be advised to look for them. Students know about some things that the professors overlook.

MOST IMPORTANT DESCRIPTIONS OF NEW PROGRAMS:

"The Amidon Elementary School," by Carl F. Hansen (Prentice-Hall, $5.95).
"The Dual Progress Plan," by George Stoddard (Harper & Bros., $4.00).
"Guide to Better Schools, Focus on Change," by J. Lloyd Trump and Dorsey Baynham (Rand McNally & Co., $1.25).
"Schools of Tomorrw—Today," by Arthur D. Morse, State Education Dept., Albany, N.Y.

MOST CONTROVERSIAL:

"Summerhill" by A. S. Neill (Hart, $5.75).
"The Ax-Grinders," by Mary Anne Raywid (Macmillan, $5.00).

BEST BOOK BY A TEACHER IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS:

We cannot find a good candidate for this slot and wonder why the teachers are not speaking up. Of course they are busy people, but all writers are busy people.

BEST BOOK ON PROBLEMS OF DESEGREGATION:

"The Countdown on Segregated Education," Edited by William Brickman and Stanley Lehrer (Society for the Advancement of Education, $3.50).

BOOKS TAKING THE LONG VIEW OF EDUCATION:

"Education in the Perspective of History," by Edward D. Myers (Harper & Bros., $6.00).
"The Education of Nations," by Robert Ulich (Harvard Univ. Press, $6.75).

MOST VIGOROUS DEFENSE OF THE PRESENT EDUCATIONAL LEADERSHIP AND CURRENT PRACTICES:

"American Education, Fact, Fancies, and Folklore," by Raymond P. Harris (Random House, $5.00). (Mr. Harris says, "Further improvement in public education requires only public confidence and public support.")

BEST DISCUSSION OF CONFLICTS IN TEACHER EDUCATION:

"The Education of Teachers: Consensus and Conflict," by G. K. Hodenfield and T. M. Stinnett (Prentice-Hall, $3.95).

BEST NOVEL ABOUT EDUCATION:

"The Child Buyer," by John Hersey (Knopf, $4.00).

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PARENTS OR SCHOOL BOARD MEMBERS looking for an overview of the history and problems of education in a single volume will find it in "The Story of Education," by Carroll Atkinson and Eugene T. Maleska (Chilton, 492 pp. $10.00). In addition to giving a brief history of education in America and abroad, the authors, who are professional educators, discuss the problems of educational leadership, the psychological principles that underlie teacher education, the nature of teaching as a profession, and current trends and issues. Their account is descriptive and factual rather than polemical. Teachers will find that most of the material in this volume was included in their professional courses but older teachers may find the book useful as a review. —P.W.

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An Unintended Obituary

"Epitaph for Vocational Guidance," by Ruth Barry and Beverly Wolf *(Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 241 pages, $4.75).*

By EDWARD JOSEPH SHOBEN, JR., *Professor of Education (Clinical Psychology) at Teachers College, Columbia University, and editor, Teachers College Record.*

IT IS noteworthy that Drs. Barry and Wolf began their "Epitaph" with no thought of writing an obituary. Rather, their reported intent was to prepare a textbook for future practitioners of vocational counseling, a service they regarded as very much alive. To their everlasting credit, when they found, in the course of reviewing the field, that current "assumptions, specious facts, and myths could not honestly be combined into a logical whole," they abandoned their original enterprise and gave us a very different—and much more useful—kind of book. Thoughtfully executed by loyal members of the fraternity, theirs is one of the first critical examinations to be offered of one of the "helping" professions so much in the public eye today.

Written for their professional confreres, Barry and Wolf's little volume is not particularly easy reading for those unfamiliar with the research and ideas that have surrounded the processes of vocational guidance since Frank Parsons published his pioneering "Choosing a Vocation" in 1908. Moreover, the "Epitaph" is not a hell-for-leather debunking book, with only the meretricious attractiveness of sensational exposure or the underscoring of the ridiculous. It is written with a sensitivity to genuine issues, and one who comes to it must be prepared for the hard joys of mental labor, not the cheap ones of emotional titillation. Yet there are few other places where one can find a more direct engagement with the problems that riddle our modern efforts to facilitate individual development and promote individual happiness in a world that more and more emphasizes the corporate and the social. The implications of what Miss Barry and Miss Wolf have to say go far beyond the sphere of vocational guidance, although they confine themselves rather narrowly to this field.

Not that vocational guidance is in any way intrinsically unimportant: Men—and increasing numbers of women—spend from one-fourth to one-half the waking hours of their adult lives in their occupational roles, and most of them derive a significant portion of their sense of identity and self-worth from how well they perform in them. Quite apart from our livings, our lives are deeply affected by the kinds of careers we select or drift into, not least because of the way in which our work determines the people with whom we deal and the way in which we are evaluated by our fellows. The fact that one of the first questions asked when strangers meet is "What do you do?" is psychologically more important than most of us usually think.

Against this background, Barry and Wolf review five "myths" that have grown up and endured in vocational guidance because, superficially, they are objective, factual, and simple—in short, because they have the *appearance* of science. One is the theoretical myth that effective career choice entails a fitting of human characteristics to the requirements of a job. Second, there is the psychometric myth that available tests (of abilities, aptitudes, personality, and occupational interest or motivation) supply the necessary facts about the individual concerned with vocational choice. Third, there is the classificatory myth that such systems as that used by the "Dictionary of Occupational Titles" provides ready access to the relevant facts about job requirements. Fourth, there is the logical myth that "*formal*, school-provided information furnishes an adequate basis for reasoned and insightful decisions. Finally, there is the psychological myth of the "realistic" choice, i.e., one which conforms to the practicalities and feasibilities suggested by the fitting of personal traits to the demands of available jobs.

It is in their discussion of this last myth that Miss Barry and Miss Wolf show their mettle. Pointing out that the gaming tables of Las Vegas need dealers and offer work that is well paying and carried out in luxurious environments, they ask if any counselor would encourage or even permit such a career choice by a student, even a student genuinely interested in cards, dice, and probabilities. The obvious answer suggests one bothersome dimension of the myth of realism. A reasonable term for it is unconscious hypocrisy, well seasoned with restrictive pressures on counselees to make not "realistic" choices, but choices consonant with the implicit values of the counselor and limited by the counselor's vision and necessarily obsolescent knowledge. After all, the would-be space explorer of only ten years ago was giving vent to juvenile fantasy; today he is considering a crucial occupation, recruitment for which will soon be a matter of national concern!

THE issues involved here are obviously complex, and they cut close to the bone of modern man. More than contented choices of jobs are at stake. Rather, we are confronted by such necessary but soul-wracking problems as how to justify, in democratic terms, the influencing of one person (a school youngster) by another (a counselor) who occupies a more authoritative and powerful status. Remembering that automation is already here, how can we effectively—and without a serious loss in personal liberty—readjust our manpower in a world where whole occupations are dying and coming to birth at an undreamed of rate? Given the rate of change in contemporary industry, how can we usefully prepare children to make a contributive niche for themselves under conditions of work which we can perceive only dimly and predict in only the vaguest fashion? What conception of people is embodied in the notion that decisions as important as choices of a career can properly be made on the basis of imperfectly assessing only once (and usually at a relatively early age, at that) the mechanical congruence of personal traits, which are in a state of constant development and change, to the demands of jobs which tomorrow may no longer even be a part of the business scene?

To contend with the implications of the vast and rapid change that our technology has made an intimate part of our lives, we shall need extensive service from the helping professions, not least in preserving the sense of integrity and personal pride that has traditionally been the right of those who work productively and the great good fortune of many in the professions, the crafts, and the managerial and entrepreneurial fields. But we shall need professional aid that is far more aware of complexity, more responsive to social change, and better based philosophically, as well as technically more competent.

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Reluctant Almoners

"Adventure in Giving," by Raymond B. Fosdick with Henry F. Pringle and Katharine Douglas Pringle *(Harper, New York, 369 pages, $6.50).*

By HORACE MANN BOND, *Dean of the School of Education, Atlanta University.*

"THE STORY of the General Education Board, a Foundation established by John D. Rockefeller," traces the history of one of the major Rockefeller corporate philanthropies from its inception in 1902 to its virtual liquidation in 1961. In that period it spent $324,194,920.83. The cents are important, for one indisputable contribution of the Board to American higher education was that of precision in budgeting and accounting.

The book is an unusual contribution to social history, and for the special light it sheds on philanthropy in our social order, it deserves the highest rank. The original author, Henry F. Pringle, was assisted in research and the preparation of the first draft by Katharine Douglas Pringle. After Pringle's death in 1958, the book was laid aside until completed by Raymond B. Fosdick, formerly president, and historian, of the Rockefeller Foundation. The final work is a smoothly written composite, with no seams visible.

The authors have selected their material principally from letters and memoranda in the files of the Board. They have arranged and presented these materials with a skill matched only by the candor with which the affairs of this great Foundation are examined in public view. This is, of course, as the public interest requires. Prospective critics of philanthropy in general, and of this Rockefeller fund in particular, are disarmed in advance by the inclusion in each chapter of summary questions—and tentative answers—bearing on the success, failure, or wisdom of various Board "adventures."

The opening adventure began in 1902. The elder Rockefeller had an aide, Frederick T. Gates, who was also a prompter. The younger Rockefeller always modestly referred to himself as a "salesman" for Gates's ideas. The authors describe Gates as a man who "might easily have been a crank or something worse," but who turned out to be ". . . a genius, with a brilliantly creative mind."

The young Rockefeller, just four years out of Brown University, was enthusiastic over the prospect of starting a "Negro Education Fund," to which the family philanthropies would be directed. But Gates had different ideas; a letter written by him to the elder Rockefeller in 1905 must be one of the basic documents in the history of American philanthropy.

> Two courses (he said) are open to you. One is that you and your children should make final disposition of this fortune in the form of permanent corporate philanthropies for the good of mankind . . . or at the close of a few lives now in being it must simply pass into the unknown, like some other great fortunes, with unmeasured and perhaps sinister possibilities.

Gates then outlined his ideas for a "great fund for the promotion of higher education in the United States." Two weeks later, Rockefeller made an unrestricted gift of $10,000,000 to the Board, followed by another gift of an equal sum a year and a half later. Characteristically, Gates drafted the letter of gift, and, like Maecenas himself, confided to his "Memoirs" that "I had no hesitation in dedicating the Fund wholly to the higher education." Wallace Buttrick, as administrator, completed the Board's first team.

The first brave idea of the younger Rockefeller, that the Board should be devoted to "Negro Education," vanished under the cold appraisal of assorted experts on the South, and on Negroes and a proper education for them. Among these was the Reverend Henry St. George Tucker, President of the Washington and Lee University, who told the Rockefellers, and guests on a touring "millionaire's special" of philanthropists assembled by Robert C. Ogden, that Southern whites would not accept, or permit to operate, a philanthropy for Negroes that did not also include whites. This sage estimate of the situation was reinforced by other members of the party—President Hollis B. Frissell, of the Hampton (Negro) Normal and Industrial Institute; William H. Baldwin, railroad executive, and active in Southern education for years with the Peabody and Slater foundations; and J. L. M. Curry, venerable ex-Confederate general, who had headed both the Peabody and Slater funds.

The needs of Southern white yo were so bottomless that the theory of attending to the white youth's needs first of all inevitably left nothing for the Negroes. This was reinforced by notions about the Negro's capacity to learn, held by the first Board members. Baldwin, the first Chairman, held that "The Negro should not be educated out of his environment. Industrial education is his salvation; he must work at trades and on the land. . . . Except in the rarest of instances, I am bitterly opposed to the so-called higher education of the Negroes." Buttrick himself, in a speech the historians say he must have later regretted "for it ran contrary to his entire philosophy," said in 1902 that "The Negro is an inferior race; the Anglo-Saxon is superior. There can be no question about that."

THE result was that a Board originally intended to make Negroes its chief beneficiaries gave little to them during the first twelve years of its history. In 1910, Booker T. Washington protested, and in 1914 the gentle, noninterfering John D. Rockefeller, Jr., wrote a mild remonstrance to Buttri on the Board's neglect. As late as 19 Leo Favrot, one of the Board's own Southern born and bred agents, wrote to his fellow Southerner on the Board, Jackson Davis, "I can't help feeling that we are surrendering to the iniquitous Southern viewpoint . . . and are not giving the Negro his just dues." The donors, and their Southern agents, were ahead of their Trustees. Later the Board, and the family, sought through gifts to Negro colleges and to the United Negro College Fund to redress the earlier balance.

Of the General Education Board's total benefactions, universities and colleges (other than Negro institutions) received $208,204,883.52, the lion's share (64.3 per cent). Most of this money was given on a conditional basis, and generated upwards of a half-billion dollars in matching gifts. The policy of requiring gifts to be matched remained one of the controversial issues in GEB operations.

Negro education ultimately received $62,520,491.98 (19.3 per cent). Of this amount, just over 50 per cent went to four centers of special interest—Fisk University and the Meharry Medical College in Nashville, Tennessee; Atla University and five other institutions affiliated in the Atlanta University Center complex; Tuskegee Institute in Alabama; and Dillard University in New Orleans. Other substantial gifts went to

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a long list of institutions specifically designed for Negroes.

A classification titled "Science of Education," that included "Schools of Education; Surveys and Educational Experiments; General Education; Child Growth and Development," received $25,799,261.97 (7.9 per cent). Here were to be found appropriations for research studies in the 1930s and 1940s that have enormously affected American education. "General" expenses accounted for $7,726,497.56 (2.4 per cent); Public Education for $7,142,105.37 (2.2 per cent); Fellowships and Scholarships (white), $2,642,690.64 (0.8 per cent); and $10,158,989.81 (3.1 per cent) was charged to Administration.

The book reveals how personalities affect philanthropies and give them new directions. When Wallace Buttrick retired as principal executive officer in 1923, to be succeeded by Wickliffe Rose, the latter turned to the internationalization of fund efforts, with emphasis on the primacy of science. The humanities suffered. The "driving spirit" behind the experiment with the Lincoln School in New York was Abraham Flexner, backed by Charles W. Eliot. Flexner likewise was the advocate of full-time clinical medicine teaching, that turned into a similarly controversial project.

Each appropriation is a story—and frequently a great one—in the history of American education, economic life, or cultural affairs: even the assistance to Seaman Knapp's Demonstration farms; the great tradition of Southern "State Agents" and other officials who give substance to the tradition of the "Southern Gentleman"—Leo Favrot, and Jackson Davis; S. L. Smith, Fred McCuistion, Robert L. Cousins, J. Curtis Dixon; perhaps the very grandest one of his age and of GEB history, James Hardy Dillard. But Fosdick and the Pringles raise always the penetrating questions: Did it really alter the course of human destiny? Was it really a good thing?

Although occasionally embroiled with Congress during times of mounting anti-Rockefeller sentiment, only once was the Board involved in a racial controversy. This was in 1941, when Governor Eugene Talmadge made the General Education Board, and the Rosenwald Fund, the targets for attack, contending they were promoting "race mixing" in Georgia. Ellis Arnall defeated Talmadge in the election in which the issue was raised.

The authors do not claim that the nation is indebted to this philanthropy, but we must acknowledge our debt to the authors for this lucid exposition of a major phenomenon in American contemporary life.

New Books

NEW PERSPECTIVES FOR EDUCATION. *By Frederick Mayer. Public Affairs Press (Washington, D.C.). 143 pp.* $3.25. An existentialist view of education.

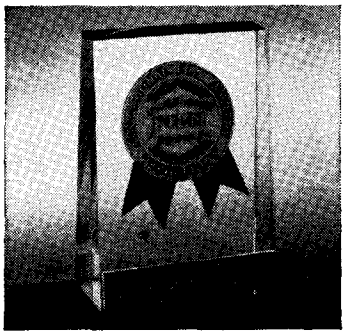
HOW TO STUDY IN COLLEGE. *By Walter Pauk. Houghton Mifflin. 132 pp. Paperback,* $1.95. The techniques for forming good study habits are discussed by the director of the Reading-Study Center, Cornell University.

FINANCING THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS 1960-1970. *National Education Association (1201 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.). 152 pp. Paperback,* $1.50. An analysis of funds estimated necessary to finance public education during the decade of the '60s.

THE EDUCATED AFRICAN. *Compiled by Ruth Sloan Associates. Edited by Helen Kitchen. Frederick A. Praeger.* $15. A country by country survey of educational development in Africa.

PHILOSOPHY OF TEACHNG. *By E. J. Ortman. Philosophical Library. 398 pp.* $4.75. A philosophy of education is applied to the tasks of teaching and to the administration of schools, largely for professionals.

TWELVE VIRTUES OF A GOOD TEACHER. *By Brother Luke M. Grand, F.S.C. Sheed and Ward. 160 pp.* $3.50. A discussion of some of the requisites for a Christian teacher today.



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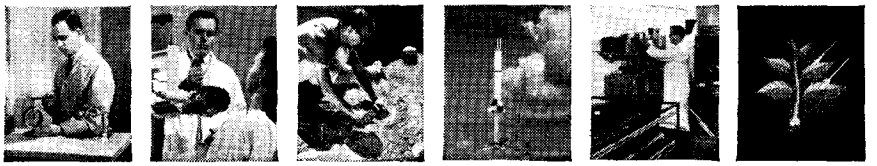

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Undergraduate

Continued from page 54

machine-like creatures. All too often the day brings what Tagore has called "the drifting trivialities of the commonplace." And he goes on to say, "We cannot afford to fritter away our solitude. . . . We cannot truly live for one another if we never claim freedom to live alone, if our social duties consist in helping one another forget that we have souls. To exhaust ourselves completely in mere efforts to give company to each other is to cheat the world of our best, the best which is the product of the amplitude of our inner atmosphere of leisure. Society poisons the air it breathes, where it hems in the individual with a revolving crowd of distractions."

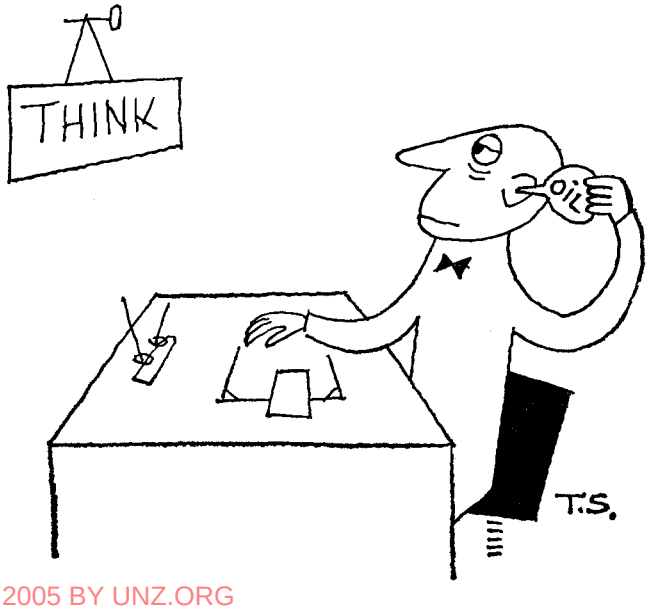
At the same time that self-awareness grows keener and more reasoned, so also should the student's respect increase for those around him. As he comes to know each man better, so will his sympathetic understanding grow. Most of all, as the student develops honest respect for the abilities of others, he will be more likely to work side by side with them in common cause.

Another attribute the student should develop is an awareness of his heritage as an American and his good fortune in being the recipient of such a heritage. He shares in the possession and the population of a great and magnificent land, stirringly beautiful in its many and variegated aspects, amazingly wealthy in both its natural resources and those which man has created through his own skill. More than this, he shares in the merging and welding process that has taken people from many parts of the world and fashioned them into a citizenry with a single and steady heartbeat, a process thought to be unrealistic and even akin to madness when it was first broached and attempted, but now recognized as the abiding hope of mankind. Most of all, he shares in the promulgation of and the devotion to an idea, an idea that touches the inner spirit of man wherever he may be and whatever his condition of life, since it grants him dignity as an individual and opportunity to lift his sights and his achievements according to his ability. The student is part of a revolution that began 185 years ago and has yet to reach the full force of its world impact or the full realization of its potential even within our own borders. The whirlwind of this revolution centers around the concept of human freedom, and it is the student's never-ending responsibility as an American to keep that concept alive and flourishing, and to be a fierce champion of the legacy created for him. The fact that as students grow older they will grow more sophisticated does not lessen the desirability of their holding fast to the possibilities of the American dream. In a very real sense, sophistication and growth in mental power should sharpen sensitivity to freedom of thought and action, to humane responsibility, and to a realization of the role of our country as the proponent of an ideology based upon individual dignity.

TURNING to still another element of consideration as the student surveys his world, he has the task of creating within himself a keen sensitivity to life in its many facets. The kind of worldliness expected or even demanded of youth—and I use the word in its most positive sense—is one that requires each to be a person of taste. If they are to see the important aspects of life in their true relationship, students will have to collect within themselves a richness of experience in all such aspects. The degree of discrimination and selectivity developed as the arts and sciences are probed at higher and higher levels will help to establish deeper cultural appreciations for our civilization as a whole. Every individual compromise with quality is a contribution to general retrogression and deterioration. If he turns away from excellence, whether in literature or art or music or craftsmanship or even vocational skill, he strengthens the more callous and bestial parts of his nature and gives encouragement to the cynical and amoral forces opposing him. If he concerns himself more and more with the search for what is true and good and beautiful, so does he build a bulwark against defeat, not only of the body but of the mind and spirit.

At no other time in life will the road to the cultivation of such sensitivity stretch so clearly and broadly before him. It is a priceless attribute of education in our society as presently organized that a breathing space has been granted so that the student may prepare himself in all the ways that ennoble. And the habit of making the cultural components of living as vital a necessity as one's daily bread can and must be developed now. It is the university's responsibility to provide the student with the opportunity and to guide his steps; it is an even more primary responsibility on the student's part to insist upon the highest degree of quality in what is offered him and a proper emphasis upon the breadth and variety of what is offered. We must all join in the exciting and spirit-stretching search that is now the student's major reason for being. The university is the white-hot welding tool that fuses the student with his world; if it is less than this in the intensity of its effort, the results are tragic.

A characteristic that the world should and will demand of youth today is a tremendous capacity for work. Even in the day-to-day task of earning a living there is much to be said for developing the habit of giving one's utmost. It is an expression of honesty and integrity that ultimately finds its reflection in everything we do, whatever the nature of the anticipated reward may be. Material or aesthetic, sustaining or uplifting, the reward comes out of the giving over of one's total energies, not in performing half-heartedly and with a divided mind. And the pressure of hard work, faced unflinchingly, hardens physical and spiritual muscles alike, as the grueling task or the humdrum assignment or the distasteful chore is met and conquered each day. University years, if they are truly to be fruitful according to the highest standard, will tax intellectually



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and physically as nothing else in previous experience. The burdens will be heavy and constant, the demands will unrelenting and merciless, the expectations will often seem to be maddeningly unrealistic; but here are being shaped the patterns of thought and action to last all the rest of one's life, and only the best will serve unless one stands ready to compromise integrity. Ability to throw every ounce of strength into coping with the demands and pressures will leave the student triumphant and equipped with a hitherto-undreamed-of power.

Assuming that he has not already done so, the student should also start his search for wisdom by acquiring for himself the gift of laughter, especially when the tragic overtones of life echo all around him. America seems dangerously near to losing its humorous bent, its traditional ability to turn the joke on itself and thus to purge itself by good-natured raillery of the noxious vaporings that grow thicker and darker with each passing year. It is beginning to look at pomposity without acting instinctively to deflate it by the pinprick of ridicule; it is allowing the weight of its problems to suffocate the urge to poke fun at itself. It is beginning to make of its humor a waspish, peevish, and cynical weapon, joyless in conception and sterile in its result. There is a need to recapture the robust, healthy laughter that gives balance and confidence and courage.

Finally, I would call particular attention to what I think is the most important attribute of all, even though it is at the same time the most difficult to define. This is a willingness to cling to the unreasonable, to hold fast against those pressures that either deliberately take away freedom of choice as an individual or subtly drain away powers of resistance to a pattern of mediocrity and conformance. Whatever task is set, whatever goal is established as part of one's vision of the future, there will be any number of people who can prove by all reason and logic that what is being attempted is unattainable. They will urge, therefore, not to bother to try. Whatever point of view the student develops out of his own study and observation that reflects an unwillingness to parrot what everyone else is saying or thinking, there will be those who will attempt to persuade him to fall into line with the rest, not because of conviction but because of safety and comfort. But all these Cassandra-like predictions fail to take account of the peculiar American trait of ignoring what seems logical when it is in our vital interest to do so. I can imagine the kind of head-shaking and the nature of warnings that must have been evident back in the days when we defied the British and launched a revolutionary war. But the hard-headed unreasonableness of the patriots persisted. They were exasperatingly unimpressed by defeat. Or I can visualize the somber prophecies of disaster when the pioneers lined up their wagons for the great trek westward. Or I can see the waves of immigrants pouring into this country, with nothing but the strength of their bodies and the determination in their hearts to sustain them, even while they were exploited or ignored in a strange land. I see all these people as groups clinging to the unreasonable, convinced of their destiny, unyielding and impervious to all the logical arguments that would make them give up. These people were in many ways like the bumblebee who, according to all the laws of aerodynamics, cannot fly. The trouble is that the bumblebee is unaware of this. So, too, the American people in crisis after crisis seem unaware that there is no hope for recovery. And the result is that each crisis is somehow overcome.

THE crises of this generation may seem the greatest in our history and, indeed, they undoubtedly are. But they are not so great that they cannot be met. The college freshman is beginning that stage of his education which should help prepare him to meet these crises, and he should do so with full knowledge of his heritage and an overwhelming urge to look boldly at the enormous problems that give birth to such crises. He, too, like his forefathers must cling to the unreasonable, whether considering his own career or the fate of our nation.

As he enters upon his college experience, for the first time in his life the student is entering upon a double citizenship, a citizenship that education and maturity combine to create. He becomes a citizen of the academic world, a devotee of the life of thought, a serious searcher for the answers to some of the ageless and profound mysteries that stir and influence civilized man; he is also a citizen of the free world of action, the world that encompasses not only our country with its leadership responsibilities, but also the countries that yearn for a share in the ideological hope that has made America what it is.

To be such a citizen is to be a person dedicated to both of these worlds. To prepare to be such a citizen is now a primary task, one that will require the highest of motivations and total energy. I am confident that as each student moves to fulfill his personal destiny, he will at the same time be responsible for a new infusion of intellectual and moral strength into American life.

Let's Talk Sense About Textbooks

Textbooks are planned and written to help teachers teach, to help students learn and want to learn more.

A textbook author or editor may, and generally does, pour as much of himself into the book he is working on as any other author or editor. A textbook writer's energy is directed toward what will happen when children or young people study the book and teachers teach with it. He must always be asking himself:

What will be taught? What will be learned?

Will discussion be stimulated? Will eyes light up—the bright eyes of a youngster discovering something new? Will each child find in the book something that relates to him?

Will slow learners and their patient teachers be helped to get further along than they would get without this tool?

Will there be something to take away at the end of the lesson? Will some new understanding be gained, the foundations for some further learning be laid down? Will there be something to think about and use tomorrow?

Will the imaginations of teachers be caught by new ways to help children see more, read more, learn more outside the boundaries of the textbook and the classroom?

A publisher of textbook programs needs to have his eyes always on teachers and children—and on the quality of teaching and learning he wants his books to help produce. His success depends on the extent to which he becomes a partner with school administrators and teachers in stepping up the quality of education in classrooms across the land.

This was the view of educational publishing taken by E. H. Scott, founder of Scott, Foresman and Company in 1896. It has been a continuing guide for the company—for authors of programs from kindergarten through college; for editors who work with them; for representatives who service the schools or colleges in your state, your hometown; for people who work in the Scott, Foresman offices. If you know some of these people, you might enjoy talking about textbooks with them.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Continued from page 51

not so, and he well knows of coeducational and girls' schools of the highest caliber.

Second, there is widespread public ignorance and misinformation about independent schools. Therefore, any article which supposedly speaks of independent schools in general should not actually speak of only one form. Girls' schools are especially misunderstood ("finishing schools," "snob factories"), and many are as bad as their critics claim. But Dr. Fuess could have done a great service to the excellent ones by giving them due space.

LYDIA A. H. SMITH.

Concord, Mass.

TO THE QUESTION raised by Dr. Fuess as to whether private schools serve the good of the nation, my answer is an emphatic *no*. While they have certain academic advantages over the public school, particularly the right to fire a teacher who has attained tenure for reasons short of gross moral turpitude, these advantages do not affect the main point, which is this: while an aroused citizenry can give to the public school the cultural assets of the private school, the private school can never confer upon its pupils the full rights of American citizenship.

Before all our institutions, the public school bears witness to our democratic faith. In spite of our diversity of racial background, religious belief, and economic status, there remains this one center where our children meet on common ground and share a common experience. Here the future citizen learns to stand on his own feet. Whether his father is president of a bank or in jail for robbing it, the child passes for what he is. In that free association which is the delight of childhood and youth, and quite unrealized by himself at the time, he breathes in with the chalk dust democracy as it is lived.

The dual system of public and private schools, as James B. Conant has pointed out, imposes social stratification upon our children, segregating them along class lines. It raises a wall between our creed and our deed. For whatever the public school may lack, there are remedies within our power. For what it gives there is no substitute.

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD.

Hingham, Mass.

MR. CLAUDE FUESS [*SR*, Aug. 18] apparently believes that public schools are slow to effect changes in curriculum and instruction. I submit that many of the exciting changes in education today are occurring in public schools—and in neighborhoods where no self-respecting private school would ordinarily set up shop, such as the slum areas of our cities. One only has to think of the fine work being done by dedicated professionals in New York City, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh to know that humane and educationally significant changes do occur in public education, often under difficult conditions.

Private schools are no less prey to the ills of human nature than are public schools. It is the quality of the particular people involved, not the type of institution, that spells the difference between progress or a somnolent *status quo*.

RICHARD A. GIBBONEY,
Director,
Bureau of Curriculum Development,
Department of Public Instruction.

Harrisburg, Pa.

DABNEY'S EDITORIAL

EVIDENTLY *SR* still considers Virginius Dabney and the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* the voice of enlightened thought in Virginia [*SR*, Aug. 18]. It saddens me to inform you that both have played an influential part in allowing the Prince Edward schools to remain closed.

In 1961, the *Times-Dispatch* supported unequivocally Governor Harrison and Lt. Governor Godwin, who are from the Black Belt and favored "massive resistance," against opponents who would have opened the Prince Edward schools at the last session of the Legislature.

The *Times-Dispatch* has encouraged the people of Prince Edward in the pride that they are morally, as well as, legally right. They have left undisputed the claim of our governor that closed schools have not hurt our industrial growth. All the editorials in the world will not give Mr. Harrison the courage of Governor Almond, who is still suffering from his decision to desert "massive resistance."

What Mr. Dabney writes is too little and too late. If the "freedom-of-choice" plan, of which he speaks so highly, is wrecked, he and his newspaper must take a large share of the blame, for not standing up when it really counted.

ELIZABETH T. STEPHENS.

Roanoke, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *According to Mr. Dabney the foregoing contains oversimplifications which cannot be answered in a brief note.*

To observers of the Southern scene, Mr. Dabney's gradual acceptance of the idea that "massive resistance" is futile and that some amount of desegregation is inevitable reflects a significant change in attitude on the part of many thoughtful Southerners.

EXPENSIVE PROFESSORS

AS A PROFESSOR HIMSELF, and a one-time college president, Harold Taylor should know that there is no such thing as an "expensive professor" [*SR*, Aug. 18] and that the coming into being of the "University of the Future" depends, in great part, on the abolition of the professor whose services may be procured cheap.

Visualize the one situation in 100,000 in which a professor creatively and competently teaches one subject for, say, $20,000 a year. Compared to the medical man who treats only cardiac cases, an for about $40,000 to $60,000 a year pro longs some individual lives, is not this a cheap price to pay for the job of transmitting—and advancing—civilization, which is the professor's true vocation?

INEXPENSIVE PROFESSOR,
Howard University.

Washington, D.C.

TALENTED BLIND

MY ONLY COMPLAINT about the short article by Burnham Carter on "The Talented Blind" [*SR*, Aug. 18] is his general tone. Everything sounds so wonderful for the blind person going on to higher education. It is not until the last paragraph that a mention is made of the difficulty the blind have in obtaining employment.

I have read to blind college students for six years without pay, mostly in graduate school, and it is a crime how their talents are wasted. After obtaining degree after degree, what company will hire them? There are very few, I'm afraid.

There needs to be an education of industry and public schools as to the value of using these talented blind. They are good, they are dedicated, but they are not being employed properly.

MARION S. DAMICK.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

A LESSON IN STATISTICS

INCORPORATED INTO YOUR EDITORIAL "East and West" [*SR*, July 21] is a very common statistical error. Its occurrence here, as in many other situations, leads immediately to mistaken conclusions and interpretations.

You state that teachers' salaries in New York average $6,700, a 52.5 per cent increase over a decade ago; while those in Mississippi, at $3,560 reflect a 127.3 per cent rise. You then conclude, evidently from a superficial comparison of rates of increase, that "the gap (in teachers salary levels) is being closed."

A little arithmetic indicates, however, that the difference in average salaries today is $6,700 less $3,560, or $3,140; ten years ago it must have been $4,393 minus $1,566, or $2,827. Thus the gap, at least in absolute dollar terms, is *widening*, not diminishing.

Unfortunately however, it is in dollars rather than percentage points that our teachers must be paid, and it is obvious from these calculations that the number of dollars needed by our Southern educational establishments for that purpose has increased rather than diminished. Of this fact, we in the South should remain constantly aware, and our efforts at educational development must be expanded ar not merely continued at their presen levels, if we are to "catch up" with the nation.

L. A. DREWRY, JR.,
Assistant Professor of Economics,
The University of Georgia.

Athens, Ga.

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Portrait of PS 2

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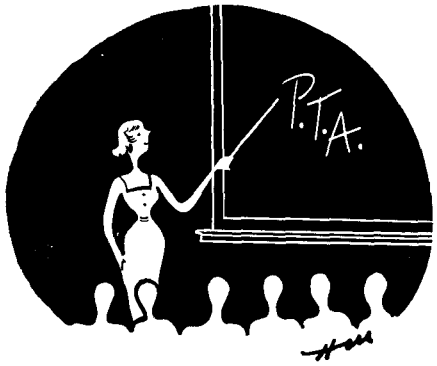
ial teacher assigned to work on the problem of the children who don't speak English.

Even a quick look at the organization of classes gives some idea of the complexity of the job facing the administration. The school started its year in September, 1961, with forty-four classes, including two aimed at health conservation of frail children, one set up for sight conservation, one for children with retarded mental development, and three for intellectually gifted pupils. Of the forty-four classes, twenty-two have large numbers of children with a very inadequate ability to



speak and understand the language in which their school work is being presented. This accounts for the school's being designated to receive special services and teachers.

Even these statistics must be thought of as approximate, since the mobility of slum families results in a high turnover in the enrollment during a school year. Students arrive and leave almost every day. There are occasional changes in teachers during the year and many from one year to the next, so the principal has some complete beginners on his staff each September and others who are unfamiliar with the particular conditions at his school.

PS 2, like other special services schools, has one specially trained teacher assigned to work on the problems presented by the pupils who don't know English. Her job is not mainly to teach the children herself, though she does some of this, but to test them, prepare materials, and to train the regular teachers to cope with such students in their classes.

The policies and practices in handling language problems, as with so many others in the running of big-city schools, probably represent a compromise with the hard facts of numbers. A look into one of the classes brings the cold statistics of school population quickly to life. As Mr. William Horne's class 6-1 assembles in Room 318—the "6-1" standing for sixth grade, lowest division—twenty-three lively personifications of the school's problems come trooping in. Serafin, a twelve-year old boy recently arrived from Spain and not yet able to speak or understand much English, is well dressed and gives the impression of being well cared for; but the transition from the beautiful coast town of La Coruna to a crowded city block is difficult for him. Serafin will adjust to his new surroundings in time, and since he is already literate in Spanish, he will learn to read and write English. While he is going through this period he is unhappy and spends much time daydreaming; but he must be considered a part of the class and he constitutes one of Mr. Horne's problems.

Fortunato, age twelve and one-half, speaks Spanish, too, the Puerto Rican kind. He has been in New York for more than a year and understands enough English to know what is going on. But he can't yet read or write. (He is illiterate in Spanish, too, having attended school, one suspects, little if ever in Puerto Rico.) He is considered by Mr. Horne and other teachers who have had contact with him difficult to teach and disruptive of order in a classroom. He is mischievous, mercurial, and restless, and lacks the ability to concentrate, but he has an attractive and appealing personality. At Christmas he announced to his teacher that he was returning to Puerto Rico to live with his stepmother and her relatives while his father looked for a better apartment. So Fortunato was whisked out of school here, and taken back to a Spanish-language country and school, though it was a foregone conclusion that he would be back, if not at PS 2, at some other New York school. He did return, to an apartment only a few blocks away from the old one, from which he was assigned to a different school, where he was faced with making the adjustment to a new teacher and new classmates.

Still Fortunato's temperamental resilience makes him seem a likelier candidate for a happy life, in spite of his present failure with the written word, than José, whose delicate and handsome features are already dominated by an air of world weariness bespeaking a depression whose sources are unknown. His knowledge of English is already good, and he is obviously intelligent. But he has seemingly little urge to talk either to his contemporaries or to his teachers. He answers when questions are put to him but is generally uncommunicative; he seldom smiles and seems to take little pleasure in life. He has not presented enough problems to be singled out for special attention, or to be referred to some agency outside the school, as can be done with serious psychiatric cases. But to anyone sensitive to child development he is a problem, if not to the administration, to himself. Whether he will be helped at school to solve whatever personal problems have already developed in his young life may well depend on the attitudes of his teachers and some extra attention which may be given to him.

Mr. Gregor, the principal, in one of his weekly letters to his teachers, pointed out this extension of the duties of a teacher:

> Recently it has become fashionable to look upon guidance as something done by anyone but a teacher, a psychologist, court officer, social worker, or nurse. Actually it is our daily human relation with the child which is the best avenue to guidance. Can we, despite the numbers of children in the class, nevertheless, find time to extend warmth and interest to the individual child?

Mr. Gregor carries out these ideas in his own work. Occasionally he takes over a classroom, one day teaching a lesson on the solar system to one of the intellectually gifted groups. (He has taught science in high school; and, in addition to writing a children's book which has been dramatized and a manual on guidance for teen-agers, he has been working on a series of books for children on the history of science.) He also works with individual pupils on occasion. Thus he will take a boy who is a behavior problem into his office twice a week to help him with reading, trying to give the child a sense both of his own importance and the importance of reading.

Among the other sixth graders who gather in Mr. Horne's room are Gilbert, Hector, and William, all Puerto Rican, all high spirited, though not really unruly, and rating high in likeability though low in academic achievement. One of the Puerto Rican girls, Hilda, is pretty, obedient, and attentive, with a

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Florence, 2, Genoa, 3. Nice, 4. Arles, 5. Marseilles, 6. Saragossa, 7. Cordova, 8. Cadiz, 9. Lisbon, 10. Bordeaux, 11. Orleans, 12. Paris. 13. Cologne, 14. Geneva, 15. Lausanne, 16. Zurich, 17. Vienna, 18. Trieste, 19. Milan, 20. Perugia.

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slow sweet smile. She makes very little progress and leaves her teachers in doubt as to whether she will ever overcome the original handicaps of foreign language and surroundings and be able to learn. Doris, the one Negro girl in the class, is an attractive person who stands out from the Chinese and Puerto Rican girls by her size, as well as by her famaliarity with English. She has a pleasant personality and an air of competence. Her placement in this division must indicate that her academic standing is not high enough for her to be in a faster group. But she seems to offer no special problems and must appear to Mr. Horne to be one of his easier charges.

Two of the Chinese boys, Dep Pang and David, are very different in temperament and talents. David, a serious student, is unhappy at being placed in the poorest section of his grade. As a newcomer from the Far East, he is quite proud of his knowledge of the Chinese language and resists somewhat resentfully the first attempts by a volunteer teacher to help him with English, especially her insistence (even though she herself is an American-born Chinese woman who can speak Chinese) that he should try to speak only English until he has mastered it. His ambition and pride, however, make it possible for him in a short time to pass a test in English comprehension and to be transferred to a higher division. Dep Pang, carefree and full of fun, is quite different. His knowledge of English is coming along, but he is still unable to express himself easily and seems to make up for his lack of fluency in language with his painting and drawing, where his sense of beauty and command of form give him great power of communication.

AN Inseparable foursome among the Chinese girls are King Shui, Suey Kun, Pui Lin, and Jin Jee. King Shui is shy and very reserved, Suey Kun delicate and shy but obviously intelligent. Jin Jee is bouncing, full of life, and eager to learn. Pui Lin is the leader of the group. She already understands English pretty well and can interpret for the others. She reads and writes Chinese and has made a good start with writtten English, though she has been in this country less than a year.

To all these varied personalities and some few others, Mr. Horne is expected to teach the sixth-grade curriculum. He is a man whose slight stature and quiet voice belie a commanding presence and a steady control of the volcanic potentialities of his class. He is one of the few teachers at the school who is not a native of New York. He comes from Louisiana, where he attended Louisiana State University and taught for a year at Baton Rouge, after spending two and a halt years in the Navy on a destroyer in the Pacific. After working for four years for an oil company and an airline, he decided in 1956 to return to teaching. He was assigned for two years to a school on the West Side before coming to PS 2 when the building opened. He says that he finds both satisfactions and frustrations in his teaching job. And after watching the ebullience of his charges one begins to think that a day on a destroyer might be less exhausting.

IN addition to providing the rudiments of academic learning, PS 2, like most schools, tries to offer its pupils standards of behavior and to develop in them a sense of responsibility and co-operation with others. At an assembly program I watched a fifth grader being shown how to run a movie projector; waiting one day for a Parents' Association meeting I saw one of the older boys, with no supervision from any teacher, preparing for the showing of a film to the group. Children are assigned to the principal's offices as monitors, carrying messages and doing small errands around the building. A pupil is given the job of turning on the public address system in the principal's office each morning for the opening ceremony of the day. All these are small but calculated techniques for giving children from deprived homes a feeling of competence and trustworthiness. To purists who consider the sole function of a school the teaching of academic subject matter, these activities may seem peripheral and unimportant, but they are one way in which schools concerned with "mass education" can contribute in making children from the poorest backgrounds feel that they are responsible members of society.

One service in the area, separate from the school, but run by the Board of Education, is an after-school recreation center located in a nearby school building. Here any child may come on any week day, without registering or paying a fee.

There are many other agencies besides schools which are trying to attack the social problems of the slum areas, and to which families can turn. These are the Educational Alliance, the Henry Street Settlement House (which has a psychiatric clinic), Hamilton Madison House (located in the Alfred E. Smith Housing Development), and LENA (Lower East Side Neighborhood Association) and the Two Bridges Council, both of which try to co-ordinate the work of the various groups. But the problem always remains that of getting the families who most need these services to use them. Mr. Zeichner, PS 2 assistant principal and director of the recreation center, commented that the children and especially their parents will seldom go to anything which is more than three or four blocl from where they live.

Staff members of PS 2 feel that whatever they are accomplishing with this generation, they know that they are also working for the next; that in training these children they are trying to prepare them to be better parents for their children; that one has to take the long-range view and not be discouraged by some inevitable failures in the present. I construe this not as a sense of complacency, but rather as an understanding that children are a product of the society from which they come, and that a society or a segment of it cannot be remade overnight, and that to raise the educational accomplishments of children from the poorest level of our society requires a concentration of effort from many directions. After spending considerable time in the cheerful and hopeful atmosphere of PS 2, I have the impression that it is doing its part, in spite of those inevitable failures, to influence the children who pass through its doors; and I am looking forward with curiosity and pleasure, if I am around long enough, to making the acquaintance of that next generation, the children of Dep Pang, Serafir Jin Jee, José, King Shui, Pui Lin, and Fortunato.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 998

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer 998 will be found in the next issue.

AB CDEFG HBKF BLLMN-

FOGP AB MADEC QERD

ASDQ TDP SEFW LBF ECC

ASEA HBK POZD ASDQ.

TOCCOGPM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 997

———

Tact: The ability to describe others as they see themselves.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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Dictionary

Continued from page 60

ettable loosening of authority is not grasp the nature of the English teacher's job.

Perhaps here we should ask what is good taste, or conversely, what could be considered as debasing the language? Pei gives a careful answer in saying that language is debased when it is less precise and effective as communication. Where can we look for an example of precise and effective communication? Would he consider some current journalism by Robert Coughlin in *Life*?

> Who Khrushchev is, he himself has made all too evident: a rough-and-tumble fellow ever ready to gouge an eye or put a knee in the groin, a rambunctious apostle of materialism, a master dissembler and propagandist with a flair for the unexpected—an exciting, rude, somehow grotesquely charming, thoroughly alarming old ruffian.
>
> —*October 31, 1960, page 82*

For effective communication that is also precise, can he better this advertisement: "BOAC *jets* you there."?

My taste approves of these samples —I find the language dynamic, persuasive, and charming. Another might, course, feel that this is letting language run its course "like a disease." Or perhaps it is evidence of debasement. The point is, if these examples can be accepted as good, how did these writers do it? Do the samples conform to the prescriptive rules of Latinate grammar, or have they emerged from a free, confident use of language? To teach young people to use their language with confidence, it is well not to keep telling them how wrong their particular use is; to teach them to use it creatively they must be allowed to try everything out; to use it freely they must be freed from prescriptive injunctions. Pei admits the fact of language change, but inexplicably he wants to control change by keeping it static, making it conform to rules he and "the community" think are right.

The teacher, then, can base her objectives and methods on the findings of the linguistic scientist. He records the facts of the language; she teaches the facts as grammar, and she also teaches taste.

The matter of what makes language good or poor extends naturally into a further discussion of what language is people. Pei believes language to be ..e tool of communication, that it therefore should be standardized for efficiency, and that "a standardized language is a good language." I wish to add that language is much, much more than this, and that, in Pei's own words, "there is need for sound consideration of *all* [emphasis his] the facts."

In addition to being a more or less efficient instrument of semantic transfer, language is the individual's personal equipment by means of which he organizes the world around him into principles and concepts; it is his means of coping with external reality. He must be able to use this equipment with confidence, to use it freely so he can live and act freely. If you hedge in his language, you hedge in his development, because, as the psychologists point out, language behavior is not one among many, but an all pervasive activity. The world—everything—outside us comes to us in a confusion of limitless numbers of impressions provoking endless associations. One of the ways man tries to achieve order out of this chaos is through his language. It is with words that the infant labels objects in his environment. They serve him as handles with which he begins quickly to manipulate his environment. This gives him a hold. The young child who talks to his toys and then talks back for them is ordering his world, not trying to communicate anything. This verbalizing becomes internal and silent —except for teen-age telephone conversations—but continues to be the process whereby the individual reduces reality to chunks he can manage.

AND once he has it in words, the reality is more his to control as he wishes. An indication of whether or not a student fully understands, or knows, a particular concept is evidenced in his ability to verbalize it. As Gilbert Ryle suggests, if he knows it well, he has "practiced" the verbalization many times and can use it freely and quickly in any context. Language then is order and control, as well as communication.

If one accepts these facts established by psychologists about the nature of language, does it follow that standardizing it as Pei wishes is desirable? By "standardize," we will mean attempting to force language to conform to established forms—to be recorded in a large and widely read dictionary—and to restrain and discourage its free use.

As an English teacher, this assignment to hold the line and maintain the status quo would fall in my lap, and I would resign. To freeze my student's use of language by restriction and inhibition would be to try to freeze his development, and this I would not do. He needs to grow, to move about with increasing confidence, to develop more courage to try more new ideas, in short to go forward. If he is stuck, if he thinks in clichés, this ingrained habit of using the same words in the same connotation acts as a window shade that shuts off the denotaton of the words, and he is thereby limited. A student who is allowed to remain in a word-using rut is dealing with empty symbols. Therefore, if we want active, searching, inquiring minds capable of coping with new problems as they arise, we should train them to constantly use new words in new ways. I want to teach students to think straight: to read accurately and make statements clearly; to be able to verbalize their environment: to say or write an opinion, an idea, a concept so they gain control of it; to have confidence in their own words because this is themselves. I want to lead them to ever higher levels of abstractions through increasing skill in manipulating their language, as in using grammar stylistically, in using metaphor, and in the development of individual style. I believe this type of linguistic training will lead to forceful, effective people who are able to cope with problems of life as they find them. I believe that one's ability to cope with problems requiring decisions that lead to action is in proportion to his ability to formulate apprehensions into words. In its written form this is English composition and the domain of the English teacher.

Each person has something that is uniquely his own, of which his dialect is the expression. He will learn to respect and value himself when his teachers respect and value him in the form of the words he uses, oral or written. A young person must have this self-respect to grow confident and stable. A composition is a tentative publication of the student's effort to organize the chaotic collection of impressions in his mind. It has to be valued as being a more or less successful effort than a previous one; it is simply inappropriate to apply standards of right and wrong.

In pursuing her age-old trade of bending the twig, the English teacher becomes a guardian of American English by keeping the way open for change, adaptation, and new additions. Because of this flexibility, English is the useful tool that it is, spoken by rapidly increasing numbers of the earth's population. With the advent of Telstar, a recent issue of *Newsweek* reported one writer who thinks English may well become the one international language. Far from presiding over a terminal "whimper" then, the linguistic and behavioral scientists with their colleagues in colleges and schools are showing the way to a more precise understanding of a great national asset and to a reinvigorating use of it. This is probably the greatest thing that has happened to English since Shakespeare put the free talk of common people into an art form.

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(Continued on page 78)

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KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT, beautiful fall vacationland. Elevation 2,150' midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. Reduced fall rates. Brochure.

PISGAH FOREST INN. High, cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Phone Asheville 253-0771. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

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BLUEBERRY HILL! Blazing foliage! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Enjoy its autumn splendor at a quiet, informal country place. Graymont, R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Open fires, snug beds, food aplenty. Brochure.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

TRAVEL

SOUTH PACIFIC ODYSSEY. Mrs. Gladys Long conducts her second annual luxury cruise tour, sail aboard Matson's SS MONTEREY March 17th, 1 seeing Bora Bora, Papeete, Moorea, Rarotonga, I. Zealand (8 days touring Auckland, Rotorua, Wairakei, Geyser Valley, Waitomo Glow Worm Cave, Christchurch, spectacular Milford Sound, Te Anau, Mt. Cook), Australia (Melbourne, Canberra, Sydney), Fiji Isles, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago, and Honolulu. 43 days, beginning San Francisco. From $2,773. All shore excursions and comprehensive sightseeing, special entertainments included. The best hotels. For brochure and reservations, write Mrs. Gladys A. Long, Maupintour Associates, The Malls, Lawrence, Kansas.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25. P.S. Close to churches, synagogues, Buddhist temple.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skin diving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast — $175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

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A WEEKEND IN NEW YORK AT BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL is the greatest! New, special package-rates for two- and three-day visits are available. Write or call for information. If you're driving, ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll be near everything—steps from the United Nations, theatres, shops, museums and art galleries. Two excellent restaurants serve delicious food at moderate prices. The fascinating Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge offers magnificent views of the East River and the city as well as expertly prepared refreshments. Don't miss the fun! BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-ELdorado 5-7300.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1485

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Fellowship; society.

B. Surpass; outwit.

C. Basic piece of defensive armor.

D. Business of transporting passengers or goods.

E. Sculptured form of ornamentation imitating a prickly plant.

F. Chronic ill health.

G. Hurtfully.

H. Metallic device for forcing a round-backed book into a flat seat while the front edges are being trimmed.

I. Two words following Omar's "What, without asking."

J. Part of a famous phrase in marxist doctrines. (3 wds.).

K. In accordance with law; permitted.

L. Individual of one of the native races of this continent.

M. The loose skin at the ck of the neck.

N. uffed toy named for Theodore Roosevelt (2 wds.).

WORDS

55 204 171 155 123 59 183

189 142 66 25 177 134 75 91

154 144 36 136 108 125

44 6 180 30 96 97 81

100 61 51 21 13 162 45 68

76 175 135 60 109 8 84 28 202 164

161 80 187 146 129 74 112 56 206

197 149 198 87 101 83 11

191 86 88 99 92 196 200 130 185 52 120 47 22

24 174 31 179 16 42 139 65 143 4

50 201 121 95 34

118 169 104 205 160 181 94

43 106 147 163 48 151

203 103 7 111 39 182 78 195 173

DEFINITIONS

O. Ghost story from Kipling's Indian tales (2 wds. after "The").

P. Coniferous tree which turns yellow in winter.

Q. Member of a Mohammedan dynasty ruling at Seville, 1023-91.

R. More lacking in the necessities of life.

S. From that place.

T. Quick; busy; energetic.

U. Member of political faction in Italy, 12th-15th cents., which upheld the authority of the German emperors.

V. Leading and title role in English interlude, 15th cent.

W. Object of purely rational apprehension; Kant's "Ding an sich".

X. Hebrew prophet who continued the work of Elijah.

Y. Before the storm (2 wds.).

Z. Followed by "influence", territories defined by international law as under the loose control of some nation not the official owner (2 wds.).

WORDS

194 122 186 140 79 82 41 167 54 158 23 46 133 107 128

38 93 1 26 17

157 172 137 5 132 192 15

166 67 148 73 2 168 33

98 19 170 9 3 110

165 70 53 153 10 159

184 27 58 102 127 62 131 113 37 138

90 77 188 119 117 64 20 12

105 69 49 141 57 72 150 199

18 116 63 85 126 40

178 152 14 176 35 156 114

145 115 89 32 124 29 193 71 190

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-oda WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are the acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 P	2 R	3 S	4 J	5 Q	6 D	7 N		8 F	9 S	10 T	11 H	12 V	13 E	14 Y	15 Q		16 J
17 P	18 X		19 S	20 V	21 E	22 I	23 O	24 J	25 B	26 P	27 U	28 F	29 Z	30 D		31 J	32 Z
33 R	34 K	35 Y	36 C	37 U	38 P	39 N		40 X		41 O	42 J	43 M	44 D		45 E	46 O	47 I
48 M	49 W	50 K		51 E	52 I	53 T	54 O	55 A	56 G	57 W		58 U	59 A		60 F		61 E
62 U	63 X	64 V	65 J	66 B	67 R		68 E	69 W		70 T	71 Z	72 W	73 R	74 G	75 B	76 F	77 V
78 N		79 O	80 G		81 D	82 O	83 H	84 F	85 X		86 I	87 H		88 I	89 Z	90 V	
91 B	92 I	93 P	94 L		95 K	96 D		97 D	98 S		99 I	100 E	101 H		102 U	103 N	104 L
105 W		106 M	107 O	108 C	109 F	110 S	111 N		112 G	113 U	114 Y	115 Z	116 X	117 V		118 L	
119 V	120 I	121 K	122 O	123 A	124 Z	125 C		126 X	127 U		128 O	129 G	130 I	131 U	132 Q		133 O
134 B	135 F	136 C		137 Q	138 U	139 J	140 O		141 W	142 B	143 J	144 C		145 Z	146 G	147 M	148 R
149 H		150 W	151 M		152 Y	153 T	154 C		155 A	156 Y	157 Q	158 O	159 T		160 L	161 G	
162 E	163 M	164 F	165 T	166 R		167 O	168 R	169 L	170 S	171 A	172 Q	173 N	174 J	175 F	176 Y	177 B	
178 Y	179 J	180 D	181 L		182 N	183 A		184 U	185 I	186 O	187 G	188 V		189 B	190 Z		191 I
192 Q	193 Z		194 O	195 N	196 I	197 H		198 H	199 W		200 I	201 K	202 F	203 N	204 A	205 L	206 G

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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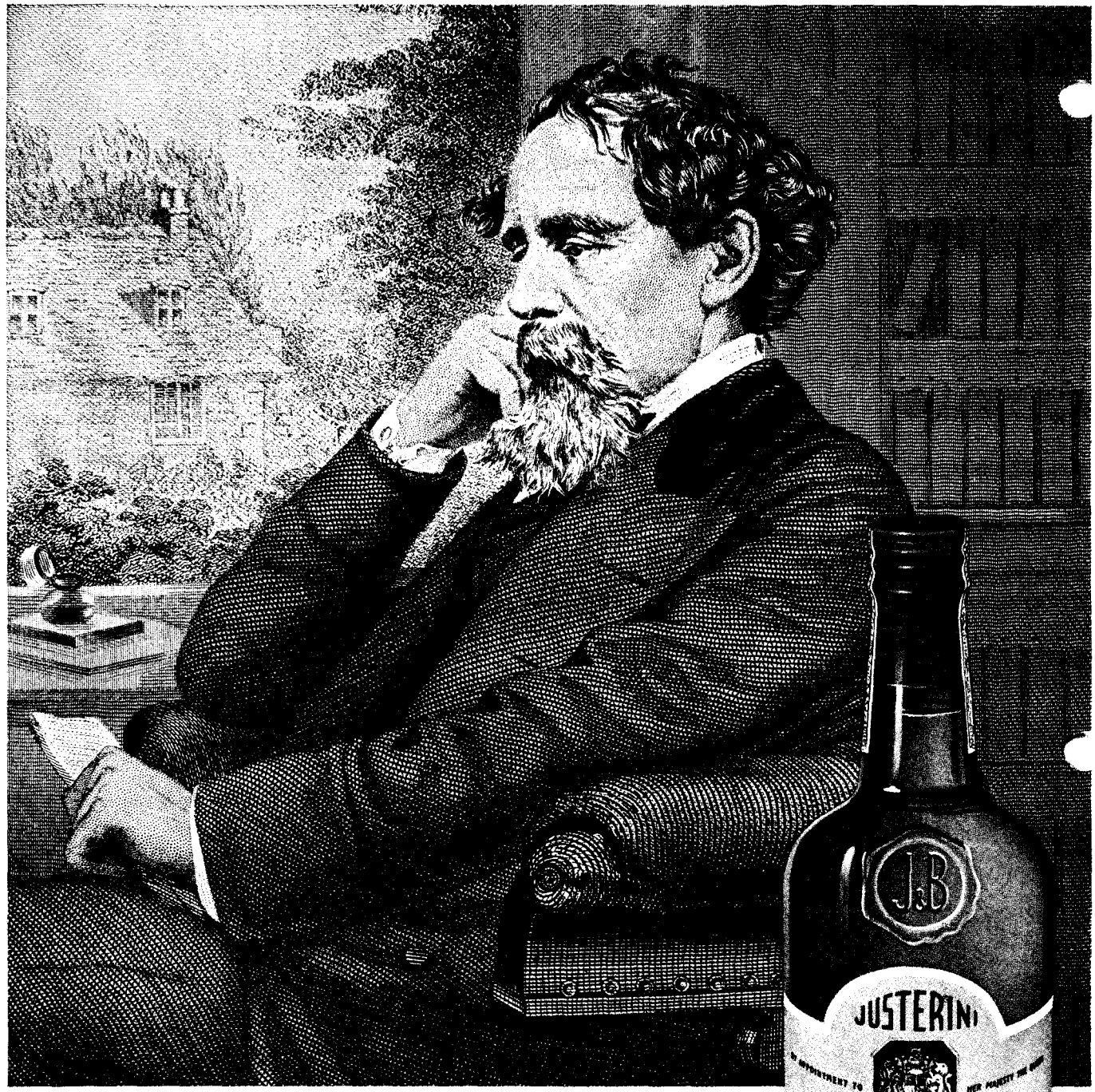

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